Saturday Evening Post · March 13, 1965 · 25c

# POST

MURDER IN MANHATTAN:
## A PLAYBOY, A GIRL, A BOOKIE

THREAT TO UNBORN BABIES

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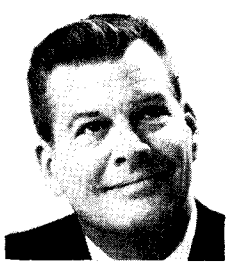

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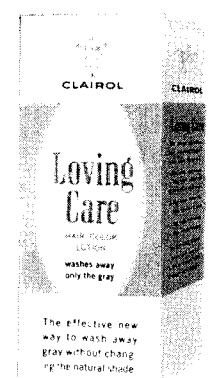


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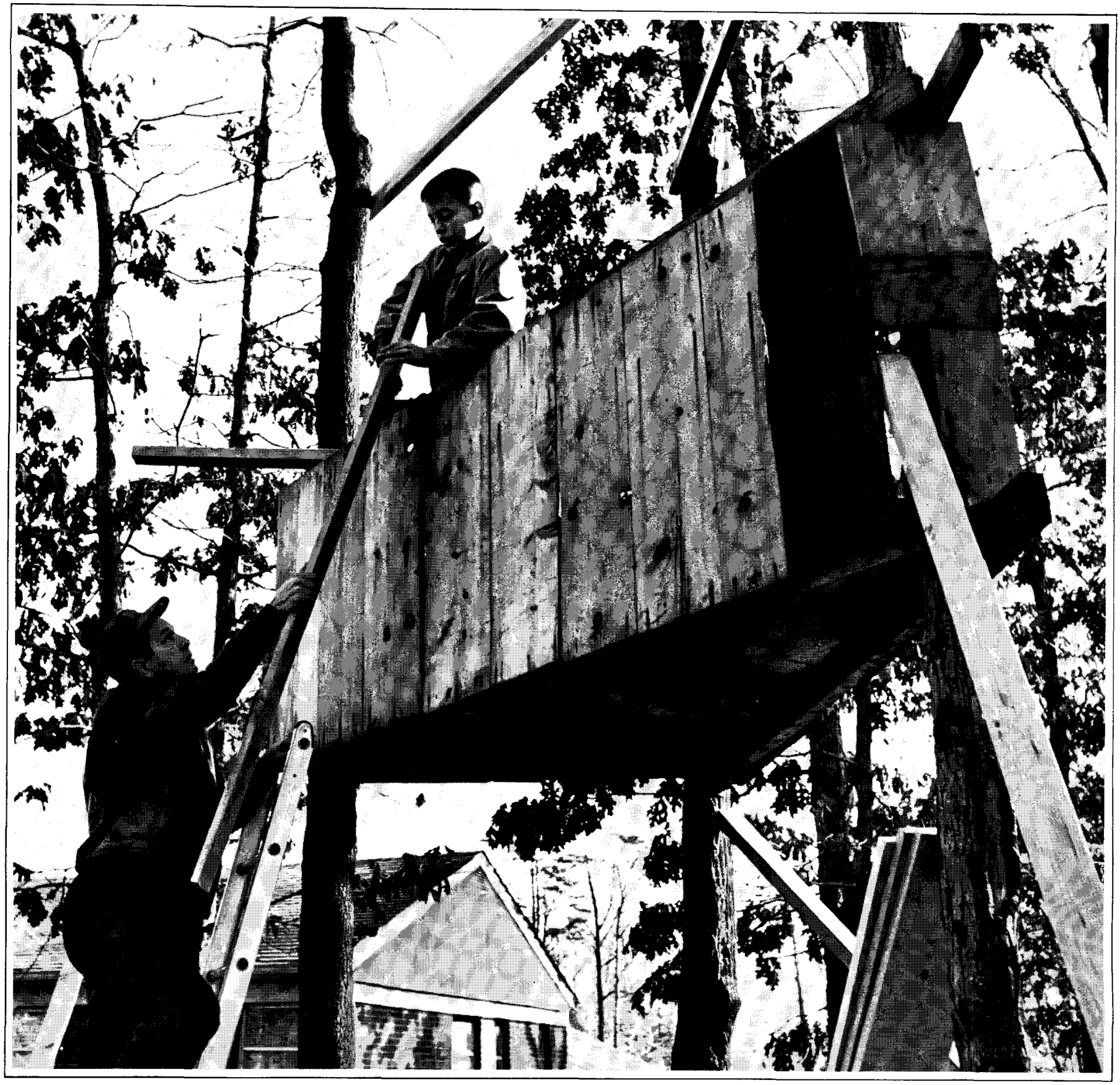

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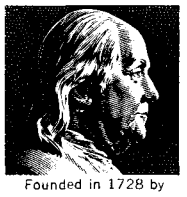
The Saturday Evening
POST



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## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

*Martin Mayer*

This issue's lead article about Madison Avenue, THE BIG INVISIBLE SELL, is the first writing on advertising, per se, that MARTIN MAYER has done for publication since his book, *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, appeared in 1958. That book was a national best seller for some 20 weeks, was also published in England, and was translated into German, Spanish and Japanese (selling well in all versions). It also has been used widely as a text and reference work in business and journalism schools. Mayer began work on his current piece last April . . . . While researching his article about the trial of well-to-do executive Mark Fein for the murder of a Brooklyn bookie, ROGER KAHN was impressed by the dedication of detective Frank Lyons, and by the fact that Homicide turned Lyons loose on the case. "An old liberal cliché says that anyone with money can get off," Kahn says. "Fein was a guy with money and connections, but that didn't help him. This was a case where conscientious police work paid off."/Cover illustration by N. M. BODECKER.

## MOVING?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

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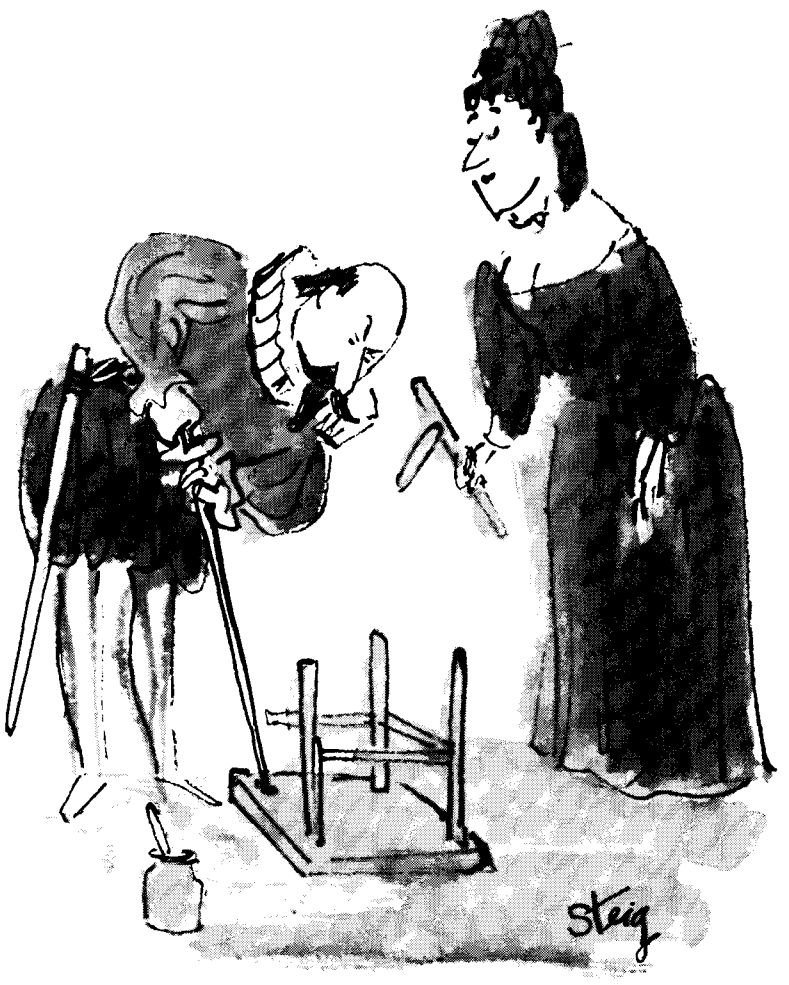


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Quality tools by Nicholson: Files · Rotary Burs
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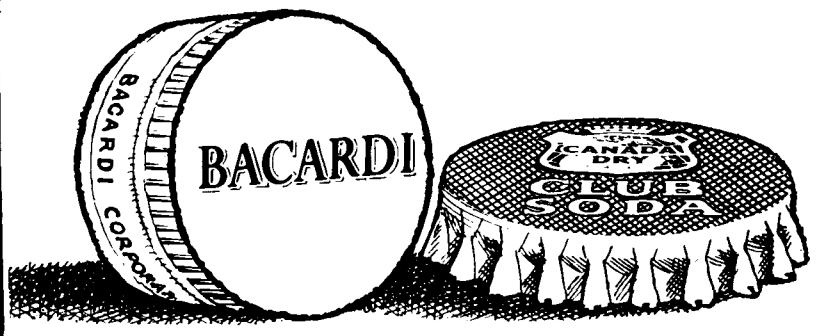


# DRINKMATES!

*Rum in a highball? Read on!*

Chances are better than even that Bacardi Rum has what *you* want in a highball. It's sunny dry (not sweet)... light-bodied... and so smooth on the tongue that many people prefer it right out of the bottle and on-the-rocks! So why *wouldn't* it taste real good with soda or water? It does. We bet you like it! How about giving it a try?

*TRY A* BACARDI *DRINKMATE*
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# Letters

## Marriage

I enjoyed Dr. Leslie Koempel's article WHY GET MARRIED? [February 13] because for some time I have felt that too much emphasis is placed on marriage in our society, the result being marriages contracted too early in life, before maturity is reached, the wrong mate so often being chosen. College students having difficulty selecting majors blithely step into marriage.

True love given and returned can be the greatest blessing mankind has. It is a situation where two people, instead of being a circumstance or a convenience, are an integral part of each other. This situation isn't stifling; each inspires the other to greater things.

I agree with Doctor Koempel when she says there should be more single people. This is an infinitely better state than to be unhappily married. But the greatest state of all is to be married to the right person.

MRS. DONALD EATON
*Montrose, Colo.*

• Why get married? Because the Lord saw that it was not good for man to be alone. Admit that the bachelors and old maids want to devote themselves to themselves and I'll put in with you, but let's not suggest that it's a happy or holy way of life.

MRS. F. J. TITUS
*Port Arthur, Tex.*

• As an unmarried Episcopal priest, I couldn't agree more with Dr. Leslie Koempel's article.

While a seminarian at Evanston I still remember the "collar-happy" Northwestern girls who used to frequent our chapel services. Out in the parish ministry, I find things about the same—well-meaning yet interfering parishioners who will not rest until they have fixed up the young bachelor curate with a wife.

Certainly, "it is better to marry than to be aflame with passion," and "yet those who marry will have worldly troubles . . . (be) anxious about worldly affairs, how to please his wife, and his interests are divided." Perhaps some date we will wake up to the fact that, as St. Paul so well points out, some men and women have just as much a vocation to remain single as others do to the married state.

THE REV. CLARK A. TEA
*Battle Creek, Mich.*

• It might be well to remember that behind every unsuccessful man there is a woman.

LOUIS K. MILLER
*Newtown Square, Pa.*

• Doctor Koempel failed to mention one very important item: taxes and the single American. All of us old maids and bachelors pay dearly for the privilege. On the practical side of choosing marriage over a career, two *can* live as cheaply as one, especially if one spouse is unemployed. I'm not kicking over my choice, but I do object to being taxed to death in order to pursue it.

ALICE V. LEWIS
*Gladstone, Mo.*

## The single girl

After reading about Helen Gurley Brown [BOSSES MAKE LOUSY LOVERS by Joan Didion, January 30], I thought, partly in envy but mostly in relief, "there but for the grace of God and inadequate promotion go I." Although my book, *Sense and Sensibility for Single Women*, was published by Doubleday a year after *Sex and the Single Girl*, it was started prior to Mrs. Brown's book and was intended as the first real guidebook for single girls in a decade.

I disagree with Mrs. Brown that the word SEX had little to do with the huge sale of her books. Indeed, hindsight makes me wonder if my book wouldn't have done better under a title such as *How to be Happily Single Without Sex!* (but never without one of the many forms which love can take).

JANICE GLOVER
*Hyannis, Mass.*

## The Army

Stewart Alsop's splendid article WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR ARMY? [February 13] could have gone a step or two farther. The Army's biggest fault is a two-headed monster—failing to train its men well enough to do the job at hand and placing men in positions completely alien to their natural abilities.

As a former member of the peacetime Army who spent 19 months on a Nike-Hercules missile site in Southern California (we told curious civilians our mission was to defend Disneyland from enemy air attack), I can vouch for Mr. Alsop's position that "never have so few been commanded by so many." And when you have a 17-year-old mechanic's helper operating a highly complex radar unit, simply because he has an acting sergeant's stripes, you're asking for inefficiency and trouble.

RICK LANNING
*Hobbs, N.M.*

## Gambling

For those who are considering visiting the Lake Tahoe area (Robert Wernick's article on Bill Harrah's nightmare) [THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GAMBLER, February 13] for the first time, be prepared. The Lake is visible, but you will have to peer through neon lights and hot-dog stands. The get-rich-quickers don't see what little beauty is left—they sleep all day and play all night. Perhaps the culprits involved could either move their mess five miles toward Reno, or establish a commission for the beautification of that once beautiful area.

JOHN SILVER
*Los Altos Hills, Calif.*

## Boom

• Comparing the sonic boom to noises created by "living next to freeways" and "transistorized teen-agers" is a bit far out [THE SOUND OF PROGRESS by John Skow, February 13]. More often than not, it comes in the form of a loud and sudden explosion.

I live with two noisy children within walking distance of Dallas Love Field, on a main traffic artery, and have grown accustomed to it. But one sonic boom is a shocking, violent sound and should be kept to the bare minimum.

If those who cannot live with the boom are tagged neurotics, sign me . . .

MRS. ROY OTTS
*"Semi-neurotic"*
*Dallas, Tex.*



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# Eldercare
## ...better care than Medicare

•

**Here's why the Herlong-Curtis Eldercare Bill, HR 3727, is the best answer to the health care needs of people over 65**

•

## MORE BENEFITS FOR THE ELDERLY

Eldercare would provide a wide range of hospital and medical services for the elderly—much more than Medicare.

| | ELDERCARE | MEDICARE |
|---|---|---|
| Physicians' Care | YES | NO |
| Surgical Costs | YES | NO |
| Drugs—In and out of Hospital | YES | NO |
| Hospital & Nursing Home Charges | YES | YES |

## LESS COST TO THE TAXPAYERS

Eldercare offers *more care* for the elderly who need help, but would *cost less* because it does not provide benefits for the wealthy and well-to-do. Eldercare would *not* require a new payroll tax. It would be financed by federal-state funds through a program that *already* exists.

By contrast, the Medicare tax plan would increase payroll taxes to provide benefits for *everyone* over 65, the wealthy included. Furthermore, the Medicare tax would hit hardest those least able to pay. The $5,600-a-year worker would pay as much tax as the $56,000 executive.

Your doctors, who care for the elderly, support Eldercare because it also assures free choice of physician and hospital . . . provides for protection through Blue Cross, Blue Shield and health insurance policies . . . and lets people over 65 qualify for benefits before illness strikes—without a welfare type investigation.

## WRITE TODAY!

Urge your congressman and senators to vote for Eldercare
(The Herlong-Curtis Bill, H.R. 3727)

*The American Medical Association*


# Letters

• Since the President of the United States will make the final decision as to whether or not the sonic booms make the SST an undesirable aircraft, I suggest that he be subjected to them. Making Washington, D.C., a "boom site" would enable President Johnson to get tuned in on the sound of progress, and the senators and congressmen, the voice of the people, could get firsthand knowledge of what the folks back home are harassing them about.

MARIALYCE ATWOOD
*Oak Harbor, Wash.*

### The U.N.

You have outlined WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE U.N. [editorial, February 13] with surprising clarity, and you have outlined the solutions with equally surprising disregard for the Constitution of the United States and the Charter of the U.N.

There can be no solution to the U.N. problem until its prime benefactor stops acting like a cowardly, blackmailed millionaire. We must enforce the Charter by refusing to pay in more dollars until *everyone* pays up or loses his vote.

Otherwise, we must give Red China a seat in the U.N.—ours.

WILLIAM F. SILL
*Trucksville, Pa.*

• Three out of four of your suggestions have considerable merit. It seems highly unlikely that most of the U.N. member countries will ever agree to any system of weighted voting. And if population is to be the weight factor, we might do well to realize that Soviet citizens outnumber those of the U.S. And the population of Communist China (if it becomes a member) is three to four times that of our country.

True enough, former European colonial possessions have been split up into too many poverty-stricken small countries. Perhaps a logical course would be to encourage voluntary unions and mergers. Our own union of 13 originally independent states provides historical precedent, and experience.

JAMES E. HILLEY
*Macon, Ga.*

### Fashion

Rudi Gernreich [THE GREAT IDEA BOY by Lewis H. Lapham, February 13] and others like him who design bizarre creations for women are not entirely to blame for what they do. Granted, they have utter contempt for the female and express ridicule and irony in their designs. But why must women accept and wear the apparel?

E. O. HABERMANN
*Madison, Wis.*

### Punishment

Bravo for Peter Landerman and his courage [TELL MY PARENTS NOT TO WORRY by George Feifer, February 13]! American dignity at its best! I see, however, in the three-year sentence ruled by the Russian courts, a pattern that U.S. judges might well heed for our own traffic violators. Perhaps then our bloody highway slaughter would be greatly curtailed.

LAMAR PHILLIPS
*Nashville, Tenn.*


## Coming soon...in The Post

**THE DISCOTHÈQUE CRAZE**
**Killer Joe Piro: Pet of the Jet Set**

A Mississippi minister tells:
**'WHY I BELIEVE IN SEGREGATION'**

**DRACULA'S HOMETOWN**

*Hollywood's LIZ RENAY*
**THE INNOCENT WORLD OF A GANGSTER'S GIRL**

**LYNDON JOHNSON'S RELIGION**


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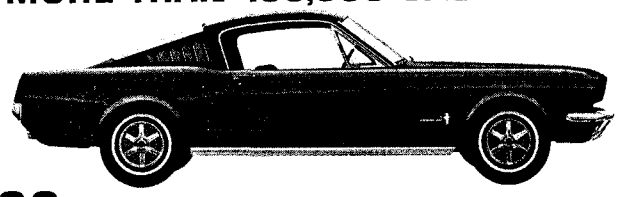

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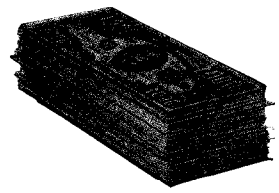

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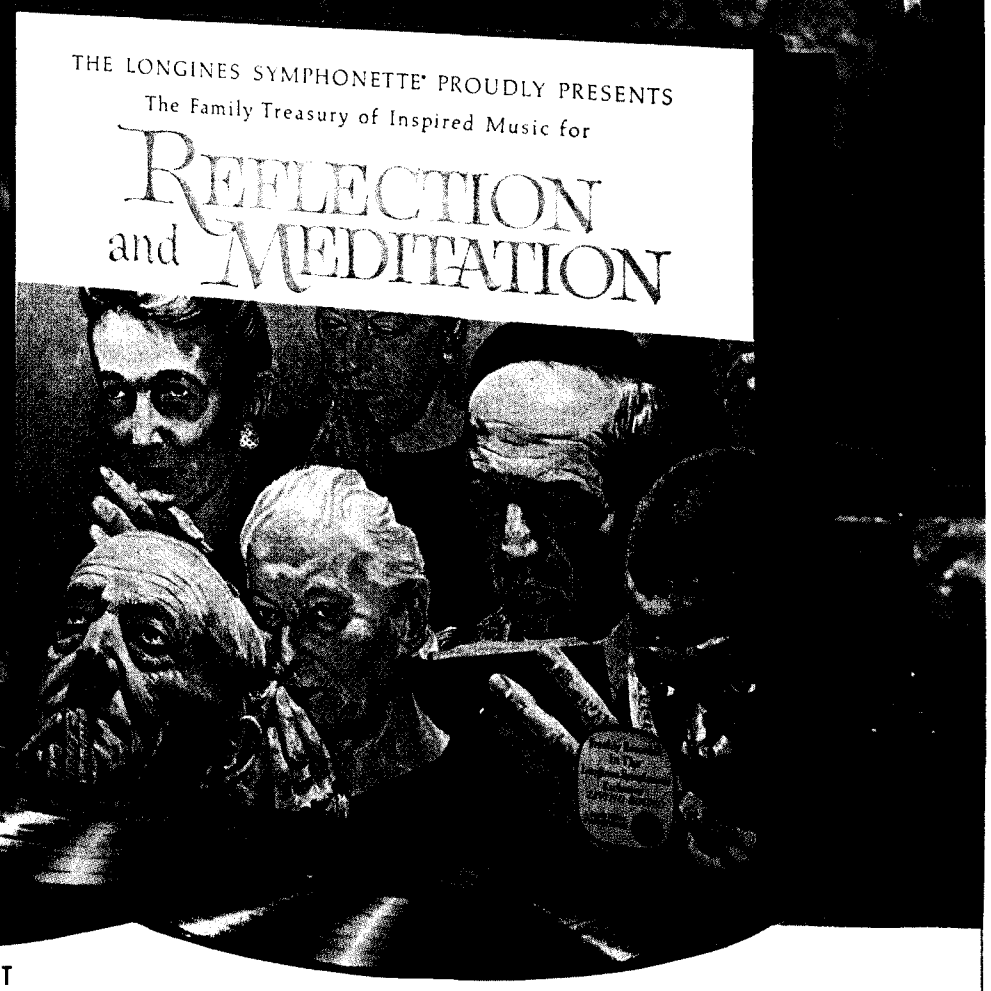


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| HE | PILGRIM'S CHORUS |
| ETERNAL FATHER | IN A MONASTERY GARDEN |
| THE LORD'S PRAYER | YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE |
| THE LOST CHORD | CALM AS THE NIGHT |
| I LOVE YOU TRULY | ABIDE WITH ME |
| THE ANGELUS | LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVE EXCELLING |
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Speaking Out

# DO WE WANT TO WIN THE WAR ON POVERTY?

By Christopher Jencks

"There are millions of Americans," President Johnson told Congress in his Poverty Message a year ago, "who have not shared in the abundance which has been granted to most of us, and on whom the gates of opportunity have been closed." To help them, he said, "I have called for a national war on poverty." His objective? "Total victory."

This is brave talk, and America is fortunate to have a President who sets his sights high. But while talk may be good for the consciences of the $22,500-a-year Congressmen Mr. Johnson was addressing (and may even have helped persuade them to raise their salaries to $30,000, as they did last summer), it isn't of much value to those who lack the basic necessities of life. There are 30 to 40 million Americans who cannot afford a balanced diet, warm clothes, a house which keeps out the rain and the rats, or a doctor and a hospital when they need them. They need help. Yet if the President sticks to his present anti-poverty strategy, only a small minority of the poor are going to get that help.

To understand why, we must look closely at the famous "poverty program" that L.B.J. shoved through Congress last summer. This is the program that the President is now trying to enlarge as a mainstay of The Great Society. Sargent Shriver, who heads the program, will undoubtedly do his best, but he has about as much chance of achieving "total victory" over poverty as Brigade 2506 had in the Bay of Pigs.

The reason is simple. Last year's legislation was not passed in response to any irresistible demand for help from poor Americans. The antipoverty legislation was enacted by well-to-do Americans, out of compassion and guilt. Inevitably, it reflects the concerns of America's affluent majority, not those of the poor minority. In particular, it reflects a preoccupation with rising welfare costs, with rising crime rates, and with increased racial tension. As a result, the legislation focuses on the young and the unemployed. To help them, it creates four major new programs:

1. The Job Corps hires high-school dropouts to work in rural conservation camps and urban training centers. Hopefully, this will ready the recruits for jobs. Meanwhile they will be kept off the labor market, off the streets and (if we are lucky) out of trouble.

2. The Neighborhood Youth Corps program is enabling local organizations to hire unemployed youngsters for public-service jobs, such as improving parks and working in hospitals.

3. The "community action" program (which grew out of federal efforts to fight delinquency) gives money to provide the poor with services ranging from legal advice for slum tenants to job-placement programs. But most of the funds will go to train young people from poor homes to become responsible (and employable) adults.

4. The "work experience" program will help communities reduce their welfare rolls by training and finding employment for parents.

The author is a Fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, a research and educational center in Washington that specializes in formulating alternatives to Government policy. He was previously a member of the board of editors of "The New Republic."

For a program aimed at the young and the unemployed, all this is not bad. But most poor Americans are neither young nor unemployed. Statistically, there are twice as many poor people over 65 as there are between 12 and 20. The heads of poor families are almost eight times as likely to be employed as unemployed. The majority of the poor are neither welfare clients nor delinquents nor Negroes deprived of their civil rights. They are what President Johnson would call "just folks," differing from the affluent majority in one vital particular: they have less money. For these people the "war on poverty" promises very little.

What could be done to help the millions of poor people whom the present legislation won't reach? To answer this question we must try to be specific about who needs help. Let us start with two representative examples in which incidental details (and names) have been altered for obvious reasons.

First, Joe Wallach. Joe lives in Colorado and has a wife and four children. According to President Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, an American worker needs at least $1,500 a year to get the necessities of life, plus another $500 for each dependent. In Joe Wallach's case this means about $4,000 a year. To earn this, Joe would need a year-round job paying two dollars or more an hour. If Joe had had a good education, he could probably find such a job, for there are about 40 million of them in America. But Joe attended a one-room school in North Carolina and dropped out after sixth grade to work on his uncle's farm. Now he works in a hotel kitchen, making $1.25 an hour.

But Joe's hotel can't afford to pay him more unless it also charges its guests more, and it can't do that unless other hotels do the same. The only way to raise Joe's wages, in other words, would be for a union to come in and force everyone's costs up, or else for legislators to raise minimum wages. Meanwhile, the Wallachs pay $85 a month for an apartment and $30 a week for food. After Social Security is withheld the Wallachs are left with exactly nothing for clothes, doctor's bills or savings—not to mention "luxuries" such as cigarettes or trips to the movies. But such expenses are sometimes unavoidable. Then Mrs. Wallach "economizes" at the market. The children get potatoes and gravy for lunch—and sometimes dinner too. Or else the expenses are like the $400 for the knee operation which the doctor says Mrs. Wallach needs, and which has been put off for two years. Her leg goes on hurting, she goes on nagging, Joe drinks more, and his boss tells him that if he doesn't take it easy he'll be out of a job.

Or take Nancy Watson, who is 68 and lives in a small town near Boston. Her husband died in 1956. Fortunately, he was covered by Social Security, and so she gets $82.50 a month from the Government. That is about a third of what her husband used to earn, and even then they had a hard time making ends meet. Whenever an election rolls around, Congress raises the benefits a little, but so long as benefits are tied to income before retirement, people like Nancy Watson, who barely made out before retirement, will never get enough to hold up their heads after 65. So Nancy will have to get along on two meals a day and do without the new dress she occasionally longs for. She can hope that Congress will pass Medicare, but she will still have to depend on her daughter in New York to "lend" her money for her doctor's bills. If her daughter doesn't have the money, Nancy will stay away from the doctor's office.

People who earn low wages, like Joe Wallach, or who can't work at all, like Nancy Watson, account for most of the poverty in America. Their problem can be summed up in simple statistics: In a nation where thousands of top executives earn $50,000 a year and more, there are still more than 20 million jobs which pay less than $60 a week. This is not such a bad wage for a single girl, but a family man needs far more. For better or worse, however, American businessmen do not pay more money just because employees have large monthly bills. If a man's bills are more than the market value of his work, he and his family go short. If illness or age prevents his working, the same thing happens—unless he earned enough before to accumulate substantial savings.

This is the basic problem which any attack on poverty must solve. So far, neither President Johnson nor his strategists have faced up to it. The reason is political. It is easy to mobilize support for efforts to put the unemployed to work, or at least to keep them out of trouble. Conservatives and liberals agree that we would be better off if adolescents did not lounge under lamp-posts and if adults lived off paychecks instead of welfare checks. There is no such consensus in favor of raising wages or providing bigger "handouts" to those who can't work.

Whether or not we are conscious of it, most of us affluent Americans have a stake in keeping the income of poor Americans down. If the Joe Wallachs earned more, the rest of us would have to pay more for restaurant meals. If farm laborers earned more, either farmers would earn less or the price of food would have to rise slightly. If cleaning women were better paid, prosperous housewives would either have to scrub their own floors or else spend less on

*One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*



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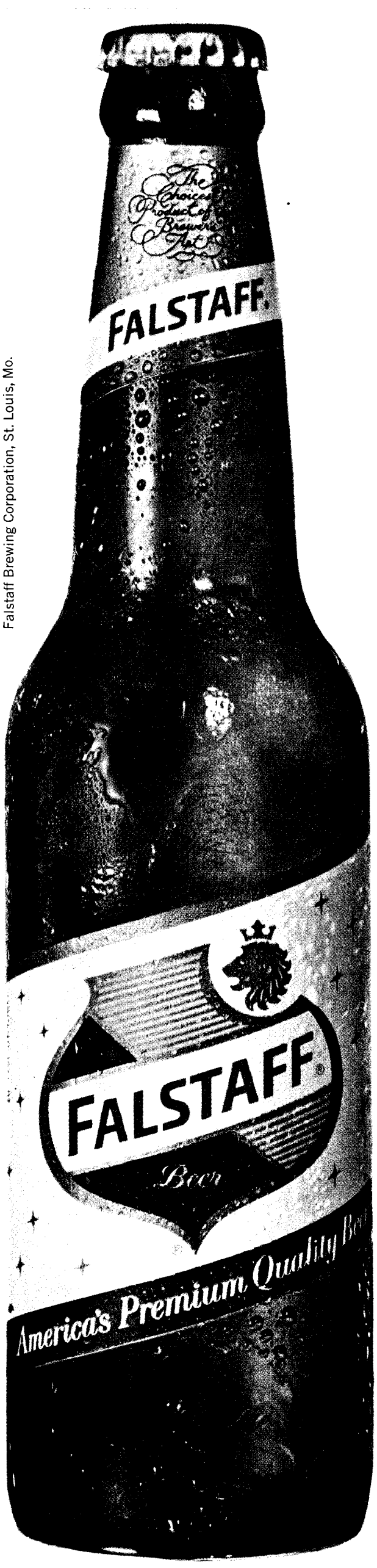


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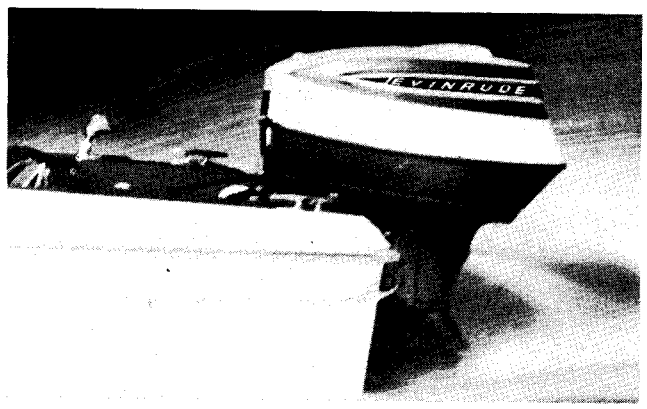


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vacations. Similarly, if the Nancy Watsons got bigger Social Security checks, their sons-in-law would have to make bigger weekly contributions. So would employers, most of whom have money to spare, but some of whom do not.

Since consumers and employers are also voters, President Johnson has chosen not to offend them. Instead, he and his strategists have tackled the poverty problem indirectly. They hope to ensure that the children of the poor will be able to get better jobs than their parents can. This plan has two flaws.

First, there is no prospect of creating enough well-paid jobs to absorb all of America's children, even if they all earn Ph.D.'s. Mechanization and automation are proceeding extremely fast, and official statistics show that despite the economy's growth, it actually takes fewer workers today than in 1957 to satisfy private demand for goods and services. In recent years, growth of the job market has been produced entirely by government expenditures for things like missiles, highways, education (and the war on poverty), and by the growth of nonprofit organizations. Today, however, President Johnson is trying to reduce federal expenditures. Who, then, is going to hire the children of the poor, even assuming they are well educated?

The second and more basic difficulty with the Administration's antipoverty strategy is that no known program of education and training can do very much to remedy the damage done to most children by growing up in the wrong kind of home. If youngsters haven't clothes they can wear to school without feeling ashamed, or if their parents don't give them the self-respect and self-confidence they will need to stay afloat in modern America, how much can we expect from Job Corps or "community action" programs?

But some of the problems would be eased or eliminated if the parents simply had more money to spend. If children don't get proper food and medical care, if they grow up without decent clothes and without books, the explanation is sometimes that the parents are callous or irresponsible, but often the parents just haven't any money to buy what they desperately want their children to have. If children reach adulthood without social skills or self-discipline, the reason is sometimes that their parents are drunkards or prostitutes, but often they are just too busy working and too tired when they get home to give the children needed affection and direction.

All this being so, perhaps the remedy for poverty is simpler than Sargent Shriver thinks. Perhaps his growing army of idealistic assistants is superfluous. Perhaps the best solution is simply to give poor parents the additional money they need. In some cases, this can be done by raising and extending minimum wages and by organizing more effective labor unions. But as I have already indicated, millions of employees just can't do two or three dollars' worth of work an hour by present economic measurements. If these people are to raise their children to do better than they have done, their wages must be supplemented by those of us who are earning good money. The simplest way to do this, I believe, is the "negative income tax" proposed by (of all people) Barry Goldwater's chief economic adviser, Dr. Milton Friedman.

Here is one way such a scheme might work. Each year Congress would adopt a National Income Standard based on how much a taxpayer needed to support himself and his family in minimal comfort. It would also adopt a sliding scale of refunds for families whose incomes fell below the minimum. In 1965, for example, Congress might specify that an individual needed $1,500 for himself and $500 for each dependent. When Joe Wallach filed his return on April 15, he would also file a declaration of estimated income. Joe would declare under oath that he expected his family's income from all sources to be $2,600 in 1965. This would leave him $1,400 short of the established minimum for a family of six. For a deficit of this size, Congress might have authorized a "refund" of 50 percent, or $700. In that case the Treasury would send Joe a monthly check of $58.33. If Joe actually earned $2,800 instead of $2,600, he would have to repay $100 of his $700 refund. If he earned only $2,400, he would get an additional $100 refund.

There are, of course, arguments against the negative tax. One result would be to encourage several million unskilled and semiskilled workers to drop out of the labor force at an early age. Some critics fear that these premature "retirements" would create a labor shortage. There is not much evidence to support this fear. Not many highly skilled workers would leave the labor force, since their loss of income would be too great. And the "retirement" of a few million unskilled workers would not hurt today's economy.

Other opponents of the negative tax argue that it would demoralize the poor recipients. If people don't work for their money, according to this theory, their moral character suffers. Again, the evidence is weak. Are working wives morally superior to wives who take their money from their husbands? Are those who retire at 65 worse citizens than those who stay at work until 70? Are those who inherit money automatically corrupted by it?

Perhaps the commonest argument against the negative tax, however, is that "we can't afford it." This is demonstrably wrong. A program of tax refunds such as I have described would cost the U.S. Treasury about six billion dollars in 1965. This is substantially less than the automatic annual increase in tax revenues derived from rising incomes and profits. Even a program which raised every family's income all the way to the subsistence level would cost only $11 billion, or about two percent of the national income.

The question, then, is not whether we can afford a program of cash assistance to needy families, but whether we can get along without one. Nearly a million children will be born into poverty during 1965. Unless their parents get enough money to raise them properly, most of these children will never acquire the personalities or the skills needed to earn a decent living. Surely America's affluent majority can afford a few dollars apiece to prevent such unnecessary misery.

Christopher Jencks



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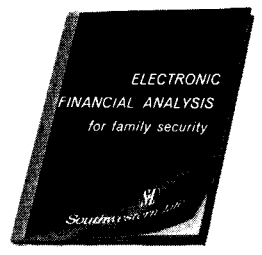


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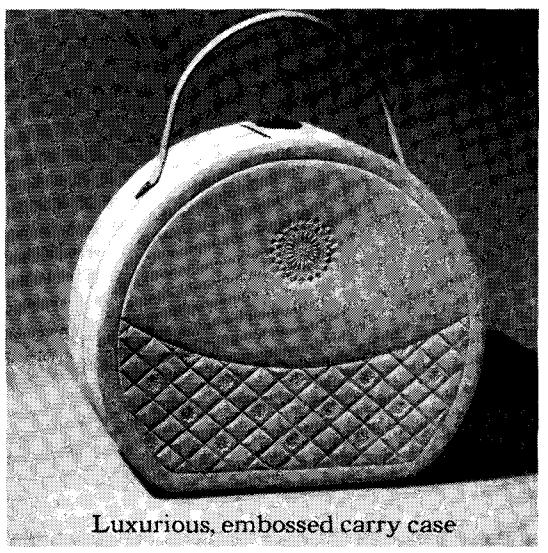


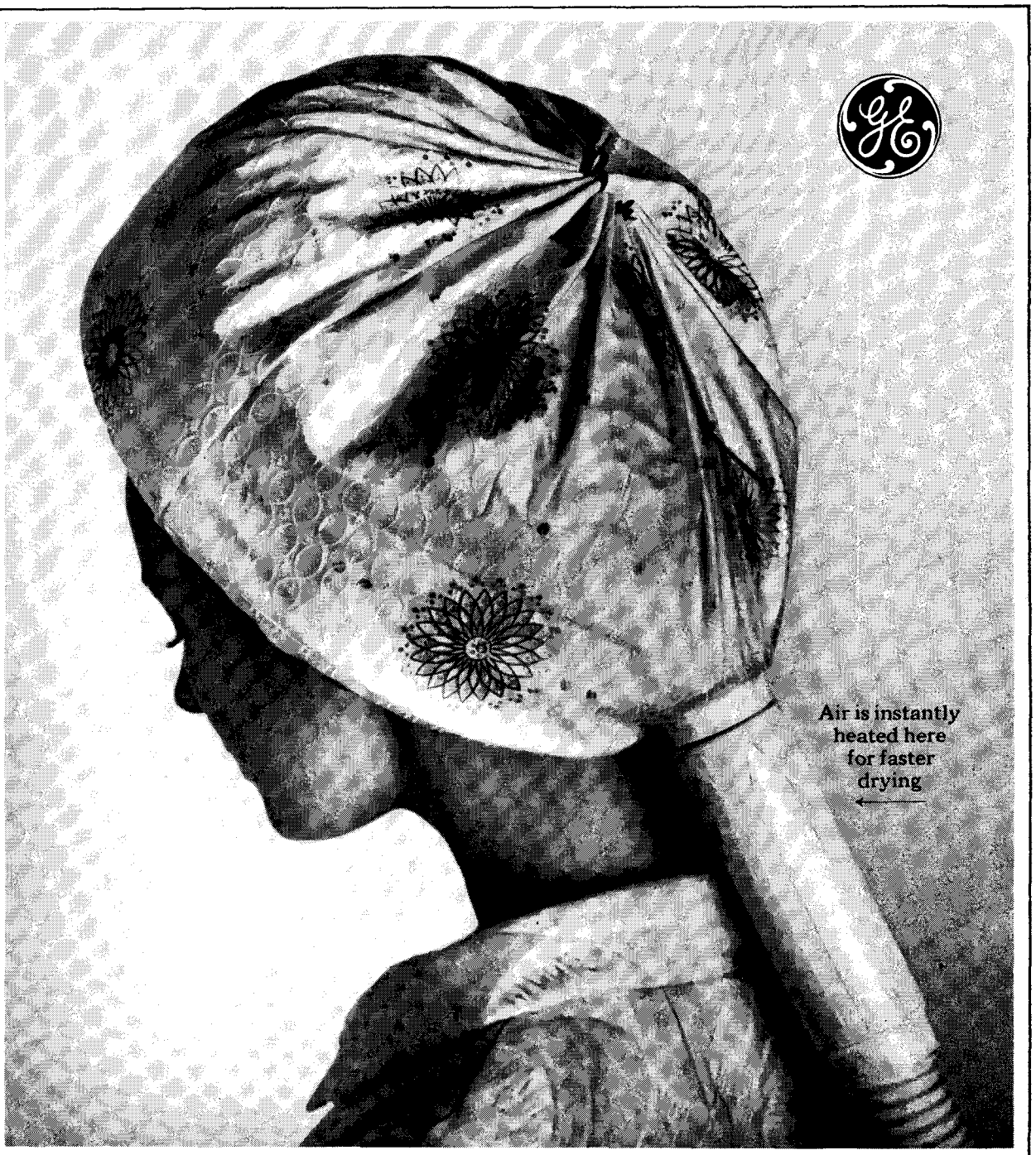


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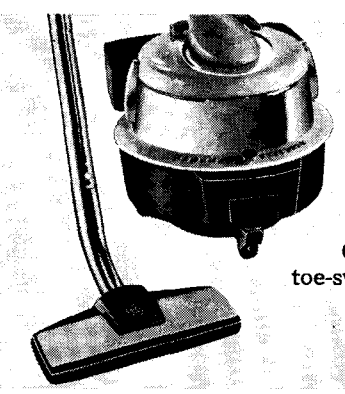

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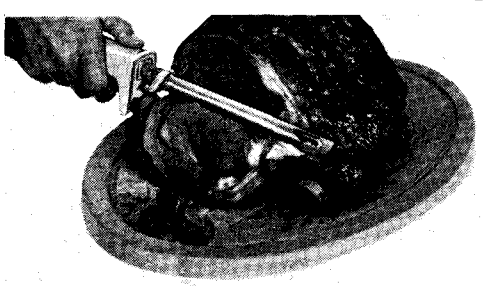

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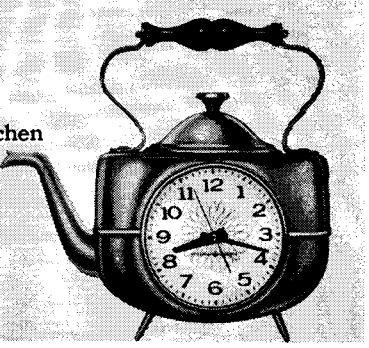

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# The inner-directed mood

WASHINGTON:

Not long ago, when President Johnson returned from one of his energy-restoring trips to the LBJ Ranch, his first order of business at the White House was a foreign-policy briefing by his chief advisers. He listened in silence for a while to the inevitable catalogue of world troubles—in Vietnam, in Indonesia, in Egypt, in the Congo, and on and on. Then he launched on a Johnsonian monologue, of which certain highlights are vividly recalled by one of the participants.

Perhaps, the President said in effect, this country had been "listening too much to our own propaganda about being leader of the free world." Perhaps it had been too easy for tinpot dictators to blackmail us by saying, "Pay me or I'll go Communist." Maybe it was time to "let some people sweat a bit—let them go right up to the end of that street and see what happens." Maybe it was time we let the other side have a try at running the world—"get their libraries burned and their people eaten in the Congo."

The words quoted may not be verbatim, of course, since human memory is fallible. But they do accurately reflect the sense of angry frustration displayed that day by the President. The presidential anger then turned on his subordinates. They were supposed to "be so brilliant," the President complained, but they piled his desk high with problems to which they never found solutions. At length one of those present—a chance visitor who is not a government employee—asked if he might interrupt.

"Mr. President," he said, in the midst of an awed silence, "you don't pay these men enough to talk to them that way."

The President's outburst was a natural human reaction to foreign frustrations, and in no sense a reflection of considered official policy. But the small episode suggests an important change of mood.

There has been a good deal of talk about "the new isolationism." But "isolationism," with its prewar overtones, is not really the right word. It might be better to misappropriate sociologist David Riesman's rather awful made-up adjectives, and to say that the mood of the American Government, which has been "outer-directed" since the war, is now increasingly "inner-directed."

The President himself defined this change of mood in his State of the Union message: "World affairs will continue to call upon our energy and courage. But today we can turn increased attention to the character of American life." To put it less rhetorically: "It's about time we attended more to our own knitting."

Partly this difference of mood derives from the difference between John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. One of Johnson's intimates has pointed out that Kennedy as a boy was used to traveling regularly across the Atlantic, whereas in his youth "Lyndon Johnson never crossed any body of water bigger than the Pedernales River."

Throughout his long political career, Lyndon Johnson has been primarily concerned with domestic affairs. In Congress he became a genuine expert on defense, but he never served on either the House or Senate foreign-affairs committees. Whereas the details of foreign policy fascinated Kennedy, they frankly bore Johnson.

President Kennedy's first order of business every day was a close study of a mass of reports from the "intelligence community," and he was genuinely interested in such matters as, say, the internal political situation in the Central African Republic. President Johnson no longer starts the day with an intelligence briefing, although he is provided with an intelligence summary at the end of his working day, which he may look over during the evening. He has left strict orders that he is to be notified, if necessary in the middle of the night, if something of real importance happens abroad. But the internal political situation in the Central African Republic leaves him cold.

This difference in presidential attitudes is embodied in the new budget. "The President cut foreign aid by twenty percent in twenty minutes, and it took him only ten minutes to cut USIA ten percent," says one unhappy participant in the budget-pruning sessions. The bulk of the "Great Society" domestic programs are to be paid for by holding back spending in the defense and foreign-policy sectors.

But the change is more than a change in presidential attitudes. It is also a change in national mood, clearly reflected in the character of the 89th Congress, which is the most liberal domestically and the least global-minded Congress since the Marshall Plan era. Senator William Fulbright's refusal to manage even a sharply curtailed foreign-aid bill is the most obvious symbol of this increasingly "inner-directed" mood.

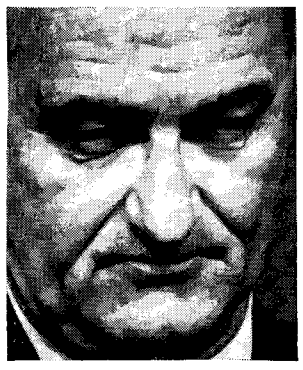
The fact is that the President's sense of angry frustration, in the episode described above, is increasingly shared by a lot of less exalted citizens. It is a natural reaction, when dictators like Nasser and Sukarno repay this country for millions in aid by insulting the United States. Up to a point, the reaction is a healthy one.

This country's foreign policy in many areas of the world has long been marked by an excess of zeal, a "Mr. Fix-it" complex. The President is surely sensible in his decision, which is now obvious, to relax a bit about Europe and let the Europeans worry about problems that are essentially European. He is surely sensible when he says that a President "can't mash a button" and set things right all over the world.

But although a President can't set things right all over the world, he can—and must—prevent a basic and unfavorable alteration in the world power balance. Twice President Kennedy prevented such an alteration—when Nikita Khrushchev tried to bluff the Western powers out of Berlin, and again when he tried to sneak his nuclear missiles into Cuba.

A basic alteration in the world power balance in favor of the Communists is what now threatens to occur in Southeast Asia. Preventing that alteration is a far more difficult problem for President Johnson than the Berlin and Cuban crises were for President Kennedy. In those crises, Kennedy had solid support from this country's allies and from the Congress. If Johnson decides to do whatever must be done to prevent a great defeat in Southeast Asia, he will have little or no support from this country's allies, and strong opposition in Congress. No wonder he occasionally succumbs to a sense of angry frustration. Yet the fact remains that, if Lyndon Johnson permits in Southeast Asia a sharp swing in the world balance of power in favor of the Communists, he can hardly hope to do what he very much wants to do—go down in history as one of our greatest Presidents.

Stewart Alsop



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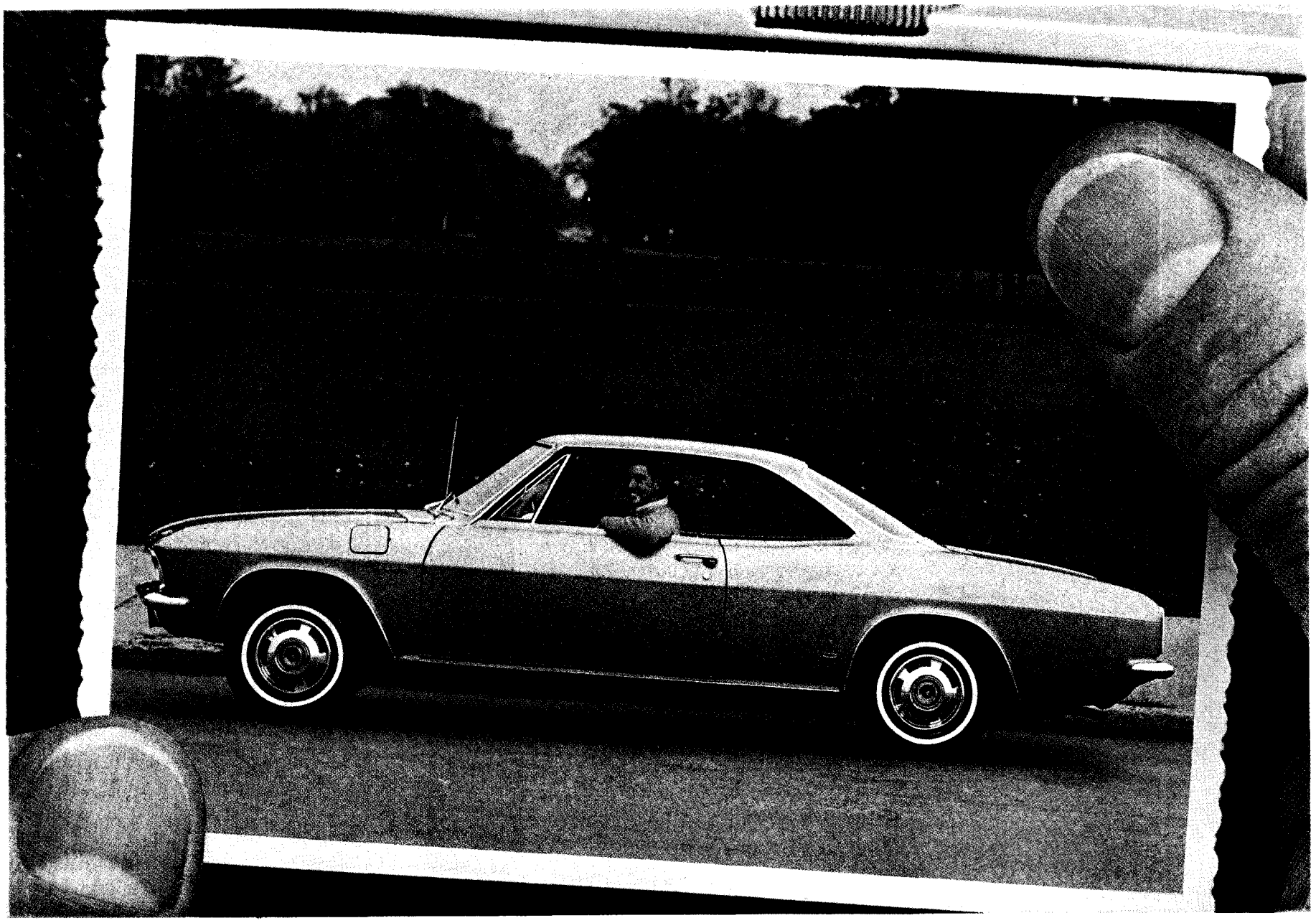
*Corvair Corsa Sport Coupe*



# If we tried showing its new performance, this would be a blur.
# '65 CORVAIR by Chevrolet

## And we'd never be able to show you here how it climbs, corners, cruises or parks. So here's what to do . . .

Your career as a performance expert starts when you walk into your Chevrolet dealer's and make straight for a Corvair Corsa, Monza or 500 model.

And after one slow circuit around the car you start thinking about driving gloves and Roman villas and such. By the time you've stared at all those businesslike instruments and taken it out for one quick circuit around the block, you're totally smitten.

You think, no wonder they took the time to give Corvair a sports-car-type fully independent suspension. And no wonder they nestled the engine in back. Corvair makes the most of light steering, jackrabbit handling and rear-engine traction.

And you'll find you have a wide range of air-cooled engines to select from that allows you to make beautiful music with this kind of car.

So does the 4-Speed fully synchronized transmission you can specify to go with it.

A few final details—like an AM-FM radio, telescopic steering column, Positraction and simulated wire wheel covers, yours for the ordering—and you're a full-fledged performance expert. Have fun—and don't forget your driving gloves! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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# Introducing: The tire for worriers

***Do you worry about skids?***

There are two kinds of people in the world: worriers and non-worriers.

This is the tire for worriers—who'd like to be able to cut down on the habit.

If you worry about the wife getting a flat when she's driving home alone some night,

Or, if you've ever felt your rear end slide out from under you on a wet, slippery curve, and you've never quite forgotten the feeling,

Or, if you know enough about cars to know what happens in the event of a blowout at 70, 80 or 90 miles an hour,

And, if you'd like to *do* something about it,

You qualify.

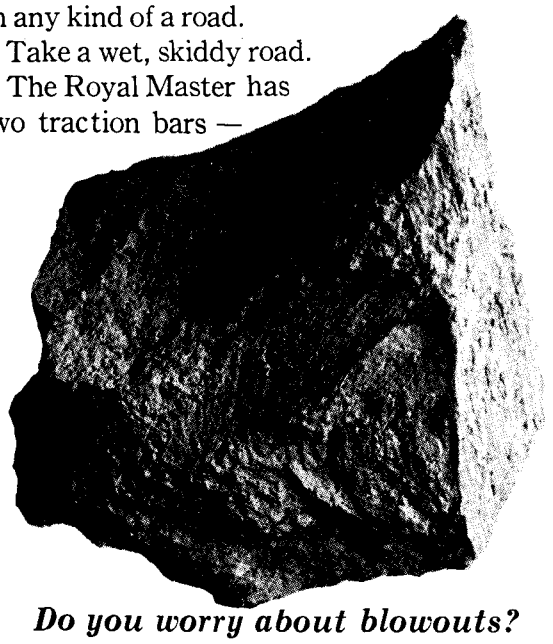
Welcome to worriers anonymous!

**Rub it the wrong way and it stops you in your tracks**

The new U.S. Royal Master® was designed by professional worriers who can outworry you on any kind of a road.

Take a wet, skiddy road.

The Royal Master has two traction bars —



***Do you worry about blowouts?***

the strips with all those little squiggles —which come in mighty handy if you have to stop short or if you're negotiating a curve on a wet, slick surface.

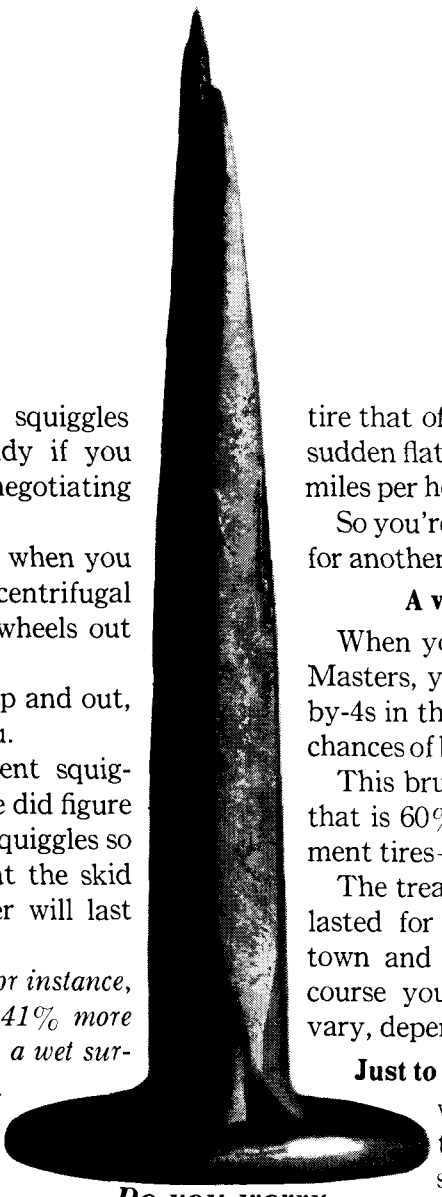
The little squiggles "fur up" when you step on the brake, or when centrifugal force wants to pull your rear wheels out into a side skid.

Each squiggle gets its edge up and out, and rubs the road dry under you.

Now U.S. Royal didn't invent squiggles on tires, of course. What we did figure out was a way to put so many squiggles so close together and so deep that the skid resistance of the Royal Master will last longer than on any other tire.

*When the tires are 3/5 worn, for instance, the Royal Master has 27% to 41% more straight-ahead skid resistance on a wet surface than any other premium tire.*

Don't you feel yourself feeling better about skids already?



***Do you worry about flats?***

**Our nail-biting inner liner**

Now we wish we could promise you absolute relief from all punctures and flats, but we can't.

Our engineers won't let us.

What we *can* promise you is a high degree of protection against sudden flats if you should pick up a nail.

Inside the Royal Master is a red liner that wraps itself around the nail and holds on for dear life. The air will leak out eventually (maybe in 1,000 miles, maybe 2,000, maybe 3,000), but you'll very likely be able to detect a recurring slow leak and have a chance to get it fixed at your own convenience.

Our engineers thought about using a gummy type of puncture sealant (which, very frankly, is slightly more effective), or a tire-within-a-tire. But they rejected the idea because they felt that these create as many problems as they solve. (The extra weight inside the tire causes a heat build-up that can lead to tread disintegration at today's high speeds.)

The Royal Master is the only *ultra-high-speed* tire that offers so much protection against sudden flats.(Speed rating: a sustained 113 miles per hour.)

So you're not just exchanging one worry for another.

**A veritable rolling fortress**

When you're driving on a set of Royal Masters, you're more than a match for 2-by-4s in the road, rocks, or pot holes. The chances of blowing a tire are practically nil.

This brute of a tire has a 4-ply carcass that is 60% stronger than original equipment tires—and *they're* strong.

The tread on this monster is so thick, it lasted for 42,000 miles in our standard town and country driving tests. But of course you know that tire mileage will vary, depending on the way you use a tire.

**Just to show you *we're* not worried,** we guarantee you in writing that if the new Royal Master should fail for any reason (except for a repairable puncture or abuse) as long as one-half the original tread is left, *U.S. Royal will give you a brand new one free.*

Beyond the halfway mark, you're covered by the most liberal pro rata guarantee of any of the leading makes.

*Now* what are you worrying about?

U.S. Royal Master Tire Division UNIROYAL U.S. RUBBER

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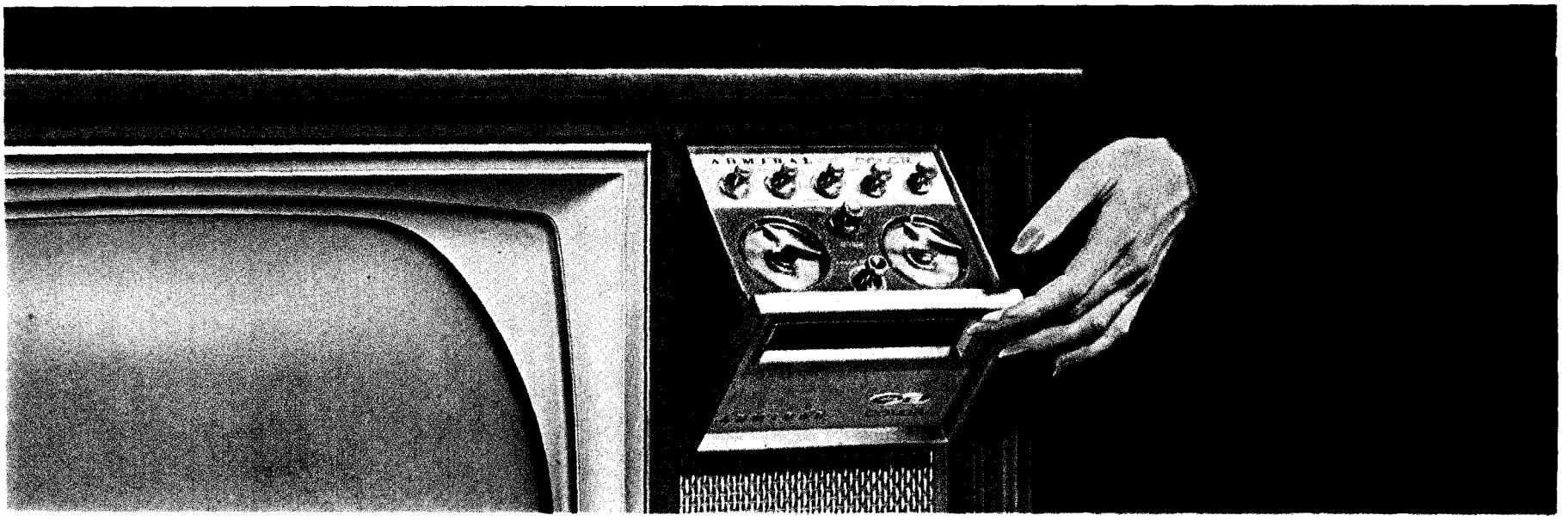

**Tilt out**....for perfect control of the first really lifelike color in TV history, with exclusive new Admiral Color Fidelity Control (PATENT PENDING) and Automatic Degausser – a new color purifier. Instantly, permanently, color's just right!

**See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Monday night.** New for 1965: SALEM, LG2045 (above, left), in Early American. ASBURY, LG2041 (right), in Danish Modern. Handcrafted in genuine wood veneers and hardwood solids.

# **Tilt in** for the beauty look...no knobs show! See the only visible improvements in color TV. Admiral® Color

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

**There's nothing finer at any price.** Exclusive new Admiral Color Fidelity Control gives color realism never before possible; richer black-and-white, too! New Admiral Automatic Degausser ends color distortion from magnetic interference. Ends a service headache! Colors stay pure automatically. Everything's at your fingertips in the exclusive Admiral Tilt-Out Control Center (*patent pending*). Tune standing up, easily and naturally. You have to see new 1965 Admiral quality Color TV to believe it. A demonstration will amaze you!

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# At last, robust flavor in a 1 calorie soft drink: Tab.

Taking the calories out of a soft drink—that's easy. But putting robust flavor in—that's hard. It took The Coca-Cola Company to do it. Taste what robust flavor can do for a 1 calorie soft drink. Taste Tab.

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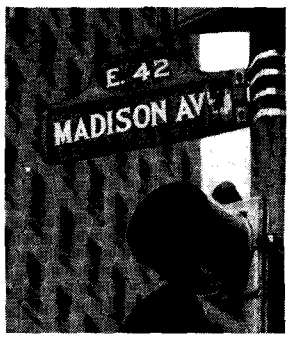
**POST**

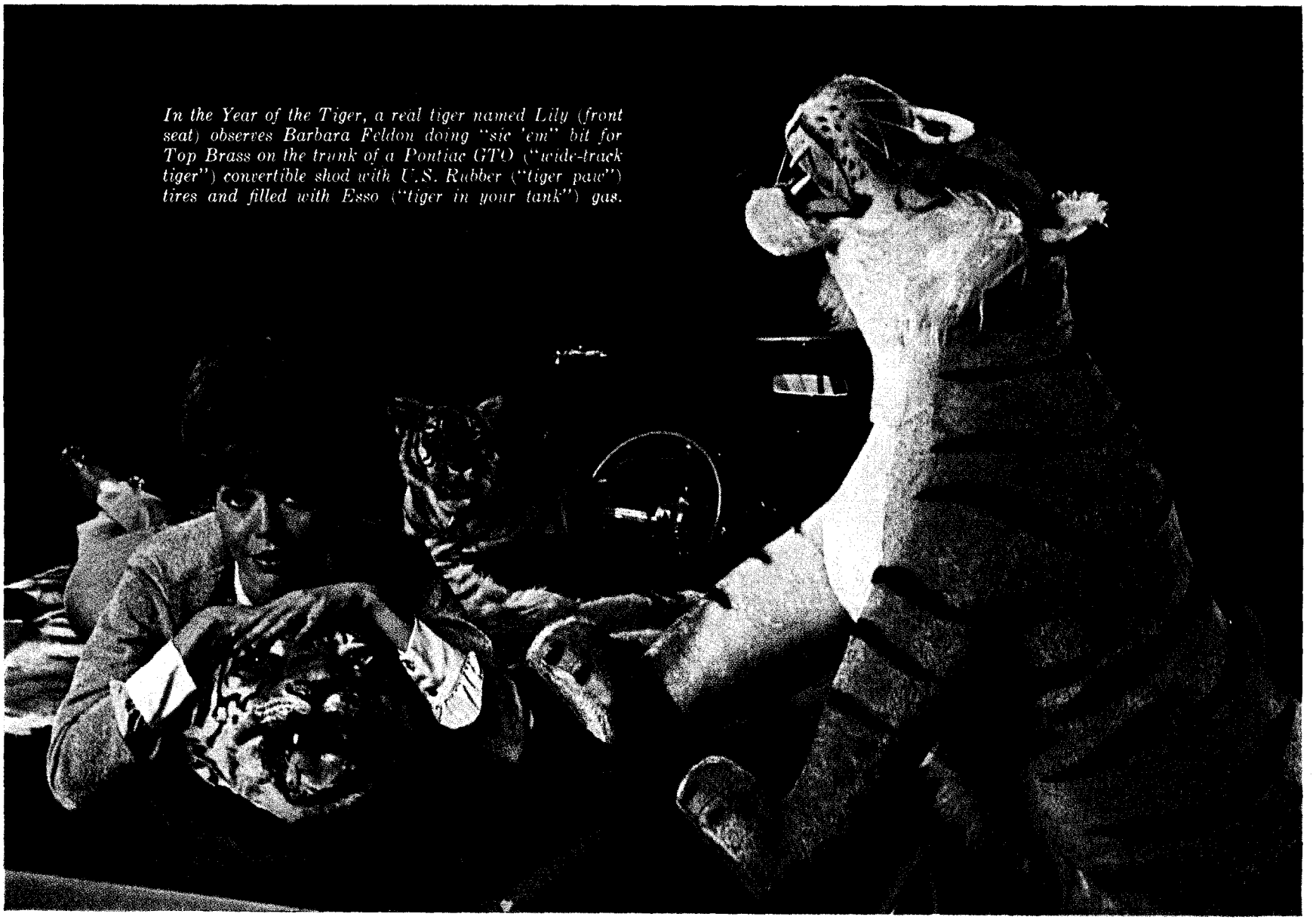
In the seething center of advertising, creative hotshots match wits with cold computers.

# THE BIG INVISIBLE SELL

By Martin Mayer




A lady copywriter in the New York office of the Foote, Cone & Belding advertising agency was brooding over a client's problems, which seemed unusually severe. The client was Clairol, Inc., a small company in a struggling hair-coloring industry which barely kept alive through the patronage of a few well-to-do women. Using hair coloring was something akin to wearing green wigs or taking hallucinogenic drugs, a practice confined to an adventurous minority in the large cities. Copywriter Shirley Polykoff, a vigorous blonde who had just joined Foote, Cone, had to think up something new



*In the Year of the Tiger, a real tiger named Lily (front seat) observes Barbara Feldon doing "sic 'em" bit for Top Brass on the trunk of a Pontiac GTO ("wide-track tiger") convertible shod with U.S. Rubber ("tiger paw") tires and filled with Esso ("tiger in your tank") gas.*



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to say about Miss Clairol hair coloring, and do it quickly; at that point, the agency had had the account for nine months and was still running the advertising written by its predecessors, which is bad business. She sat staring at her office wall, searching for a handle to hang an ad campaign on. As Miss Polykoff describes her personal approach to cosmetics copy: "My stuff is never 'Oh, my God!' It's always 'Poor lamb, you need a little help . . .'"

And then Miss Polykoff remembered a line which had occurred to her at a party four days earlier. "Does She . . . or Doesn't She? So Natural Only Her Mother Knows for Sure!" Off to the art department to get a layout incorporating the slogan; on to get the approval of the account executive who handled relations between the agency and the client. "Shirley," said the account man, "are you out of your head?" Miss Polykoff put the slogan back in the drawer and tried other things.

What the account executive wanted, first of all, was lots of research on why women did or didn't use hair coloring. Miss Polykoff scoffed. "I said, 'There's only one reason to use this stuff and that's so nobody will know you use it. If somebody admires you, you don't want to feel it comes out of a bottle. Do the research—I'll bet that five to eight times out of ten, what plays back will be something to do with natural.'"

Foote, Cone did the research, and "natural" came back eight times out of ten. Somewhat reluctantly, the slogan was bought, with a single change—"hairdresser" instead of "mother," because Clairol's business had been mostly in beauty salons, and the company couldn't antagonize its best customers. The agency made a presentation to Richard Gelb, then Clairol's 32-year-old general manager and later its president (and at all times the son of its founder and owner). Gelb put in the words "hair color" before "so natural." And of the several possible illustrations shown to him, he insisted on the one with the child.

The agency's "media department" had already decided where to put Clairol's half-million-dollar advertising budget, and among the magazines on the list was *Life*. A contract was signed for 10 color pages, and the proof of the first ad was sent over to Time Inc. It promptly came back: this was a dirty ad, the message said, and *Life* wouldn't touch it. Miss Polykoff herself went over to argue with the gentlemen on *Life*'s executive committee. "I was brought up that a nice girl never lets on that she gets a double meaning," Miss Polykoff told them. "Anyway, that's not a girl's line, it's a man's line. It isn't the ad that's dirty, it's *you*. You take this proof to your secretaries, and if *one* of them tells you the ad is dirty, we'll withdraw it." More than 50 *Life* secretaries examined the ad; and when asked if it was about any-

*Symbols, symbols, symbols. The Ajax knight is stronger than dirt, the Tareyton lady would rather fight than switch, the elephant's pants are Sanforized, the Green Giant is always jolly and the Maidenform lady is always dreaming (in this case, about a castle in Spain).*



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:hing but hair coloring, they all said, 'no." The executive committee apolo-gized, and the ad ran.

Miss Clairol's original half-million-dollar advertising budget for that year—1954—went to a million almost immediately, and has risen every year since. It now stands at well over six million dollars, the biggest advertising account for a single brand in the cosmetics industry. Since Foote, Cone's income derives mostly from a 15-cent commission on every dollar a client spends for advertising, the agency has done nicely too. Four out of 10 American women now color their own hair or have it colored for them, and they spend for this purpose more than a half billion dollars a year.

The dust of 10,000 advertising "campaigns" has settled in the last 10 years. There have been profitable triumphs like Clairol's, like Contac's "time pills," Avis's "we try harder" and Marlboro's ne-man, and there have been countless, forgotten flops. The annual outlay for advertising in the U.S. has jumped from $8 billion to almost $14 billion since 1954. In the process, the agencies which write and place most of the ads have tended to confer more and more power (and pay) upon their copywriters, art directors and other "creative" employees whose ideas, like Shirley Polyoff's, can bring hidden markets out of hiding.

"As recently as five years ago," says President Rosser Reeves of the Ted Bates agency, an almost ferociously assertive and tough-minded copy man (Anacin's split head, Carter's liver pile), "the boys were selling research, services, personality. Now, everybody says, 'There's no substitute for copy.' The clients have found out that if you've got appendicitis, all the machines in the Mayo Clinic won't help you; you need the surgeon."

In 1954, the nation's seven largest agencies were all run by "businessmen"; 10 years later, four of them had copywriters at the helm, and two of the others had moved "creative" men into the heir-apparent positions. The unquestioned hero of the business today is William Bernbach, copywriter and president of Doyle Dane Bernbach, which was spending only about $20 million of its clients' money seven years ago, and now "bills" its clients at a rate of more than $125 million a year.

Doyle Dane is a low-pressure operation commanding vast loyalty from employees who have felt their ambitions and creative impulses smothered elsewhere. "Don't talk to me about this shop," says one young account executive. "I'm a zealot. We're all zealots." But it is not a democracy. To a large degree it is the lengthened shadow of Bill Bernbach, a rather small, soft-spoken man of 53, who has a gentle smile and a deliberately unprepossessing manner. Bernbach got his start in the public-relations department of the first New York World's Fair, and he and Ned Doyle and Maxwell Dane opened their own little agency in 1949. His salary is now $115,000 a year, and last year, when the agency made a public offering of its stock, he and his wife sold one quarter of their holdings in it for about one and a half million dollars. The agency's clients include Volkswagen, Polaroid, U.S. Royal Tires, Canadian Lord Calvert and Four Roses, American Airlines, Sony, and Avis; Bernbach also handled the advertising end of President Johnson's campaign.

While Doyle and Dane handle the clients, Bernbach runs the part of the shop that turns out the "product." No committee looks over the ads before they go to the clients; Bernbach approves them himself. He will not submit a choice of possible advertising campaigns to a client, and he does not want to see a batch of suggestions from his own people—he asks for the one approach they think is best. "They're not selling me ties," he says. "They're selling me ideas, which are hard to come by. I've taught them to think it out first, before they come to me."

Still, nearly all problems at Doyle Dane's Fifth Ave. headquarters do come to Bernbach's desk for quick resolution. He returned to his modest office from lunch the other day, an hour before he had to leave to catch a plane, and the line formed outside his door. The door is open, and people walk in to sit in one of the five chairs at the small round table that serves Bernbach as a desk. The man first in the door was the traffic manager, who has the problem of making sure the work gets out on time. ("The worst job in the agency," Bernbach says. "The traffic department has to go in and tell people they haven't done their work, and nobody likes to hear the truth about himself.") A senior copywriter was heading out of town for a week to work on a major campaign for American Airlines, and there was a deadline coming up in another of his accounts; the traffic manager wanted authorization to put someone else on it. Bernbach refused. "This is Dan's account, he's very proud of it. Let's get that deadline pushed back. If the client says it can't be done, tell him to get in touch with me."

Next came an art director and a bearded copywriter, unhappy because a client wanted his corporate name more prominent in the ad than it was in the original layout. The account executive, who meets daily with the client's advertising manager, was pressing the art director to go along. "We've got enough friction from the outside, with this client," said the art director, "without having internal friction." Bernbach

*Mechanics of a zany ad: Hauling a brass bed to oceanfront, Los Angeles's Klosterman agency spent a week posing models (and shooing surfers from background) for bathing-suit campaign.*



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*Foote, Cone & Belding president Rolland Taylor (left) talks to marketing V.P. John Mack of client Clairol, Inc., surrounded by ads, films and posters representing a year's work on the account. In background: the creative people who did it (including copywriter Shirley Polykoff).*



agreed to talk with the account executive; the original layout would stand.

Another team of art director and copywriter entered with the layout of an ad which they had wanted to run as a "bleed page" in a magazine—a picture extending to the edge of the page. "Bleed pages" cost up to 15 percent extra, and the client was unhappy. Bernbach ruled that the idea of the illustration for this ad was to suggest an endless stream of people involved with the product, and this notion could be conveyed only if the picture ran to the edge. The client would have to go along.

An account supervisor came in to discuss with Bernbach the presentation they would make together to the New York Racing Association, which was considering Doyle Dane as the agency to handle its racetrack advertising. Which of the many Bernbach success stories should he stress? Bernbach reached immediately for his favorite campaign, the ads for SANE, which he took away from scare photos of mushroom clouds, substituting a picture of Dr. Spock with a child ("Dr. Spock is worried"). Like the nuclear-disarmament people, the racetrack people had been advertising to those who were already interested. If they came to Doyle Dane, Bernbach would look for a way to reach potential racegoers who didn't already know what was running in the seventh—and would use television rather than the sports pages of the newspapers to carry the message.

A lady copywriter came in with an art director and a suggested campaign for a new potato-chip product from General Mills. Bernbach liked parts of it, but not the proposed name for the product. Very gently he sent his people back to work, presumably taking the burden on himself. "I'd like to think a little more about that name." Another lady copywriter then entered, alone, with a layout for Ohrbach's, a New York and Los Angeles department store which was one of the agency's original clients in 1949. The ad was for the annual clearance sale, and it showed a long-haired girl asleep on a pillow. The headline read: TOMORROW, THIS IS ONE LUXURY YOU CAN'T AFFORD.

"I like it very much," said Bernbach. "But let's change that headline. Let's make it read, IF YOU DO THIS TOMORROW, IT WILL COST YOU MONEY."

About 45 minutes had elapsed. Bernbach excused himself and went downstairs to take the limousine to the airport.

No other advertising agency works quite this way, partly because no other agency has so completely a dominant yet universally acceptable personality as Bernbach. But all advertising is aimed at the same basic objective of moving merchandise. Behind the hoopla surrounding the business is the simple fact that advertising is selling writ large; the adman with his presentation case full of layouts, bar charts and other esoterica offers a much faster and cheaper way of reaching customers than the traveling drummer with his case of samples. Good advertising can "cost out" to an advertiser at a fantastically low price per sale, and achieve all kinds of selling objectives. It can make customers notice a new product amid a profusion of existing brands. It can be used to keep pressure on a consumer, to keep a familiar brand name firmly in her head. It can maintain the morale (and selling efficiency) of dealers. "People think we sponsor ball games because men driving in cars listen to ball games," says the man who runs the advertising department of an oil company. "But the major reason is that the man who works the service station keeps the radio on and it gives him a boost, makes him feel the company is behind him."

The difficulty—and the fascination—of advertising is that no one really knows how or why it works. It operates invisibly, at a distance, and there is no salesman's order book to tell the accounting department what is going on. The relationship between the ad on paper or picture tube and the sale in the supermarket or discount house is almost undiscoverable, except for department-store pages, mail-order coupon ads and the occasional blockbuster. A shopper may buy because she saw and believed an ad—or because the package is pretty, because Aunt Tillie said it was great, or because the dealer is pushing it extra hard (having been promised a free trip to Jamaica if he outsells other dealers).

"When you advertise," says Daniel Seymour, president of J. Walter Thompson, the nation's largest agency, "you can get back ten cents on the dollar or ten dollars on the dollar, depending on your ad." A recent study proclaims that 85 percent of all advertising is "ineffective," a conclusion which depresses some admen but exhilarates others who look at the 15 percent doughnut instead of the 85 percent hole.

It is the uncertain nature of the game which gives color and variety to the agency business, a small "industry" centering on Madison Avenue but no longer rushing to concentrate there. Only about 60,000 people work in ad agencies, including office boys and receptionists, and a hundred agencies write and place virtually all the "national" advertising for brand-name products. But this relatively small world seethes with an astounding assortment of competitive crosscurrents, contradictory statistics and clashing theories. It is full of people with titles like "vice president, creative," and "research coordinator," and no two men above the third-echelon level are likely to define their jobs exactly the same way. Success breeds success at a furious rate, and fads sweep the business like brush fires; at the moment, ad agencies are evoking the Bengal tiger on behalf of a half dozen products ranging from tires to hair tonic.

The ad business is full of people who are not only bent on selling goods to the ultimate consumer but on selling themselves, their ideas or the power of the publications and broadcasting stations they represent. The "media salesman" makes his rounds asking the agencies' "media buyers" to have confidence in the selling leverage of the minute on his network or the page in his magazine. Inside the agency the copywriter and the art director try to sell their selling arguments to the account executive and to win his confidence. The account executive implores the confidence of the client company's advertising manager that the agency has solved his problems. The ad manager, in turn, must convince his top management that he is finding his way amid the many imponderables of the marketplace "out there."

Since everyone is groping to some extent, image is vital and words alone may seem like runic talismans with the



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power to guide. One big agency, in presenting itself to potential clients, speaks of its abilities to build a "selling platform" for products it advertises. Other agencies variously plump for "product positioning," "cogwheel concept," "unique selling proposition," "empathy," and "total marketing"—slogans seeking to distinguish what are essentially identical services. David Ogilvy, a pipe-smoking import from England who tied the eye patch on the Man in the Hathaway Shirt and built one of the 20 largest U.S. agencies, puts the ultimate wish fulfillment of the men who pay for advertising into his pitch for Ogilvy, Benson & Mather. This is a single sentence, said rather quickly to keep the face straight: "Thoroughness plus brilliance equals more sales for less advertising."

Perhaps the best dictum—if dicta have any place in the business—was handed down 50 years ago by a near-legendary copywriter named Claude Hopkins, who declared that good advertising gives people a "reason why" (to buy the product). An established brand name is itself a "reason why," since the customer knows a company is putting a considerable investment on the line with every shipment it sends out. Reasons why must be related to the actual use of the product, of course; if people buy it for the kids, the commercial should be gay and tuneful, and if they buy it to cure a headache, the commercial should make the headache feel worse. "Tiny time pills" and a "final filter" are, like most successful campaign slogans, boiled-down reasons to single out a product.

A good deal of agency work goes into convincing the public that there are distinctions between products which are virtually indistinguishable, chemically speaking. As Rosser Reeves of Bates once put it, "A client comes into my office and throws two newly minted half dollars onto my desk and says, 'Mine is the one on the left. You prove it's better.'" This job is not impossible, nor is it so cynical as it seems. Products do, in fact, become different once they are wrapped in different packages, and once they are shown in different lights.

Soap, for example, may be soap—but to a TV producer named Neal Mitzman, lighting and positioning a wrapped cake of Palmolive to put it on film is anything but a simple, routine job. A youthful man with gray hair, Mitzman is in charge of producing all the TV commercials the Bates agency makes for Colgate, and he spends a good part of his time in the studio of a film outfit called Televideo, high up in a loft building on Manhattan's West Side. While Mitzman watched from his canvas captain's chair not long ago, a staff of eight cameramen and technicians lined up a shot of a package of Palmolive which had been inserted into what seemed to be a sheet of black glass (actually, it was clear glass, unimaginably clean, with a velvet drop to provide a black background). This commercial had involved an air trip to Copenhagen to take pictures of a girl water-skiing, and then a morning at Televideo, shooting countless pictures of a girl washing her face. The commercial was to end with the package hurtling from horizon to foreground, and that picture was now in the works. An enormous camera had been rolled up on tracks to focus on the soap, and men were moving big light stanchions about to get everything just right.

*An agency TV production supervisor checks a "storyboard" of drawings giving scene-by-scene breakdown of a commercial.*

Mitzman stepped over the tangle of wires and asked if he couldn't have a look through the viewer. Then he said, "I can't see the stars on the bottom half of the package. We lose the stars on the bottom." The heavy acoustical insulation of the room made his voice seem remote. New light stanchions were dragged into place. "Unlike most people, we use the actual wrap," Mitzman explained, returning to his chair. "That's a complicated lighting problem. Looks like foil, because it is foil; but you've got to be careful it doesn't reflect stray light back into the camera, the way foil can do."

Mitzman looked affectionately at the Televideo crew. "Ten years ago," he said, "for a top Hollywood cameraman, TV was like VD. Now the diet is more varied. They love the money. These commercials are *good*. You know, a few years back, there was this program where the star of the commercial also appeared in the show. The show was failing. The client came to the production house and said, 'Can't we unsoup these commercials, please? They're killing our show.'"

Up by the bar of soap, one of the technicians said, "You want this crease taken out, don't you?"

"Sure, would like that out," Mitzman said cheerfully. He said, "You know, the TV producer at the agency used to be a guy you handed a board to and said, 'You go produce this.' Now he's a guy with a master's or a Ph.D. in theater. He's been a film director, he's been in TV production for shows, he's worked in the theater. He can write, he can certainly rewrite, he's articulate; he has to be a businessman, and he has to know talent.

"If it's good, everybody takes the credit for it. If it bombs, there's one man alone in the big void, and that's the producer. But that's the name of the game, you get paid for it."

More than an hour had passed since the camera was first lined up to the bar of soap. Now three men were holding lights just so, and Mitzman was invited to look again. He returned to his seat, not saying anything.

"What do you think?" said the cameraman rather nervously.

"I think we ought to *roll*," said Mitzman. And a package of Palmolive soap was forever enshrined on 40 feet of film.

Counting all costs, this commercial probably ran Colgate close to $20,000. At least half a million dollars would be spent for time on which to show it. "People ask me," Mitzman says, "whether I wouldn't like to direct feature films, rather than produce commercials. I tell them, 'Sure—if I could buy talent the way I buy it here.' If I made features the way I made commercials, they'd all cost as much as *Cleopatra*."

To lower the odds and to bolster its confidence in placing such heavy bets, the advertising industry puts great trust in a huge statistical service commonly called "research." A network TV salesman offering "$3 television" may need only make a phone call to sell his time to an agency, citing the Nielsen rating which indicates that a commercial minute on his show will reach a thousand homes for every $3 of cost. The same salesman peddling $5 television will buy an expensive lunch for the head of the agency's media department and talk about how much people like his program (quoting a research service called TvQ), or how well the buying habits of the audience match the product's customer profile (quoting a number from a service called Pulse), or how well commercials associated with his program are remembered (a number supplied by a service called Gallup & Robinson).

Planning a new campaign—or preparing a presentation to get a new client's business—agencies will exhaustively search out market research to find out who buys a product and why; they will collect bales of computer-produced statistics to find the best media for ads, and run tests of actual copy that will tell them for *sure* which ads will sell goods. If the client on the other side of the table appears to be inexperienced or dull witted, they may say advertising is a "science." A handful of senior admen have even managed to convince themselves.

Research does buy better information than an adman could gain by studying his navel or his wife's preferences; indeed, the best advertising research, in areas of public buying and entertainment habits, is done by social scientists lured from the universities and is among the most impressive social research in America. With the development of mathematical model making, computers can be programmed with a history of past advertising efforts, prices, packages, dealer promotions, weather and other variables which affect sales. The machine can then churn through masses of data and see whether



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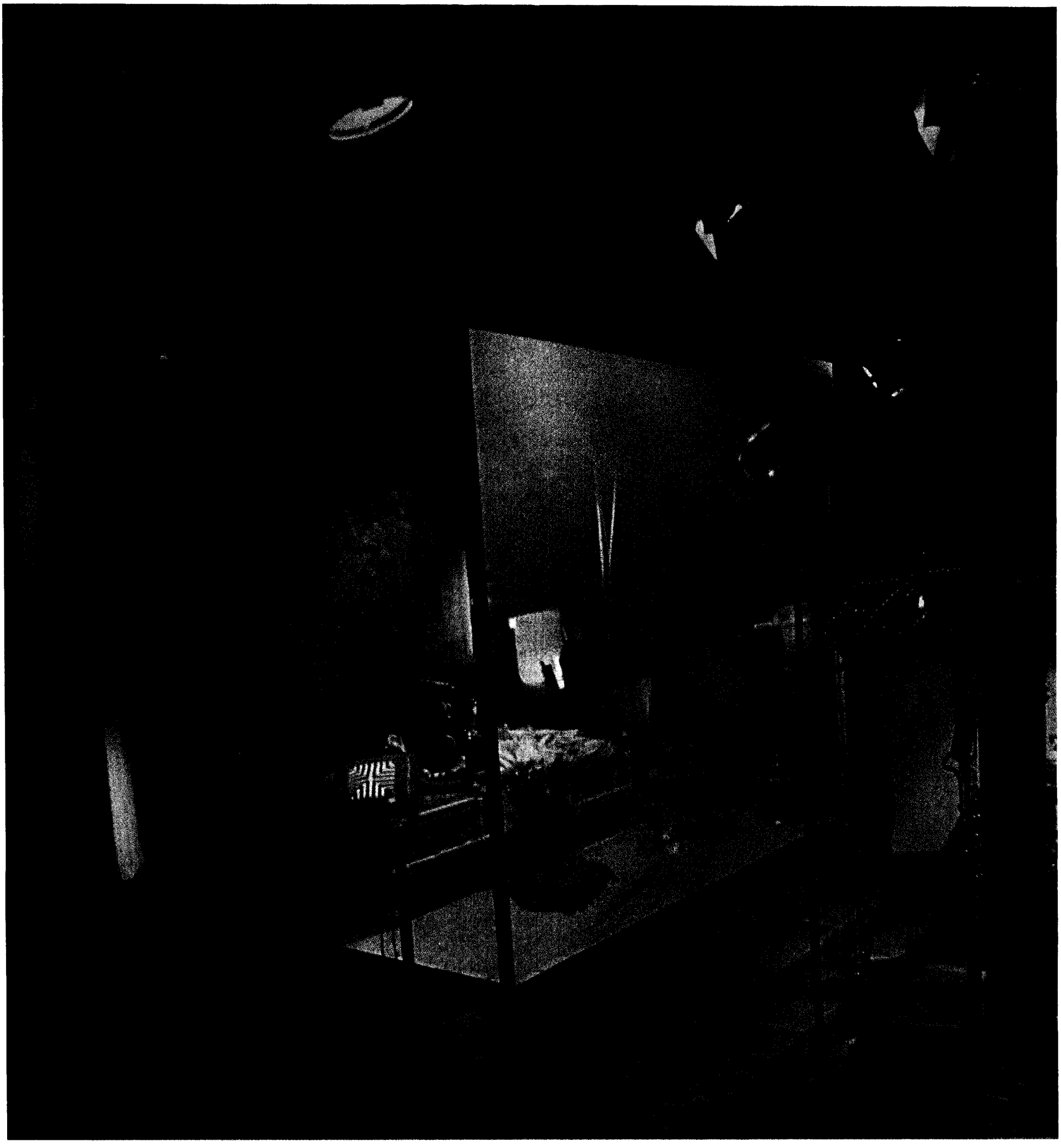



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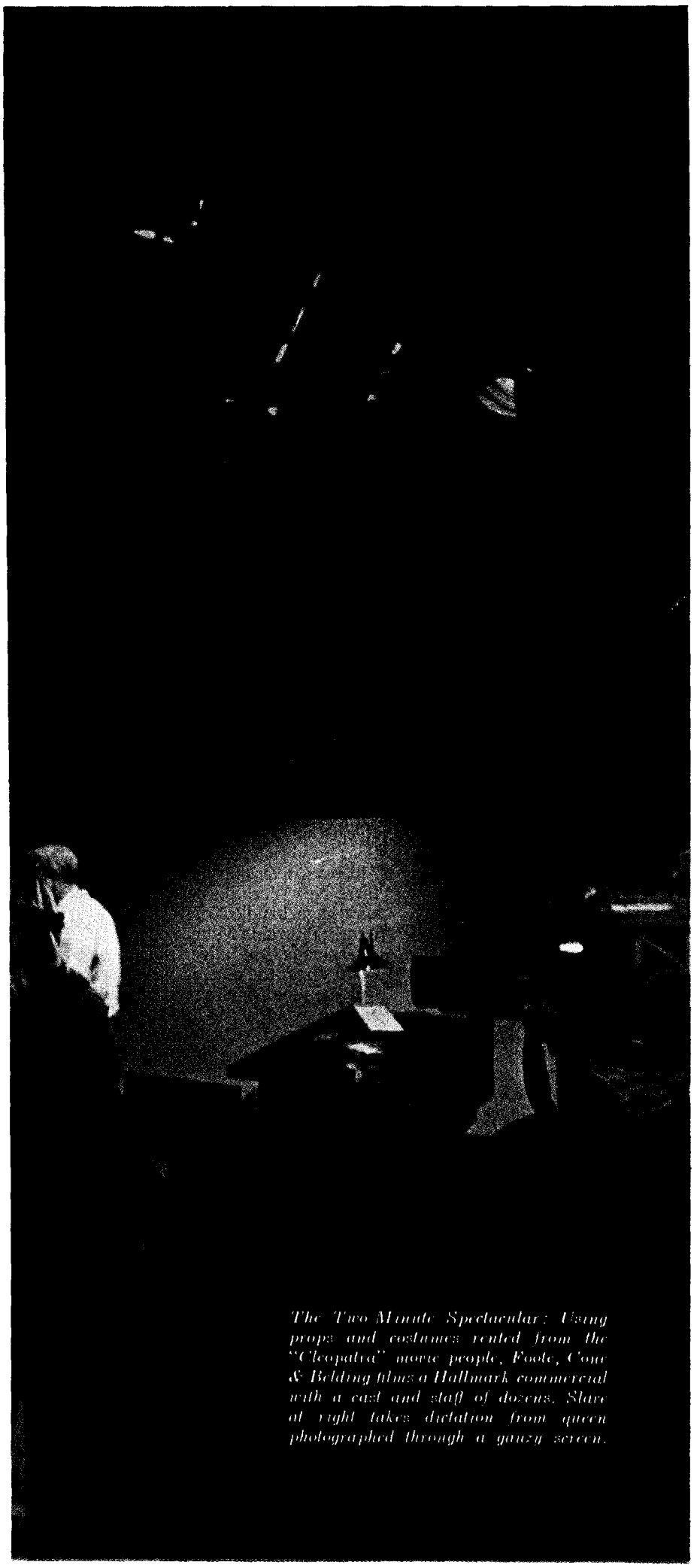

*The Two Minute Spectacular: Using props and costumes rented from the "Cleopatra" movie people, Foote, Cone & Belding films a Hallmark commercial with a cast and staff of dozens. Slave at right takes dictation from queen photographed through a gauzy screen.*

any set of assumptions about them can be made to account for the sales record.

But this is still not "science." Good data on what actually happens in the world is hard to get, and wrong data fed into the computer infallibly turns out cockeyed results. (Computer technologists call it the GIGO system: "Garbage In, Garbage Out.") "You have to make sure the machine doesn't make an ass of you," says William T. Moran of Young & Rubicam, which has more computer experience than any other agency, tracing back to 1957. If you're not careful, it can tell you about how to reach a market of red-headed Negro Mormons."

When Bill Bernbach had researchers test the Avis "We're Only No. 2" campaign on a sample of consumers, the testers came back with a thumbs-down recommendation on the grounds that Americans like to think of themselves as No. 1 people and do business with No. 1 companies. Bernbach brushed aside the advice and proceeded, and the resulting campaign is credited with turning Avis from a money-loser into a profitable business. "Research can tell you which of five lousy campaigns is the least bad," he says; "it doesn't help much with good advertising."

Few admen will go that far, although all would agree that there is a great deal of waste motion. "Not more than five percent of this material ever gets used," says Norman B. Norman, a lean, marvelously self-confident, salesman whose Norman, Craig & Kummel has produced, among other ads, the Maidenform dreamer, the Hertz levitator and the Ajax white tornado. "It just accumulates. The reason is this strange syndrome of modern management—if you don't make major mistakes, you really *can* be president of the company some day. The guy who's approving the advertising thinks, 'If anything goes wrong, I have to produce reasons for what I did, so the search will go past me.' If he can show a research study to support him, he's safe."

Amid the masses of data, however, there is apt to be a great deal of information which is really useful to a man trying to write an ad. Ironically, certain useful statistics turned up by computers have played a big part in pushing the "creative man" front and center in the business. "The more you work with computers," says Young & Rubicam's Bill Moran, "the more obvious it is that the leverage in changing the media is in nickels and dimes, while the leverage in the creative end, in what the ads say, is in dollars."

The quantity of information about clients that gets stored away in the thousand-man offices of a big agency is also a stabilizer for the agency itself. The little agency does not make enough on commissions to pick up much marketing data. Its small clients, who must make each ad pay off, tend to grow restless easily, a tendency often encouraged by the proprietors of other small agencies who would like the business. "Running a small agency," says a man who does, "is a little like running a New York garage. Somebody comes in, he's lost a hubcap from his car. So you send your boy out to steal a hubcap, and you put it on your customer's car. Then the guy from whom you stole it comes in, he needs a hubcap, and you start again. There's always cars on the streets without hubcaps."

In contrast, large and stable accounts like Ford, Du Pont and General Electric, to name a few, have worked with the same agencies for two decades. The four biggest agencies of 20 years ago are still the top four (they are J. Walter Thompson, McCann-Erickson, Young & Rubicam, and Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn), and people who work on big accounts in such shops often come to know every corner of the client's business.

Thus, for example, Colin Campbell, executive vice president of Campbell-Ewald, the Detroit agency that handles Chevrolet, was discovered in the middle of a telephone conversation: "Say, Ed, did you find out anything about that manifold-vacuum gauge?" Campbell-Ewald's organization chart for this one account has 43 boxes. In the boxes are seven vice presidents of the agency, a senior vice president, an executive vice president, and the chairman of the board. At least 300 people work regularly on the account. Located in the enormous General Motors Building which makes a separate downtown away from downtown Detroit, Campbell-Ewald is organized to function as an arm of Chevrolet. "Day by day, minute by minute," says Campbell, "we're downstairs, they're upstairs."

Two dozen Campbell-Ewald people, "cleared for security," saw the 1966 Chevrolets in November, 1964, when the designers got the final mock-ups in comprehensible shape. Engineers, stylists and sales managers briefed the agency on how the new car would be different from the old. The agency's artists talked over with the stylists the angles from which the car should be pictured. The agency's "product-information division," half a dozen engineers who work for Campbell-Ewald, began a long series of sessions with the technical staff of Chevrolet, and started feeding ideas back to the 29 copywriters who work on Chevrolet alone, all year long, preparing about 150 different television commercials, almost as many radio commercials, 50 full-page newspaper ads, scores of ads for magazines, dozens of billboard designs, mailing pieces, and promotion booklets for the dealers. "I spend more time on quality control than on anything else," says Henry (Ted) Little, a heavy, thoughtful man who is Campbell-Ewald's chairman and direct commanding officer of the Chevrolet effort.

In April, Little himself presents to the Chevrolet "advertising committee" (an august body chaired by the division's



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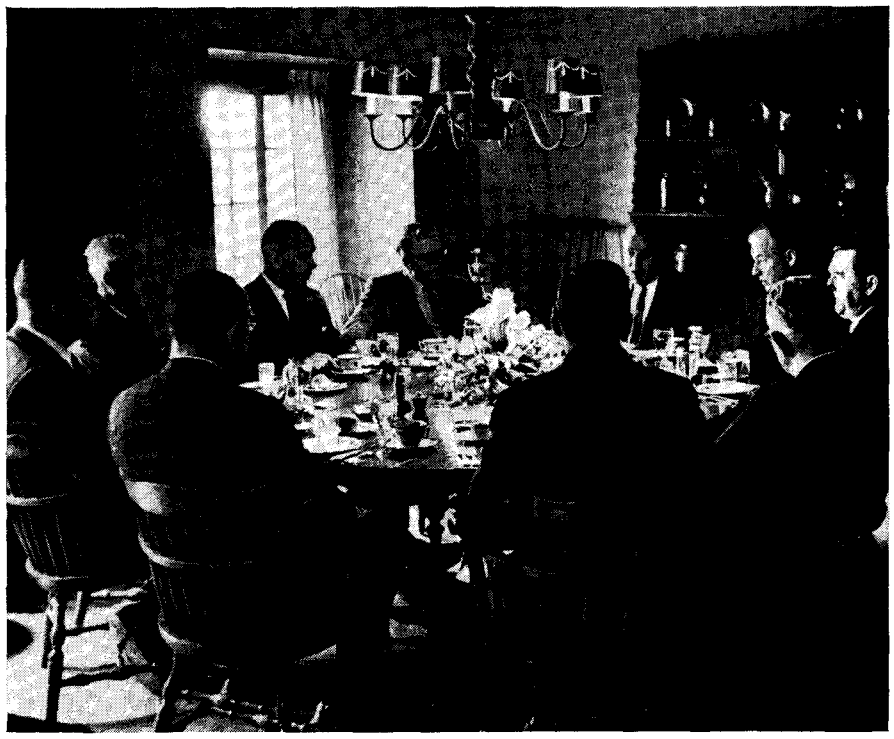
*Top-echelon men of J. Walter Thompson lunch in executive dining room furnished with rare, expensive antiques, fitting decor for one of the nation's oldest, blue-chip agencies.*



*In contrast to J.W.T.'s dining room, the office of president Dan Seymour (standing) is ultra-modern, features 1,000-pound plaster mural depicting "communications among all people."*

sales manager himself) the advertising plan for the new-model year and ideas for the "announcement ads" to kick it off in the fall. In broad outlines, the Chevrolet claims are established for a long pull, within a main theme of "modernity and innovation." But different cars need different treatment. Corvair, with its rear engine, has a "traction story," to be illustrated by the car starting up in snow (for the North) and in sand (for the South). As the cheapest and smallest car in the line, its appeal is presumably to young people; so while the full-size Chevy commercials have heavy movie music a la Tchaikovsky, Corvair has the Swingle Singers going doo-dah.

After the unveiling day, the agency puts some hundreds of ears as close to the ground as they can get. Sales figures are scanned. Dealers are queried. Eminent academic researchers, like psychologist John Dollard of Yale, go to work questioning people on what they think of the car and the ads, and analyze the answers. Almost everybody connected with the account in any significant capacity goes out to the proving grounds and drives the new Chevies, Fords and Plymouths, looking for competitive arguments that can be used in the second round of ads. "You know what's going on out there," Campbell says. "The information is very precise. You're not just sitting here trying to develop an ad for January. If a model does well, we know it immediately—and we have time to make ads for it while the client is filling the pipeline, getting to the textile mills for the fabric, that sort of thing."

Downstairs, the stylists are putting together the next year's car—and slowly, attention shifts once again from the continuing pressure for the current car to the big plans for the next car.

Conceivably, Chevrolet could take its $40-million-a-year account away from Campbell-Ewald, but it would be almost as much of a jolt for the company as it would for the agency; scores of new people would have to be taught to recognize what Chevrolet wanted.

There are still some large accounts that flit from place to place ("winning a beer account," says a man who has won and lost them, "is like getting appointed manager of a baseball team"). Clients still feel the lure of the hot copywriter, the brilliant slogan, the "lucky commercial" that just happened to hit for a competitor. But most clients know that the ingenious idea man probably can't help much until he has built a staff of people to feed him information. The creative man has gained stature and power in part because he has become less the free literary spirit and more the hard-working member of a team.

With the ad business growing almost grimly businesslike, the more free-spirited admen are apt to be found in places far from Madison Avenue—places like the Minikahda Country Club in Minneapolis where agency head Ray Mithun took a business visitor on a weekday afternoon last fall. As he hit an arching No. 4 iron 175 yards over the dragon's teeth of the sand trap guarding the 17th green, Mithun noticed a flight of ducks overhead coming down from Canada. "Boom!" he said. "Boom, boom, BOOM! Duck season opens in ten days. Half the men'll be out of the office."

A tall, powerful man of 54 who looks a little like Barry Goldwater, Mithun is president of Minneapolis's Campbell-Mithun which annually spends more than $60 million of its clients' money and is by far the largest agency west of the Mississippi. (San Francisco and Los Angeles have somehow never developed large agencies.) Its growth exemplifies the success of western agencies in holding off marauding New Yorkers who once seemed on the verge of capturing the ad business in toto. The westerners have been helped in reversing this trend by fast jet service and the banishment of ad agencies from television programming which reduces the advantage of a New York location. (Network broadcasting has always been controlled from New York, but the days when Young & Rubicam produced Fred Allen and J. Walter Thompson put on the Kraft Theatre are gone; instead of seeking "sponsors" the networks now decide what they want to do with their time and sell the "minutes" to advertisers on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.)

New York is still the headquarters for 19 of the 25 top agencies, and admen still want the Big League experience. "If you step off a plane from New York," says a Minneapolis copywriter, "the same job pays twenty percent more." But more and more plan a future at home, drawn perhaps by the atavistic urge to bring up their children where they grew up themselves. At Campbell-Mithun, 34 out of 55 account executives are homegrown products of the agency, and 34 out of 50 copywriters got their start where they are now. As his agency grows and needs more people, Mithun uses all sorts of arguments to keep them there, including the proximity of good duck hunting. "We don't have a pool of floating advertising manpower," he says. "In New York, I could go over to the window and yell 'I need an account executive,' and in five minutes there'd be a dozen of them in my office. But if a man is willing to come out here, the chances are he's an alcoholic or he's got three wives—he's escaping from something. So we've had to raise our own."

Knox Reeves, another Minneapolis agency, started mostly as a house organization for General Mills (the bell ewe was Wheaties, for which KR ran training schools where announcers learned to say "That's another case of Wheaties" whenever anybody hit a "Wheaties wallop"). Recently Knox Reeves has been expanding in all directions, and it even took a piece of Alberto-Culver business away from three New York agencies. The people who have handled the expansion are mostly returning Minnesotans.

Generally, the advertising business works about the same way everywhere. But the tone *is* more relaxed, and it is hard to avoid the feeling that the ads are as a result a little more cheerful. Campbell-Mithun, for example, turns out the happy bear from the land of sky-blue waters for Hamm's Beer and the grinning sharp-toothed molecule that eats oily dirt for Glass Wax.

At Knox Reeves, Tom Kilbride came back from a vacation to find his office apparently gone—the night before his return, some boys in the art department had boarded up his door and painted it to match the rest of the hall. This sort of fun and games has virtually disappeared from New York and Chicago, where the information flow is heavier and the pressure is greater to blend the advertising agency into the normal operations of a big corporation.

It is only a matter of time, of course, before the midwest agencies feel the same forces that are remaking the agencies in New York. Information flows both ways: As agencies learn more about client operations, clients learn more about agencies. Meanwhile, the computer does more than analyze media and perform esoteric mathematical research. It also keeps the agency's



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*Two agency heads famed as idea men, with early brainchildren: Ogilvy, Benson & Mather's David Ogilvy made household faces of Commander Edward Whitehead (symbol and president of Schweppes U.S.A.) and the Man in the Hathaway shirt. Doyle Dane Bernbach's Bill Bernbach built reputation with provocative Ohrbach's department-store ads.*

books—and the agencies, for the first time, really know about themselves.

The pioneer in the controlled, computerized agency operation is a tall, dark, firm man with a long face, William Marsteller, who in 1951 came out of the advertising department of the Rockwell Manufacturing Co. to start his own Chicago agency. For some years he paid his head accountant more salary than he paid himself. Marsteller controls everything—"we're peculiar," he says; "we make people wear long socks, and we have meetings on table manners." His people keep time charts of their own work, meticulously. Every week Marsteller gets and reads a thick book of I.B.M. reports, telling who worked how long on each account. Computers keep track of work to be done, deadlines, work turned out. The traffic manager, reluctant schoolmarm of agency fact and fiction, is at Marsteller a machine.

Significantly, Marsteller operates entirely on a fee system, not on commissions. For reasons buried in the history of the business (which started in the 19th century with men who sold newspaper space, and wrote ads only because it was easier to sell the space if you would write the copy to fill it), the advertising agent in theory receives his income from the media rather than from his client. The client pays the official price for the page or the minute of time, and the publisher or broadcaster, having recognized the agent, allows him a 15 percent discount.

This commission system has always troubled some people on both sides of the agency-client relationship. "It's unprofessional," Emerson Foote said shortly after quitting the chairmanship of McCann-Erickson to help launch a national crusade against smoking. "The lawyer and the accountant are always trying to save their client money, but the advertising man is under a conflict of interest, because his own income goes up if the client spends more." Worse, it meant that an agency was paid according to how often an ad was run, and in which publications, rather than according to the work that went into it.

The situation has been aggravated by the new-product boom of recent years. Half of the new products clients turn over to their agencies for development never go to market (and thus produce zero commissions); half of the remainder may be tested in individual cities, with only token commissions, and then consigned to the dustheap. Such products cost the agencies money to handle, and have cooled their traditional affection for the commission system.

But no other system was possible as long as an agency did not know what it actually cost to service an account; only as the computer has made it possible to break down the man-hours, has the fee system become practical.

David Ogilvy has been the most vocal proponent of fees on the agency side, and says that in every case his negotiated fees have exceeded what he would have received in commissions. His agency now derives only 35 percent of its income from commissions, and the rest from fees. The breakthrough may have come last fall, when big conservative B.B.D.O. began notifying its clients that it planned to experiment with the fee system.

"Running it off on the computer," says B.B.D.O. chairman Charles Brower, "we found that some clients were eating our heart out, losing money for us year after year. In fact some clients are out to cheat agencies, and always have been. Well, now we feel pretty bold and big and strong. We're over the fear that it's like the olive bottle—if one of the olives comes out, they'll all roll out. If I turn into the tenth largest agency instead of the fourth largest, and I'm making a good profit, I'll be happy."

Current changes in the ownership of agencies could be even more significant than the shift to fees, and both push in the same direction. Traditionally, agencies have been owned by the people who work in them—as many as 300 of them in the case of B.B.D.O. As young men rise in the business, their seniors give them or sell them shares of stock, which are theirs only so long as they continue to work for the agency. If they leave or die, the stock must be sold back at "book value," the pro-rata share of the agency's physical assets.

But book value rises much more slowly than the real worth of an advertising agency, and stockholders eventually find themselves with a piece of paper that must be sold for far less than its income-generating capacity could bring it in an open market. Like most people whose tax brackets are high, senior advertising men prefer capital gains to income, and a few years ago they began to talk to Wall Street about the possibility of transforming their agencies from privately held corporations to public ownership. First to go was Papert, Koenig, Lois, a small New York agency; then came Foote, Cone & Belding (which has just applied for listing on the New York Stock Exchange); and, last summer, Doyle Dane Bernbach, which sold a one-fourth piece of itself for almost twice its total "book value." Half a dozen others are expected to move in 1965.

Many ad men are queasy, and some are angry, at the idea of a personal-service operation selling stock to the public. John Crichton, president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, believes that most of his members don't like it. "The older people in the business," Crichton says carefully, "feel that agencies really belong to the people who work in them." Another spokesman feels that the sale of agency stock "could be one of the great widows' and orphans' swindles of all time." An advertising agency, unlike a steel mill, has no real assets other than its employees' talents, and every so often an agency simply collapses.

The perplexing problem with both public ownership and fee compensation is that they tend to make people play safe in what has always been a gambling business. If the commission system encouraged foolishness by divorcing payment from effort, it also produced a close connection between success and rewards—a campaign that really hit could go on for years, with ever-increasing billings and commissions. Most advertising men argue that people will work harder for pots of gold at the end of a rainbow than for limited salary checks at the end of a week. "I tell my clients," says Norman B. Norman, "that the only reason they need me is to drive them forward. If I'm to do that, I have to get the bright men, and the bright men want to take chances."

Rational organization and hedged bets do not fit a business where one "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should" (with its side benefits in publicity from a nation of disgruntled English teachers) may be worth to an advertiser tens of thousands of man-hours of office time. A mysterious and dangerous territory lies between a "Does she . . . or doesn't she?" which turned a small business into an industry, and the routine noisy minute between two chunks of a TV program. "We're dealing," says the advertising director of one of Madison Avenue's biggest clients, "with a very large and very dark room which we're trying to illuminate with small and costly candles. □



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# Samantha gets her way

*Bewitching Liz Montgomery finds the twitch, the part and the man.*

**By JOE HYAMS**

ZIP-ZIP, RATINGS ZOOM.

Inside Liz Montgomery's dressing room was the kind of tumult you associate with the Babylonian, pre-television days of Hollywood: a makeup man patted Panstick onto her forehead; a script girl went over some line changes and vanished; a press agent stood by while Liz crayoned an X on certain recent photographs which she considered unflattering; the executive producer dropped in to compliment her on yesterday's work; she inspected some costumes the wardrobe woman brought in and vetoed one dress because it would make her look hippy.

An assistant director knocked politely on the door. "We're ready, Liz," he said.

Liz put a piece in a jigsaw puzzle of the Acropolis, snubbed out a cigarette, rose from a chair covered in artificial leopardskin and paused for a critical moment in front of the full-length mirror. With thumb and index finger she tweezed a false eyelash into place. Satisfied, she left for the set. Every movement expressed the confidence of a star.

Beside the camera her husband, director William Asher, was smoking his third Cigarillo. Given coffee in a Dixie Cup—black, no sugar—Liz sipped and read the lines with Dick York, who plays her screen husband. Asher explained the way he wanted her to react in the scene.

"It's like the other night at dinner," he said. "You were offended, but you didn't know what to say. This time you've got the answer: the witch twitch. It's Samantha's way of coping."

Liz nodded and looked for a place to set the coffee cup. The man who had brought it materialized and took it away.

"Are you ready, George?" the assistant director asked the prop man. George nodded. "Ready," said the assistant. The actors took their places. "Action!" said Asher.

Liz sat down on a couch next to a pretty brunette who was flirting with York. The camera moved close up on Liz's face. The cameraman nodded as, in the viewfinder, Liz showed irritation, then anger. Asher, behind the camera, his face anticipating the reaction of each player, whispered "Zip-zip!" and his nose gave a rabbit-twitch. At the same moment Liz's pert nose wrinkled in the charming way that is familiar to the millions of Americans who watch *Bewitched* on Thursday evenings.

Off camera a prop man pulled an invisible wire. The brunette's elaborate coiffure began to unravel into a catastrophic mess. Liz was slyly triumphant. The scene was obviously a "take."

An observer would have been justified in assuming that here was a lady who was smart, powerful and sure of herself. After a lifetime of being best known as Robert Montgomery's daughter, she has quite suddenly become front-runner in the current crop of TV actresses. She is glamorous and professional, a standard candidate for the flack's standard handout that she is really just like the girl next door.

The offscreen Liz does bear a remarkable physical resemblance to the attractive but unexciting housewife next door. Her teeth are uncapped, and she has a chip, front and center, where she fell in a bathtub at the age of 12. Like most natural blondes, her hair is streaked from the sun. And like most housewives, she has a daily routine that would hospitalize a husband. In her rented Beverly Hills house she gets up every weekday morning at 5:30, puts on a flower-print, terry-cloth housecoat before rushing to the kitchen to prepare orange juice and coffee for Asher, who breakfasts in bed. (She has coffee and a cheese-and-bacon sandwich when she gets to the studio.) Next she feeds Zip-Zip, the cat, and looks in on her infant son, who is still asleep. By 6:30 she has gathered up the day's shooting script, brushed her hair (she never wears curlers) and is at the garage door.

If Liz finishes work at Columbia Studios before her husband, she waits for him in her dressing room or in his office. If he finishes first, he waits for her. They drive back together to Beverly Hills, usually getting home about 7:30 P.M.

They have a few minutes to play with the baby before he has to go to sleep. Asher showers and shaves while his wife washes off her makeup. They have a Martini in the living room, then sit down to a dinner prepared by the maid, who has already left for the night. All week nights are spent at home. On Thursdays the Ashers watch *Bewitched* on television. Occasionally Liz squirms as she sees herself on the screen. She almost always wishes she could redo a scene or two. But basically she enjoys the show. "Like most people," she says, "I secretly hope that it's true—that there are witches like Samantha, and that families like hers really do exist."

On weekends the Ashers go to football games, ride bikes, shop for antiques for the home they plan to buy, occasionally entertain another couple or go to the movies. ("Liz has seen every Disney movie at least once," says Asher.) On Saturday nights lately they've been taking turns cooking beef Stroganoff.

So far so good for the nice couple next door. Yet in nearly every other way, on the surface and in the interior, Liz is an expensively nonaverage person.

For one thing, the Ashers are making great gobs of money. Besides salaries, they own 20 percent of *Bewitched*'s profits, and share in residuals and merchandising royalties. It could run up to two million dollars. If Liz doesn't drive to the studio with Asher in his Mercedes 220 SE coupe, she takes her own XK-E Jaguar. The bikes they occasionally ride are deluxe Italian models.

This way of life could, of course, seem average to someone who knows no other. Liz was born in Hollywood, the daughter of actress Elizabeth Allen and Robert Montgomery, then at the peak of his film popularity. She had a privileged childhood, overshadowed by the larger-than-life figure of her father. Montgomery was talented, handsome, rich and famous. He had the right social credentials and solid intellectual and athletic abilities. For some daughters the presence of such a father can, as psychologists generally agree, be a crushing experience. Fortunately for Liz, it was not—even though there seem to have been some predictable aftereffects.

"Liz was always imaginative and dramatic," Montgomery says. "She told me at an early age that she wanted to be an actress, and I encouraged her. I said that when she was ready to make her debut I wanted it to be with me."

Liz's school vacations were usually spent with her parents in England, where her father was producing films. Liz, who had learned to ride a horse when she was three, took jumping lessons in England and frequently rode with her father in the English countryside and London's Hyde Park—memories which have remained close to her.

The year before Liz was to graduate from Westlake School for Girls in Beverly Hills, the Montgomerys were divorced. Liz went to live with her father in New York, where he was an NBC executive. She was enrolled at the Spence School, an upper-crust establishment like Westlake. Liz graduated from Spence in 1951, was presented to New York society at the Cotillion Ball and enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her father was the producer-star of *Robert Montgomery Presents*, one of TV's earliest and most popular series. He decided it was time to keep his childhood promise to Liz, and his instinct was right.

She made her professional debut in *Top Secret*, a one-hour drama, playing her father's daughter. The roles were especially for them. Liz's reviews were good. Mr. Montgomery collected them all and presented them to her with a note: "Don't believe any of it. Much love, Dad."

NBC executives added Liz to the regular cast of Montgomery's show, and during the next two years she appeared in a variety of roles, without achieving much notice. Most stories written about her had a common angle: Elizabeth Montgomery happened to be the daughter of Robert Montgomery.

Soon after her 20th birthday Liz married Frederick Gallatin Cammann, Harvard '51, the scion of an old and socially prominent New York family. Soon afterward, Mr. Cammann became a stage manager on *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

The marriage lasted only a year. Liz flatly refuses to say what went wrong with it, but a family friend reports, "Freddie just couldn't measure up to her father."

The following year Liz married Gig Young, a handsome film and stage star who bore more than a passing physical resemblance to her father. But after six years, this marriage too began to show signs of trouble. It is a fair guess that Young also could not live up to the qualities of an idealized father. Liz took the standard tack of all dissatisfied actress-wives. She came out of semiretirement and went back to work again, making three films.

One of the pictures was *Johnny Cool*, which introduced Liz to William Asher, a prominent TV director. "We were both emotional basket cases when we met," says Asher. "Maybe Liz had never been loved, never been happy before. I don't know. I wouldn't want to speculate."

Liz got a Mexican divorce from Young and married Asher a very short time after they finished shooting the film.

Can Asher compete with the idealized father image? Most people in Hollywood think he can, largely because he is so different from the suave, handsome Robert Montgomery. Asher is stocky, muscular, tanned, with bushy brows and close-cropped hair. He looks more like a retired prizefighter than a director. A strong and dominating man, he is the antithesis of Liz's first two husbands. She calls him "the greatest director I know, because he's a sensitive, compassionate person."

Today Liz leads the rich, full life without the stigmata of a "poor little rich girl." She still rides a horse. She plays tennis and paints and has completed a children's book. She has found in *Bewitched* a role that fits her like stretch pants, and, as the prize, a husband with a mind of his own who can stand just as tall as her father. □



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*"Like most of the audience," says Liz, "I secretly hope that there are witches like Samantha." She is very close to Bill Asher, her third husband, father of her son, and director of Samantha series.*

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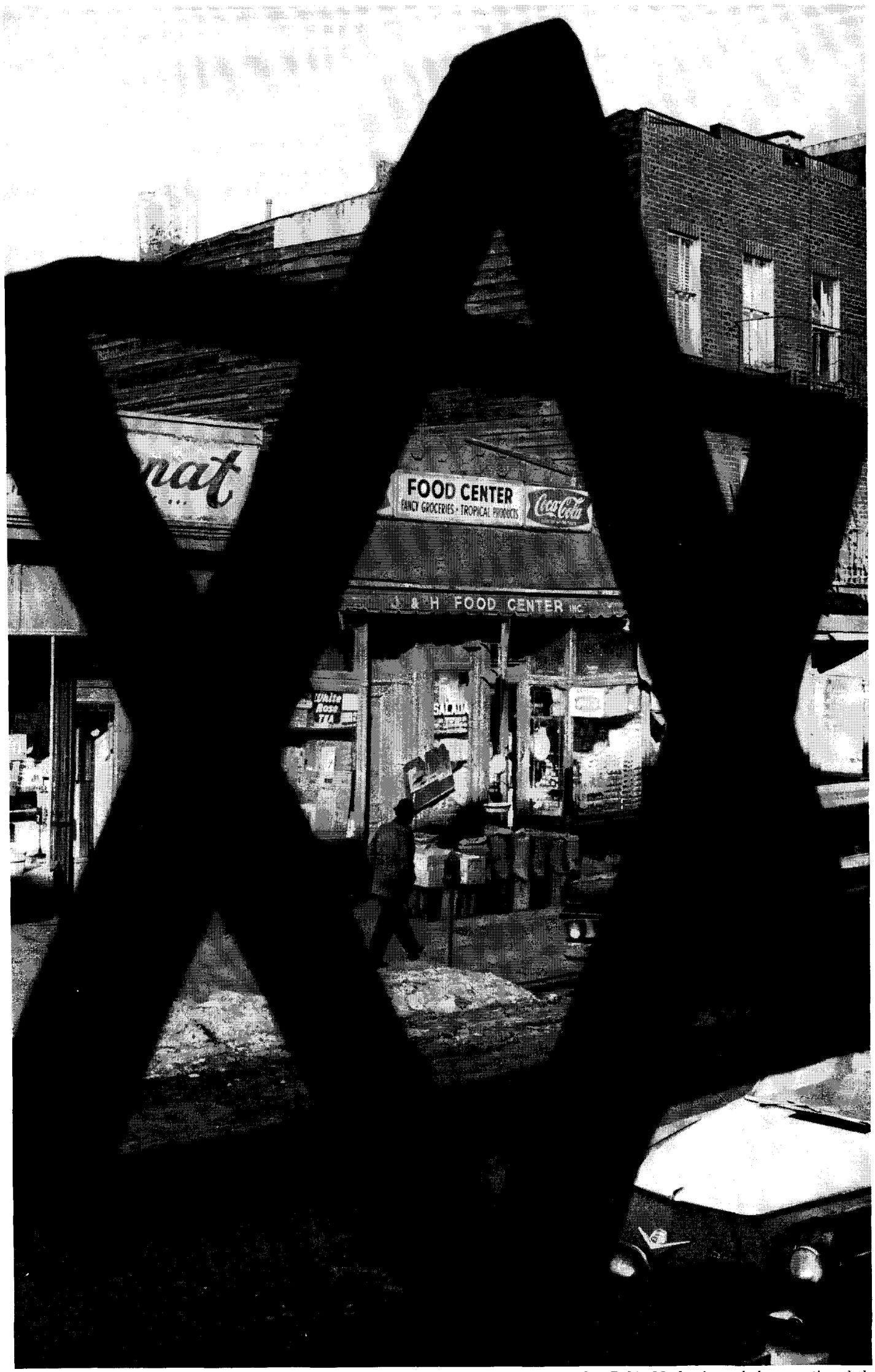


*J & H Food Center in shabby Williamsburg area of Brooklyn was grocery store where late Rubin Markowitz worked as sometime clerk.*

*The victim, bookie Markowitz.*

That section of Brooklyn endowed with the gracious colonial name of Williamsburg is a warren of synagogues, cut-rate stores and neglected tenements. Now Puerto Ricans and public housing are coming to Williamsburg, but for a long time the neighborhood belonged to Jews without money.

There was a roiling sameness to the old Jewish ghettos of New York. The people had come from Eastern Europe after waves of Polish pogroms, and though they were free here and safe, they clung to their old ways. Everywhere streets with decidedly nonghetto names—Moore, Delancey, Hopkinson—became loud with the nasal, fluting rhythms of Polish Yiddish.

Unschooled in English, initially unsure of America, immigrant men who were learned in Talmudic law stayed in their ghettos and went to work as pants pressers, butchers and peddlers. Suspicion, like terror, was part of the ghetto tradition. Someday, tradition told these immigrants, the Christian outsider, the *goy*, would invade the ghetto and make trouble, just as *goys* had made trouble in Spain, in Greece in the Ukraine. There were Jews living among *goys* here in America, but those Jews were outsiders too. Trust no outsider, tradition proclaimed. Follow the rabbit's defense. Learn to hide. The other—the only other defense that ghetto Jews conceived—was to develop a *Yiddische kopf*, a Jewish head, intelligence.

Peddlers and butchers drove their sons to music lessons, to libraries, to the great, free learning institutions of New York, seeking education as a shield. The results were altogether different from anything in the ghetto tradition. One was the rapid decline of ghettos themselves, as second-generation Jews found that they could trust the American community, and the American community found that it could trust Jews. Another was the explosion of gifted, ambitious and suddenly emancipated people. George Gershwin and Paul Muni burst from a Manhattan ghetto called the Lower East Side. John Garfield and Danny Kaye burst from a Brooklyn ghetto called Brownsville. Out of these neighborhoods came professors, physicists, historians, linguists, educators.

By comparison, Williamsburg lagged. No one knows why, but instead of producing contemporary men, Williamsburg attracted a Jewish sect called *Hassidim*, whose members are fanatically devoted to the past and whose leaders sport the costumes (and the haircuts) of 18th-century Polish ghettos. In Williamsburg, intellectuality was not the end of men's ambition. The aim was shrewd-



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**A playboy on trial, a mysterious call girl, a relentless cop and a curious trunk that went bump in the Manhattan night were the bizarre ingredients of**

# THE CASE OF THE DEAD BOOKIE

**By ROGER KAHN**

*Mr. and Mrs. Mark Fein lived in $65,000 cooperative duplex apartment on Park Avenue.*

ness. Rather than nurture professors of philosophy, Williamsburg developed local renown as the spawning ground of bookmakers, basketball fixers and ticket scalpers, a quick-witted, unattractive rabble. Outsiders were not merely distrusted. They were, whenever possible, fleeced.

One of the newest generation of Williamsburg bookmakers, a low-pressure lawbreaker named Rubin Markowitz, was murdered some time ago while trying to collect from a client who was an outsider. They are furious about that in Williamsburg. They think that plugging a bookie violates all Ten Commandments, and they may be even more upset that one of their boys let himself get so badly outmaneuvered. They were fully prepared to hire an assassin if the district attorney failed to convict Rubin Markowitz's murderer. "Where," asks a citizen of Williamsburg, "did that rat come off shooting Ruby? Believe me, Ruby was one terrific guy. I'll tell you how terrific, if you make it worth my while. I mean, how much will you pay for me to tell you about my dead friend who was a real great guy?"

According to testimony at the murder trial last fall in New York, a businessman from Park Avenue shot the bookie. The businessman, Mark Fein, did not testify and was convicted of second-degree murder. He is in a New York prison called The Tombs, pending appeal.

Once he lived in a $65,000 cooperative duplex apartment, with three children, a stylish wife and a nurse. He drove a white Lincoln Continental and had his suits custom made. Mark Fein liked to display the trappings of wealth, and it is true that his father, Irving Fein, founder of a tin-can company, is a multimillionaire. But Mark Fein, a man of various vices, apparently was not comfortable sharing problems with his father. Nor was he able to draw on his father's bank accounts. On the surface the two were cordial and hearty. Beneath that there seemed to be the kind of blankness that precluded discussion of anything more meaningful than how to play a hand at gin rummy. The aggressively wealthy father and the morally stunted son remained remote until Mark was arrested. Then, too late, they embraced each other and sobbed.

The smallest of Mark Fein's vices was a compulsive urge to gamble, slightly beyond his own means, which were considerable. Probably going beyond one's means is the only real gambling. There is a theory that if a man can afford to lose a bet, he is playing a game, but he is not gambling. Real gambling denotes, as consequences of losing, real anguish, real hardship and possibly a real second mortgage.

Nongambling connoisseurs remember the 1963 World Series as the one in which Sandy Koufax, the fastest left-hander who ever graduated from Lafayette High School in Brooklyn, overpowered the New York Yankees. Working for the Los Angeles Dodgers, Koufax established a strike-out record in winning the first game and concluded the only Dodger Series sweep in recorded history by winning the fourth. Mark Fein, who once attended but did not graduate from Lafayette High, remembers that Series as a disaster. He bet the Yankees steadily and heavily. When Koufax was through, Fein owed Rubin Markowitz, the bookmaker, $7,200. Two of Fein's intimates and associates had followed the Fein line, one of them testified at the trial. They owed Markowitz an additional $16,690. The total of $23,890 was the biggest potential payoff in Markowitz's career, and if there was one man more cheerful than Sandy Koufax when the 1963 Series ended, it was Rubin Markowitz. "I'm going to use the dough to get into something legit," he repeated hysterically, "like maybe a concession at the World's Fair."

*Accused murderer Fein and wife enter court.*

A difficulty for everyone, bettors and bookie alike, was that Fein and his friends had lost more money than they could conveniently raise. His two friends turned to Mark Fein, who liked to boast about his means and credit at New York banks. Fein assured them that he would settle with the bookmaker. There could be a final accounting among the three friends later. "No sweat," Mark Fein said.

Fein, according to prosecution witnesses, settled with Markowitz in the dinette of a bachelor apartment he maintained under another name. There, at 406 East 63rd Street in Manhattan, he shot the bookmaker twice in the chest, knocking him from a chair. "Oh, my God," Rubin Markowitz shrieked from the floor, and Fein emptied the pistol into his face. Then Fein bound Rubin Markowitz, who was now a corpse, with clothesline and stuffed the body into a large, cheap trunk he had purchased in Spanish Harlem.

To dispose of the body, Fein telephoned his mistress, a 37-year-old prostitute and madam, who changed her name once or twice a year, as casually and almost as regularly as other women have their teeth examined. When Fein telephoned his mistress, she was living under the name of Gloria Kendal. She was also, at that moment, preparing to leave for a course she had been taking at the Swedish Institute School for Massage. Like an old baseball player, Miss Kendal at 37 was investigating fresh fields for the future.

As a prosecution witness, Gloria recalled the dialogue of that night:

"I'd like to see you," Mark Fein said.

"That's impossible," Gloria said. "You'll have to wait until I finish school."

"Gloria," Fein said. "I can't wait. I have to see you right away."

"Would you like me to send somebody over?" Gloria Kendal said helpfully. "I have to go to school."

"Please, Gloria, I must see *you*," Fein said. "Don't fail me."

Gloria took a taxi. Fein, she testified, was flushed and keyed up when she entered the apartment. In the living room stood the trunk. "What happened here?" Gloria asked, as she later told the jury.

"I'll bet you can't tell me what's inside the trunk," Fein said. As a detective later noted, he was still betting.

"I have no idea," Gloria said, somewhat irritated by this disruption of her day.

"It's the body of a dead man, my bookmaker, Ruby," Fein said, according to Gloria's testimony. "I had to meet him this afternoon to pay him. And I met him at four o'clock. And he came up here. And we were talking. And we had words. And I shot him."

Gloria stood her ground. She did not faint or scream or gasp, and Fein became more confident. He had really killed the bookie for a friend who was broke, he said. But shock was assaulting Gloria, and she was silent. "Please help me," Mark Fein cried out. "There's nobody else I can turn to. I can't call my friends or my family. You're the only one. Please."

With a small sigh, Gloria said, "What do you want me to do?"

Fein's poise returned. "Help me get the trunk out of here and get rid of it," he said.

Gloria made a brief weak attempt at getting no further involved.

"Why don't you call the police?" she said. "Tell them that while you were talking to this man, somebody came in and shot him, stole the money and ran out."

This was inept not only for a woman who had spent years lying to cops; it would have been inept for a television writer. The evidence is that Gloria was in deeper shock than she realized.

"That's good," she remembers Fein saying pleasantly across Rubin Markowitz's corpse, "but I can't be involved with the police. I'd be ruined socially and financially if I was involved with the police or a bookmaker." Fein then told Gloria to call a friend because the trunk "is heavy."

Gloria telephoned an unemployed hairdresser in the Bronx named David Broudy, with the news that she had found him work. She skipped the details and when Broudy reached the apartment and saw the trunk, he asked, "What's in there? A body?"

"You guessed it," Gloria said.

A curious young lady named Geraldine Boxer had been planning to drive Gloria to the Swedish Institute for Massage. Following messages, Miss Boxer showed up at the apartment too. Thus, according to the testimony, there was one corpse, one killer and three possible accessories, any one of whom might at any time have raced into the hallway crying murder. It was to ease anxieties that Mark Fein served vodka.

Once you accept an absurd premise you



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**Gambling people from Williamsburg think that frank talk to cops is lunacy.**

*According to prosecution witnesses, it was in this building on East 63rd Street that Mark Fein settled his gambling debt with bookie Rubin Markowitz by shooting him, then stuffing his corpse into a big trunk.*

THE DEAD BOOKIE

are, for good or ill, quite lost. Give a playwright an absurd premise and you are lost in fantasy. Give a politician an absurd premise and you are lost in a windstorm of rhetoric. Give Mark Fein the absurd premise that it is your privilege and obligation to help him get away with murder and you are caught in the kind of conversation that took place in apartment 5B about sunset on October 10, 1963.

Everyone who was there gave Fein his premise simply by remaining. Miss Kendal testified that she briefly saw the corpse. David Broudy told the jury he knew it existed. Miss Boxer insists that she thought the trunk contained tax records. By the laws of momentum, once these people elected to stay with Mark Fein and drink his vodka, they had to worry with him, work for him, and help him. That, as Kendal, Broudy and Boxer testified, left the business of details:

Obviously the place for the trunk was a river, just like in the old movies. But, David Broudy pointed out, the object in the trunk was not chopped liver. Would the trunk leak? He wanted to know.

"No," Fein said. It had been hard work, but he had lined the trunk well.

"Whose car?" Gloria wondered. Fein ruled out his Lincoln—too dangerous. Miss Boxer's car was too small. David?

"Oh, no," David Broudy said. "Nobody's moving that thing in my heap."

"I'll rent a station wagon," Fein said.

Leaving apartment, trunk and corpse to Broudy and Miss Boxer, Mark Fein and Gloria Kendal took a taxi to a garage and rented a beige wagon. "Put the wagon on my charge," Fein told the attendant.

Driving back to the apartment, Fein mentioned an additional problem. "Gee, Gloria, I promised my wife I'd take her to dinner," he said.

"All right, Mark," Gloria said, relieved to find at last a familiar situation. "You go home and pull yourself together. We'll take care of everything, as soon as you and David load the trunk." Fein double-parked the beige wagon outside 406 East 63rd Street, risking a ticket.

Even though the building has an elevator, Broudy said he and Fein had a hard time moving the corpse in the trunk. Ruby Markowitz's body weighed almost 200 pounds. Finally, sweaty in the street, Fein said to Broudy, "I really want to thank you for helping me out." The trunk fitted easily in the rear of the wagon. "I'll see you around," Mark Fein added, and walked off toward his white Lincoln.

As the three testified at the trial, Broudy drove the station wagon, with Gloria Kendal and Geri Boxer alongside him in the front seat. They cruised a few blocks to an entrance of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, which runs along the eastern rim of Manhattan. David saw a break in traffic and pulled close to the East River. Suddenly police cars lit the night with flashing blinkers. (A rabid dog had been reported nearby.) David drove on. He did not stop again until he had reached the level of 179th Street, past the East River alongside the Harlem, which forms the northern border of Manhattan. Quickly, Broudy, Miss Kendal and Miss Boxer hoisted the trunk over the Harlem River seawall. They heard a bump, as though the huge trunk had struck a rock outcropping, and then a splash. No cars had passed. No one had seen them.

Mostly in silence, they drove downtown to Madison Square Garden, so that Gloria could buy tickets to a forthcoming performance of the Bolshoi Ballet. Then they went to a medium-priced French restaurant where Gloria ordered wine and lent Broudy money to pay the check.

At about the time Markowitz's corpse plunged through the cold and oily Harlem River, Fein was taking a hot shower in his Park Avenue duplex. He had promised his wife dinner, and he was a man of his word. With her he returned to East 63rd Street, in bravado or indifference, this time to No. 26, which houses a restaurant called Quo-Vadis, Latin for Whither Goest Thou? There Mr. and Mrs. Mark Fein ate well.

One is inclined to conclude that Fein returned to 63rd Street in indifference, because beyond anything else, the murder was an act of contempt. Like all murders it was brutal, cruel, foul, but the special quality of this murder—if the prosecution's case is to be believed—was that the man who had moved to Park Avenue slew the man who came from Williamsburg as anyone else might swat a large, persistent insect. When he fired his .22 caliber pistol, Mark Fein seemed to be demanding: "Who are you, grubby ghetto Jew, to bother someone like me?" It was an uncomplicated message and the bookie from the ghetto, two bullets in his chest, finding The Outsider where he had expected none, could only scream, "Oh, my God!"

By any standard, including police as well as Williamsburg standards, Mark Fein appeared to be an absurd candidate for killer. He is bespectacled, mild-mannered and, before going to prison, he was natty. He seemed to want recognition inordinately, and he would become indignant when headwaiters failed to offer him a prime table. He was arrogant about his family's wealth, and once he shouted at a minor bank official who had never heard of him and who refused to cash his check. Mostly he was timid. Even his rages seemed small.

Fein's I.Q. is average (108), but he was a below-average student. His father, a driving and driven man, shipped him from Lafayette High to a military school in Georgia, which must have seemed a severe rejection at the time. Mark was back home in a year, still a poor student, to attend a private academy in Brooklyn. Finally he quit altogether, without a diploma. This was unfortunate, but hardly unique among young men who have a family business waiting, whatever may befall them in intermediate algebra.

Subsequently life eased considerably for Mark Fein. Under his father's direction he did nicely in the tin-can business, meeting buyers, making deals, closing sales. In 1956 he made what appeared to be an excellent marriage. Nancy Nahon, a dark-haired and attractive bride, also came from a family of means. Most of her friends called her "lively," "winning" and "bright."

Irving Fein, pleased with his son's marriage, soon occupied himself with other matters. His tin-can company was prosperous, but prosperity apparently was not enough for Irving Fein. He wanted a fortune. After extensive and complicated negotiations he sold his business to a larger corporation called U.S. Hoffman. The selling price has been estimated at $10 million and, as Irving Fein knew, that is a capital gain, not income. The tax rate on a capital gain never exceeds 25 percent. A man who makes $10 million gets to keep $7.5 million.

Out of tin cans, rich Irving Fein installed himself in the business of selling corrugated boxes. It was an allied field. He was comfortable in the box business and it, too, went well. His personal fortune secure, his new business thriving, Irving Fein eased himself back to chairman of the board of his firm. He proudly announced that his successor as president was to be Mark.

When Mark Fein moved to Park Avenue, four years before the murder of Rubin Markowitz, he was 28 years old and he already possessed wealth, position and a handsome wife. It was logical to assume that he could afford to pay his bookie. It was logical to assume that if he needed money badly, he could turn to his father, the millionaire. It was logical to assume that if, for some unaccountable reason, he had been involved in the murder of Markowitz, someone else had done the actual killing. Mark Fein, however, lived without logic. He was deeply flawed. It was as if a whole portion of his being never developed, or did not exist. Broadly, that portion coincides with civilization.

In one sense the Mark Fein case might be classed as educational. It educated some Williamsburg citizens, who learned a man can be honest, even though he is a cop and an *Irisher*. It educated some cops who learned a man can be venal, even when he has money. It may even have begun the educating and the civilizing of Mark Fein.



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*Gloria Kendal, at left, a 37-year-old madam, testified that Fein asked her to help him get rid of bookie's body.*

*Naomi Markowitz, center, widow of bookie Rubin Markowitz, went to police to report her husband missing.*

*Irving Fein, the multimillionaire father of Mark Fein, accumulated a huge fortune in the tin-can business.*

October 11, 1963, is the day the story begins in police records. That evening a woman named Naomi Markowitz went to a Brooklyn police station to report that her husband, Ruby, was missing. Her husband, Mrs. Markowitz explained, was a good man and a dependable provider. He earned $90 a week as a grocery clerk at the J&H Food Center in Williamsburg, and out of that, Mrs. Markowitz said, he always turned over $70 to her. The police station was in Sheepshead Bay, a neighborhood of faceless new apartment buildings where, when the wind is right, you can catch a scent of the Atlantic Ocean. She and Ruby had two lovely children, Mrs. Markowitz told the police, and it was for them that Ruby had moved to Sheepshead Bay from Williamsburg. He never missed a night at home, she said. He was never even late. He was a regular nut about promptness. That was why, Naomi Markowitz said, she was so afraid that something had happened to him.

Naomi Markowitz's recitation was incomplete, but it is a measure of the panic then rampant among the family, friends and associates of Rubin Markowitz that anyone went to the police at all. To gambling people from Williamsburg, frank talk to cops is lunacy. So, even in their desperation, the people from Williamsburg decided not to give in completely. They would talk to the police, but not frankly.

Tradition and recent memory influenced their thinking. Tradition proclaimed that cops were dangerous outsiders. Besides, within the last 20 years, during the mayoralty of the late William O'Dwyer, a Brooklyn gambling man named Harry Gross had bought himself a small army of policemen, only to have the rest send him to jail. This proved, Williamsburg gambling men believe, that cops are crooks, looking for bribes, shakedowns, sellouts.

Unlike the Mafia, and the African Nationalists, two other prominent anti-cop organizations, this generation of Williamsburg bookies is disinclined toward violence. For the most part they aspire toward coarse respectability, complete with mink capes on hot autumn nights and nephews taking the wrong courses at inferior colleges. "There ain't no percentage in violence," they say. "It don't figure anymore. It's just for the dumb *Ee-talyani.*"

Before going to the police (lunacy), or considering violence (dumb), the Williamsburg people close to Ruby Markowitz had launched an investigation of their own. It was led by Jack Josephy, a shrewd, full-faced man who admits to having been in an odd partnership with Markowitz.

Josephy owns the J&H Food Center, where Ruby sometimes clerked. Beyond offering honest work, Josephy testified, he underwrote Ruby's bookmaking losses. Josephy insisted that he shared in losses only. "No profits," he protested.

At four P.M., on the last day of his life, Ruby was to meet Fein in Manhattan on First Avenue in the Sixties. After collecting $23,890 he was to be at the corner of Madison Avenue and 32nd Street at 4:30. There he was to pay a successful World Series bettor named Jerry (The Whale) Bergman $4,810. Then, $19,080 ahead, Ruby Markowitz would return to Brooklyn.

On October 10, Jerry the Whale was nervous. It was a mild, clear afternoon, 59 degrees when he started waiting, and a soft breeze blew from the southeast. Jerry the Whale perspired easily. He had been a bookmaker once himself, but two arrests did his nerves no good, and now he had to work as a shipping clerk.

The Whale sweated as he watched traffic clog Madison Avenue for half an hour. Then, at five, he telephoned Jack Josephy in the J&H Food Center to report that Ruby was late. "I'm gonna call around," Josephy said. "Keep checking me every half hour till I find him." The Whale agreed and began wedging his 300 pounds into telephone booths at 30-minute intervals until eight o'clock. After that, he and Josephy drove through Manhattan streets in an aimless and unrewarding search.

A day later, Josephy spotted Markowitz's car parked on First Avenue near 64th Street. In sudden, uncharacteristic panic, he went to a precinct house and asked a detective to examine it. "I was scared I'd find Ruby's body in the trunk," he testified in court. The detective examined the car, but found no body and no blood. "There's nothing here," he told Josephy. "You may as well take the car and go home." Late that evening Naomi Markowitz first reported that her husband, the grocery clerk, was missing.

Conning the cops would not work forever, Josephy realized. But there was always a chance Ruby might show up, and it didn't figure to show a hand too soon. Already some of the Williamsburg people spoke of making a contract to avenge Ruby. It was two days after Naomi Markowitz made her guarded statement that Jack Josephy led a shrill raggle-taggle group, including Jerry the Whale, into the Sheepshead Bay police

*Detectives Lyons (left) and Leman point to spot where trunk containing body was dumped. It may have split on rocks below.*



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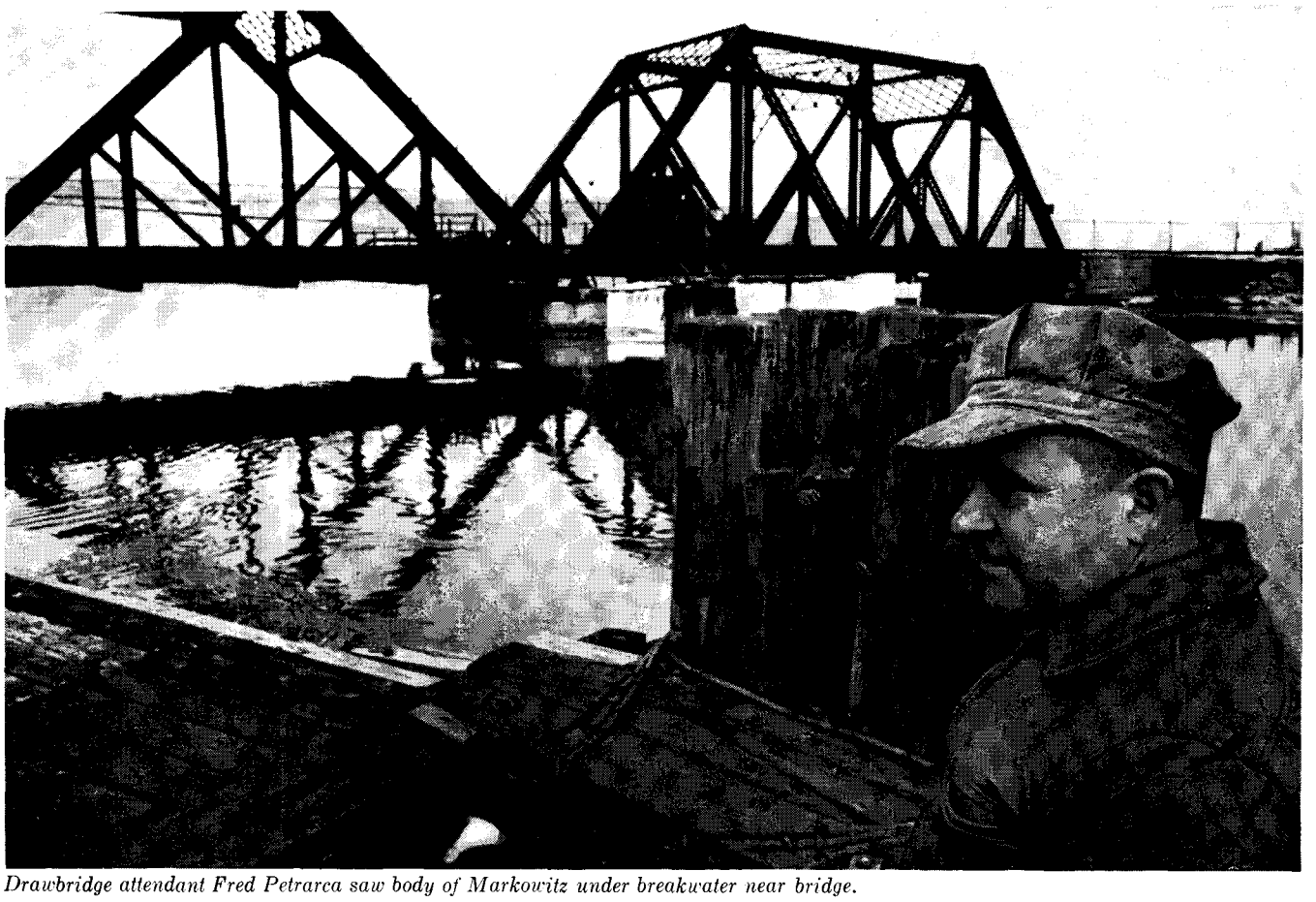
**Fein seemed too rich, too timid to be a suspect.**



*Drawbridge attendant Fred Petrarca saw body of Markowitz under breakwater near bridge.*

THE DEAD BOOKIE

station. Abruptly and honestly he talked in terms of thousands of dollars. Jerry the Whale, nervous in the presence of so many policemen, perspired heavily. Inwardly the Brooklyn detectives were amused. Still, this was the occasion when police first heard the name of Mark Fein in connection with Rubin Markowitz.

Dutifully they promised Josephy that they would investigate, even though, they told him, his friend would probably be around in a day or so, maybe without all the money. Josephy produced a picture of Markowitz and described his clothing. "OK, OK," detectives told the Williamsburg people. "We'll see what we can do."

On October 15, five days after the murder, a Brooklyn detective named Eugene O'Neill called on Mark Fein at his office. In major investigations detectives always interrogate in pairs so that there are two police witnesses to everything that takes place. As O'Neill later testified, he called on Fein by himself. This interrogation seemed routine. "Do you know a man named Rubin Markowitz?" he asked.

Behind black-rimmed spectacles, Mark Fein looked blank. Detective O'Neill showed Fein the picture.

"Oh, you must mean *Ruby* Markowitz," Fein said. "Yes, I know him."

"What are your business relationships with him?"

"I get theater and football tickets from him."

"Do you know Ruby as a bookmaker?" Detective O'Neill asked.

"No," Fein said.

"Do you ever bet with him?"

"No, I only get tickets from him."

"Did you see Markowitz on October 10?"

"No."

A few days later Fein went to see Detective O'Neill. This time Fein brought a lawyer. He had not been completely frank, Fein said, because he had not wanted to get involved. He did indeed bet with Ruby Markowitz. So did some of his friends. At 3:30 or 3:45 on the afternoon of October 10 he had met Ruby on First Avenue "somewhere in the sixties" and paid off $23,890 in World Series betting losses. Someone else had been in the car with bookie Rubin Markowitz. The man was "about 45 years old, a white man with a dark complexion, wearing a gray suit and a fedora. He needed a shave and looked, uh, possibly Italian."

Despite the cliché description of a man from the Mafia, the story sounded plausible. It was perfectly plausible for a prosperous businessman to dodge getting involved in a search for a missing bookmaker. It was almost as plausible that a man from the Mafia had been in the car with Markowitz. Broke bookies are sometimes driven to borrow from Mafia sources, and in reality, as in George Raft movies, hoodlums are not above muscling in on big gambling successes. Police eventually wasted weeks searching for a man in a gray fedora who looked, uh, possibly Italian.

Yet for all this the revised story which Fein, with legal advice, spun out to Detective O'Neill helped doom its inventor. Beyond its seeming plausibility, *the story established Mark Fein as the last man who saw Rubin Markowitz alive.* That was why police went back at him again and again.

His blunders would not have affected Mark Fein's future if Rubin Markowitz had remained a missing person. Theories of equal justice read nicely in police manuals, but detectives are not likely to investigate the disappearance of a bookmaker as thoroughly as they investigate the disappearance of a bank president. If one bookmaker had skipped town with illicit money, was New York City the poorer?

On the bleak, rainy morning of November 8, Ruby Markowitz ceased to be missing. At 6:10 that dawn a short, gruff drawbridge attendant named Fred Petrarca stared out through the downpour and, as he testified, "seen this big object inside the cribbing of the breakwater there." By noon police knew that four bullets had killed the big object. By midafternoon they had identified it as the disfigured remnant of Rubin Markowitz. The missing person had been found murdered, and the police investigation would now be of a different order. "Murder," homicide detective Frank Lyons, the man who cracked the case, points out with disarming cheer, "is something we treat a little different from running a stop sign."

Petrarca's drawbridge joins Manhattan Island to The Bronx over an angry stretch of estuary called Spuyten Duyvil, which is Dutch for "spitting devil." There the Harlem and Hudson rivers join in a boil of currents. Black-haired, intense Frank Lyons remembers driving to Spuyten Duyvil in the rain, considering glumly the prospect of having to view "a floater."

Prolonged immersion does dreadful things to the human body. Features swell horribly. Green lichens and water worms invade the flesh. Tendons constrict the face into a scream. The mass that was a man turns waxen, and chunks begin to fall away.

The object that had been Rubin Markowitz was in the water long enough to have bare bones showing for a nose, but not so long that one could forget this had been a man, who laughed and wept and who at his end cried out in agony and terror. "They ought to publish photographs of floaters," Lyons says in cold anger. "Then people would know what the face of murder is."

In the Manhattan morgue, the remnant was X-rayed. Four bullets appeared on the plates. As the skin dried and constricted, bullet holes became evident. Two were in the left side of the chest. The others were in the face, close to the chin.

Rubin Markowitz's pockets had not been emptied before his body was shoved into the trunk. Police found $441 in the pants pockets of the corpse, plus an address book and a variety of business cards. Technicians in a police laboratory dried the address book and the cards within hours after Fred Petrarca saw his big object in the rain. The first card that became legible was that of a ticket broker. "Good Lord," the broker cried to Detective Lyons, who had quickly called him, "that must be the body of Ruby Markowitz." By nightfall on November 8 police were able to release a story which the tabloid *Daily News* gaily headlined CLERK JEKYLL & BOOKIE HYDE FOUND SLAIN IN 24G PUZZLER. The *News* earnestly reported that the widow was astonished that her husband the grocery clerk had been found carrying $441. But higher in the article the *News* described Markowitz as "a good wire-room man with good clients." The paper added, "Authorities said his death occurred not long after he collected a $24,000 gambling debt from Mark Fein of 1095 Park Avenue, an executive of Fein Industries of 100 Park Avenue, box manufacturers."

Gloria Kendal, the prostitute, is not much of a newspaper reader. She tries, she says, to keep up with opera and ballet, but sometimes she is so busy there simply is no time for the papers. She missed the *Daily News* of November 9, 1963. It was a few days later that David Broudy showed her the story. Gloria was utterly amazed. She testified that she promptly telephoned Mark Fein. "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Don't you look at TV? Haven't you ever heard of cement?"

Police concede that, if Markowitz's body had been properly disposed of, Fein might not now be in prison. It is a simple matter of progression. No body, no proof of homicide. No homicide, no Detective Lyons, and his relentless painstaking investigation. No relentless investigation, no indictment, much less a conviction. It is remarkable that there was ever an indictment even after murder was established. "Everybody," Lyons said later, "told me Fein was sure to get away."

In November, Lyons had on his hands not much more than a corpse, spoken for by a variety of Williamsburg gamblers. "I'm leveling with you, Detective," people insisted. "Ruby didn't go to no loan sharks for money. He didn't know no mob guys. We ain't that kinda people. A little bookmaking, hah, you understand? But you make a bet yourself, hah, Detective? It's a sin a man should make a bet?" Looking for loan sharks and Mafia figures in the life of Ruby Markowitz was to occupy Detective Lyons for months. There are few chores harder—and generally duller—than looking for persons and places that do not exist.

Meanwhile, there was the unpromising matter of Mark Fein to check out. Fein was now the last person who admitted seeing not a missing man but a murder victim, alive. Still, in those first days after the remnant of Markowitz appeared, Fein was not a very imposing suspect. He seemed too rich, too timid, too soft.

But Detective Frank Lyons, homicide expert, son of a homicide expert, descendant of Ireland, and a Catholic, heard something that impressed him in the ghetto-scarred speech of the Williamsburg people. It is not something he can classify precisely, but it has to do with rhythms and intonations of speech. "A lie," Detective Lyons says, "is out of rhythm. It's something that somehow if you have trained yourself, you can pick up. With the truth, the rhythm stays true." Nothing significant was out of rhythm in the talk of Ruby Markowitz's relatives. On instinct, or hunch, Frank Lyons elected to dig further into the death of a man who had distrusted cops all of his 42 years.

Bookmaking is a telephone business, and Markowitz maintained an answering service. As a protection, New York bookies give their clients code names, often in the form of a little joke. To bet $1,000 on the New York Yankees, a client of Markowitz's named, say, Nathan Detroit, might telephone the service and say, "This is Mr. Carr, I want one big unit on the



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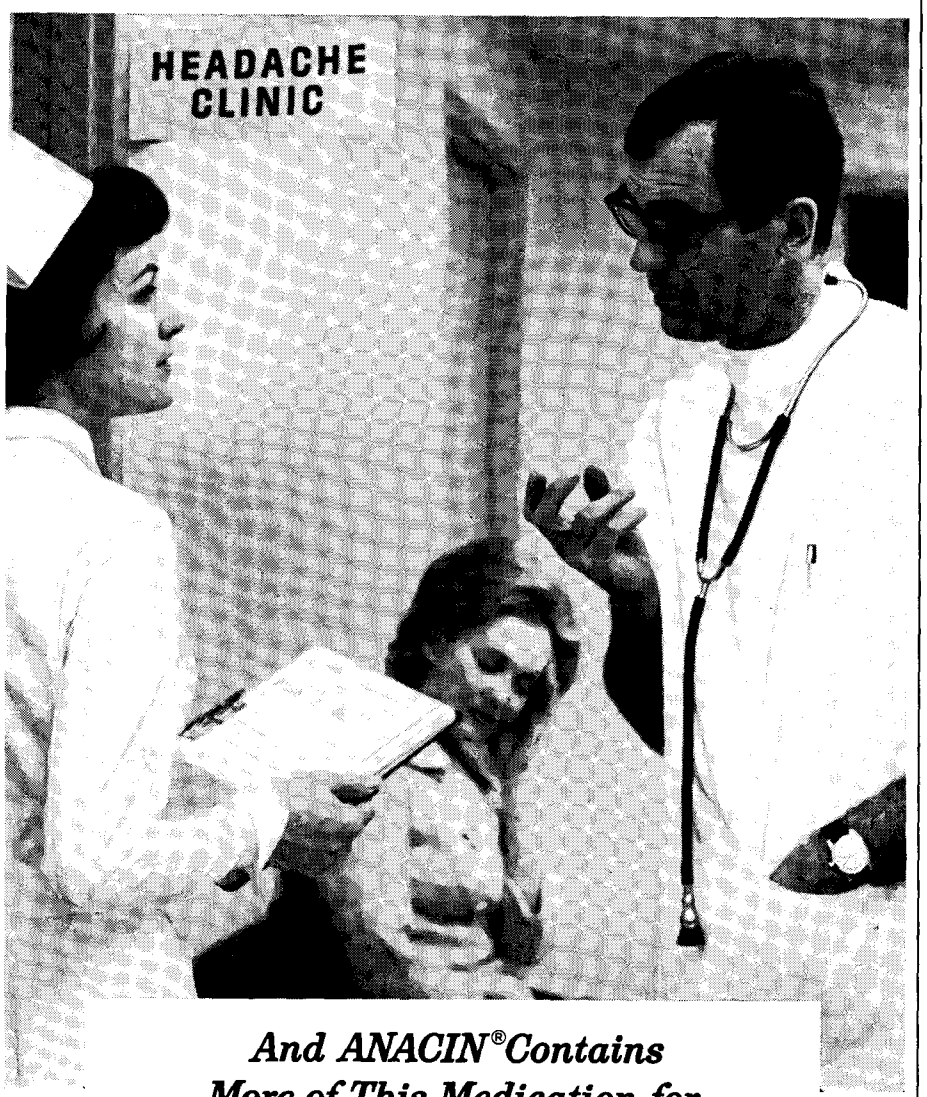


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Bombers." In trying to confirm the Williamsburg stories and to understand just how Ruby Markowitz made a living, Detective Lyons found the answering service Ruby had used.

Digging in an upstairs storage room at the service offices, he found a basketful of messages for "Ruby" in October. On the two or three days after Markowitz's death, there had been roughly 150 messages. Dead, Ruby was unable to call clients back or to keep appointments. His clientele had reacted with annoyance, anger, fright, and flurries of phone calls.

One name that appeared frequently before the death—but never after—was Mr. Shore, spelled variously by different message operators as Shore, Shaw and Shor. Through the New York Telephone Company, Lyons traced Mr. Shore-Shaw-Shor to apartment 5B at 406 East 63rd Street.

Apartment 5B, a one-bedroom flat, had been rented to a man who called himself William Weissman. Weissman, Detective Lyons learned from the building's rental agent, was a "consulting engineer." Weissman gave as his employer Fein Industries, Inc., on Park Avenue. His credit reference was Mark Fein.

Detective Lyons telephoned Fein Industries, and asked to speak to Weissman.

"Who?" asked the switchboard operator.

"Bill Weissman," Detective Lyons said.

"There's nobody by that name working here," the operator said. "Never has been in all the years I've been with the company."

Detective Lyons now had established a contact between Mark Fein, somebody named Bill Weissman, and an apartment on 63rd Street. But part of his time had to be spent determining that Markowitz had no mob contacts. Another part had to be spent in search of Bill Weissman. For Lyons this was a discouraging period.

Lyons tried to get Mark Fein to explain William Weissman, but Fein would not grant him an interview. Lyons could have called on Fein at the Park Avenue cooperative. He could have bullied his way past doormen and attendants, flashing the gold detective's shield. He could have rung the Fein doorbell and, in the presence of dark-haired Nancy Fein, asked questions. But Lyons chose not to, as a matter of personal code. When Lyons continued to press for interviews at Fein's office, Fein protested to high officials that the police were harassing him.

Checking all of the 400 messages listed by Markowitz's phone-answering service, Detective Lyons found one left by "Shore" from a Templeton exchange. He promptly traced the number to an apartment 10 blocks north on 73rd Street. There Detective Lyons went calling with a partner, gruff general-assignment detective Jimmy Leman. They found Miss Kendal at home.

The prostitute was not enchanted to greet two detectives at her home and frequent place of business. "No," Gloria, the prostitute, said. "I don't know anybody named Mark Fein."

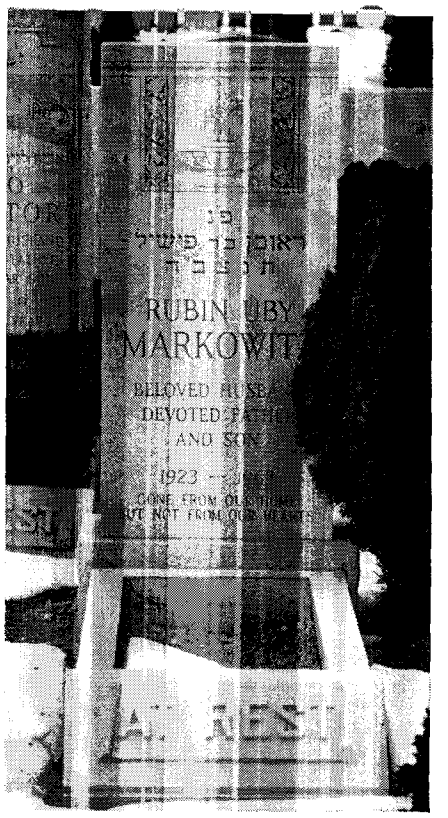
The detectives pressed a little harder.

"Well," the prostitute said, "actually, there's this friend of mine that does know someone by that name. But she's in Florida now, getting a divorce. She won't be back for a long time."

"What's her name?" Leman said.

"Margaret Foster," Gloria answered. The name came smoothly because it had been a recent alias.

The detectives left. They were not going to question Gloria Kendal very hard in this first interview. Time was working for them, they believed. There was no point in antagonizing her. They reasoned that Mark




*Ruby's last stop—a Long Island graveyard.*

Fein, successful businessman, had been having an affair with an apparent prostitute named Margaret Foster. He was also involved in a mysterious apartment. He was not quite the blandly respectable individual that he would have had his wife and the police believe. He was a possible, if not a prime, murder suspect. It seemed unlikely that Fein had committed murder himself, but it was possible, faintly possible, that he had hired the gun that did the job.

Every day, as autumn deepened into winter, two men who were becoming deadly adversaries went separate ways to work in New York City. Mark Fein drove down Park Avenue in his white Lincoln Continental. Frank Lyons drove in from a mortgaged house in a Long Island suburb, except when his wife needed the car and he had to take the train. Once he got a parking ticket. New York City's traffic-court automation is beyond human control. Detective Lyons had to pay the $5.

The stalking was subtle and civilized, not simply because Mark Fein was rich, although that unquestionably had its advantages. Police violence has been curtailed in New York since a generation ago, when a murder suspect who cried harassment, would have earned himself a beating in the basement of some out-of-the-way precinct house. ("The whole Fein case might have been solved right there," one retired detective remarks wistfully.)

No, there was no chance that Fein would be beaten, and he does not seem to have been afraid of that. Instead, he seems to have looked on Lyons in the same way that he had apparently looked on Markowitz—as someone who had damn well better take off, if he knew what was good for him. Fein might have gotten away with his contempt for Ruby Markowitz had he not compounded it with contempt for Frank Lyons. He did not understand Frank Lyons, who earned less in a year ($9,500) than Fein sometimes bet in a week. It surpassed all Fein's understanding that Detective Lyons could not be laughed at, or swatted away.

The police put Gloria out of the prostitution business in a calculated, professional way. Prostitution, like bookmaking, is a telephone business and, since its practitioners go out on house calls or hotel calls, a phone-answering service is important. Detectives persuaded Gloria's service to drop her number from their rolls.

Prostitution is also a referral business. A busy New York City prostitute is sometimes swamped with work. When that happens, she sends surplus clients to associates. Then, in her own slow weeks, the prostitute benefits from favors returned. Detectives



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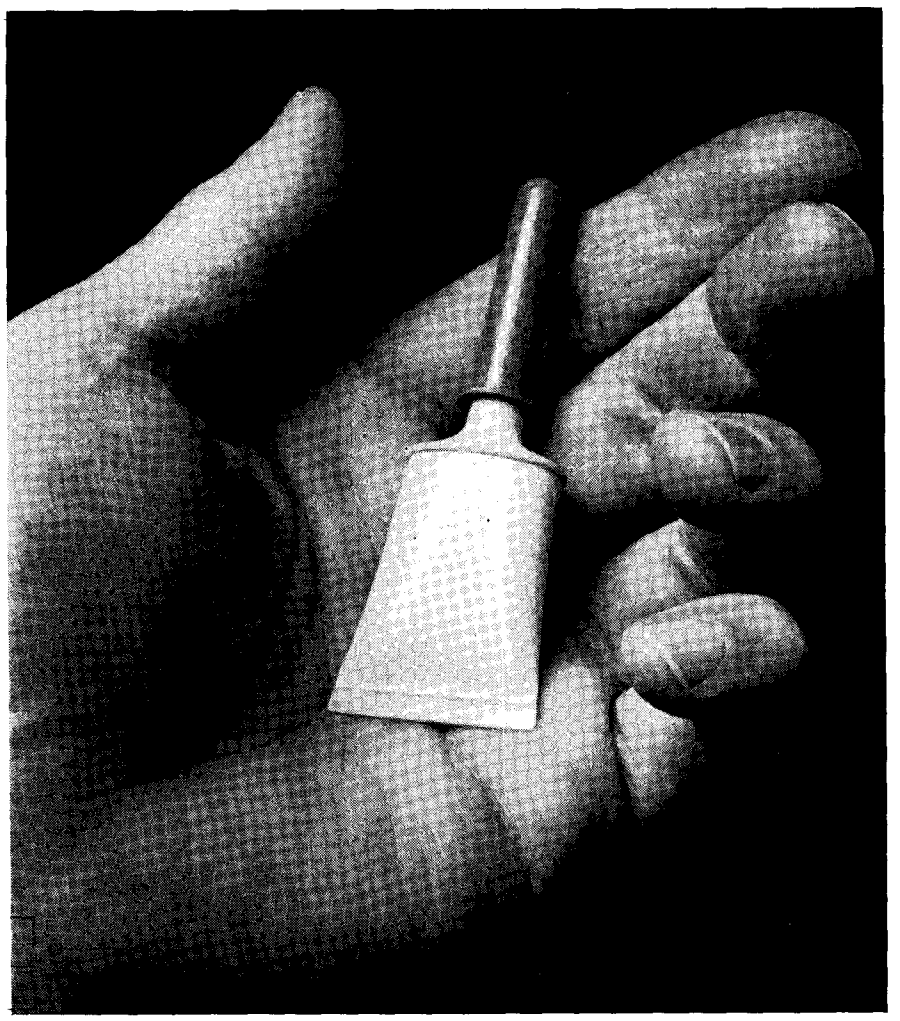

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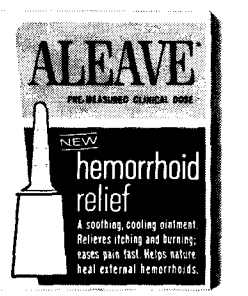
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discovered, through private sources, the names of many of Gloria's associates on the East Side of Manhattan. Word spread among them: "Don't send any more customers to Gloria Kendal."

Finally the detectives began visiting Gloria's apartment, in the sedate and expensive building on 73rd, arriving at irregular intervals. Occasionally Gloria was unable to answer the door immediately. The detectives then announced themselves and knocked loudly. "A decibel rate," one suggests, "just below disturbing the peace."

Devoid of an answering service, deprived of referrals, frequently interrupted during working hours, Gloria finally said, in effect, "Goodness gracious." Whereupon she fled the apartment. She was very angry at the police, but not furious. After all, she had not been arrested.

After she retired pro-tem, Frank Lyons, identifying himself as a man from homicide, called on the man who owned the building and asked if he could see Gloria Kendal's lease. There was, it developed, no lease in the name of Gloria Kendal. "Not the greatest surprise in history," Lyons says. But there was a lease signed by one Margaret Foster. "Describe Margaret Foster," Detective Lyons asked. Before the landlord had finished, Lyons realized that Margaret Foster and Gloria Kendal were the same person. A little more had come clear. Detective Lyons now had a positive concept of the woman chosen as paramour by Mark Fein of Park Avenue. She was not a Park Avenue lady.

One alias problem solved, police moved on to the others. Who was Mr. Shore-Shaw-Shor? Was he William Weissman? Was there any William Weissman? What was Mark Fein's relationship to this great confusion of names?

Approaching confusion lucidly, Lyons asked a real-estate man to describe William Weissman, as he had asked another real-estate man to describe Margaret Foster. This time matters were not quite so obvious. The second real-estate man had never seen William Weissman. He had only heard about him from Fein. Thinking like a tough, suspicious cop, Lyons decided that William Weissman, whom nobody had ever seen, or spoken to, was probably an alias used by Mark Fein to carry out his affair with the prostitute.

The Shore-Shaw-Shor name, which had first led detectives to the 63rd Street apartment of Mark Fein, alias William Weissman, also appeared in answering-service records of the 73rd Street apartment of Margaret Foster, alias Gloria Kendal. It began to look as though slight, dapper Mark Fein, all by himself, might be not only William Weissman, but also Mr. Shore-Shaw-Shor. Lyons recalls thinking that he would never really be content until he had answered all the questions once and for all. At about this time, Mark Fein, feeling a backlash from the investigation, decided that he also would contend with police questions. Fein selected as the scene a Madison Avenue law office. He chose as his attorney a former assistant district attorney named Albert Blinder. Provided that Blinder remained present throughout, Mark Fein agreed to answer police questions on the morning of December 27, 1963.

Four detectives talked to Fein and the lawyer in the Madison Avenue office that day. At first, Fein tried to be pleasant. He reminded the policemen that he was a man who could walk into any bank and get $35,000 on his name alone. Still he wanted to help the detectives working on the case. He just didn't want to get involved in a scandal, because he'd made a few bets.

What about the 63rd Street apartment?

Fein knew nothing about it.

The detectives hit Fein with the name "William Weissman." Fein threw his hands into the air and held a private conference with Al Blinder, the lawyer.

What about Margaret Foster?

Who?

The detectives hit Fein with the name of Gloria Kendal. Hands in the air again. Another conference.

He had this friend, Mark Fein explained finally, named Billy Tishman, who ran a furniture store in Harlem. Billy liked to bet, but didn't really have the money. He'd had to help out Billy and a second friend named Robert Katz, after they'd gotten in over their heads with Ruby. They'd liked the Yankees in the last Series.

What about the apartment? the police repeated. What about Gloria Kendal?

"It's Billy's apartment," Mark Fein said heavily, "and it's Billy's broad."

The friendship between Mark Fein and William Tishman did not survive December 27, 1963. Detective Lyons promptly sought Tishman and repeated Fein's remark. Tishman reddened with fury. He was threatened, he felt. So was his marriage. Dammit, it wasn't his apartment, although he had sold Fein the furniture for it. Dammit, he didn't know any Gloria. "Shore," Tishman told Detective Lyons, was the code name that Ruby, the dead bookie, had given Fein. The bookie's little joke was that Mark liked the beach. The joke was Shore, as in beach, get it? "Yeah," Detective Lyons said, "I get it."

He was closer now, Frank Lyons knew, but a long way from finished. Other detectives still wanted to classify the Markowitz murder as a bookie holdup, *cum* homicide. Others liked a gang theory. And Mark Fein was not encouraging further investigation. He was pressuring the New York City police department to leave him alone.

To Lyons, consumed by his own investigation, the one *real* problem was Gloria. She held the key. But once out of the 73rd Street apartment, Gloria had been moving beyond the district called Manhattan Homicide North. As testimony later showed, she went to Canada and to the Virgin Islands. As 1964 began, Detective Lyons of Homicide North, had merely a dubious case and a missing prostitute. He also had an unrelenting sense that "somehow, in some crazy way, this crazy Fein kid had something to do with the killing."

The furniture in Mark Fein's bachelor apartment was missing by the time police found out that the apartment existed. Bill Tishman, who ran the furniture store in Harlem (36 *long* months to pay), had provided rugs, chairs, sofa and bed to Fein's order, and Tishman was able to give Detective Lyons a detailed description of every article. However, he had no idea where "all the stuff has gone."

Two people, Lyons felt, might have put the furniture in storage. One was Fein and the other was Gloria. Accordingly he began to look for the furniture under four names: Fein and Weissman, and Kendal and Foster. "Sounds like a mixed law firm," Lyons now says. Armed with the four names and Tishman's detailed description of the furniture, Detective Lyons began investigating warehouses in Manhattan. After checking about 15 on a discouragingly long list, he found the furniture. It had been stored, the warehouseman said, after looking at Lyons's gold shield, by a woman named Kendal.

"OK," Lyons said. "If you hear from her again, tell her that you can't sell the stuff unless she comes down and gives you her power of attorney. OK?"

"Yessir, detective," said the man from the moving company.



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Lyons's reasoning, in seeking the furniture, was one more of his cold, professional acts. Gloria was out of business. She might need money. To get money, the missing furniture could be a source. It was on February 16, 1964, more than four months after Ruby Markowitz was murdered, that Gloria, back from Canada and the Caribbean, cut off from Mark Fein who was now afraid to see her, cut off from her old trade, phoned the Century Moving & Storage Company in Manhattan. "Please," she said, in her little-girl business tone, "sell my furniture." The man from Century, who wanted no trouble with homicide, said, "As soon as you come down here and sign a power of attorney." Four days later she did.

Gloria remembered Lyons. He was a cop who hadn't played rough. He'd been one of the guys who drove her from her setup, right off Park Avenue, but he had talked softly and he hadn't arrested her. In her way, considering that he was a cop, Gloria kind of liked Detective Lyons. "How much money do you have on you?" Lyons asked her, when she all but walked into him in front of the Century warehouse. "Oh, hon," Gloria said. "Only about a dollar."

"Well," said Lyons, treating her like a lady, "maybe I better buy you a Martini."

Gloria, who had been running too long to suit herself, brightened. "Maybe you better have one," she said. "I'm going to tell you something that'll shock you."

"Guys in my business," said Detective Lyons, working hard, "are hard to shock."

"Oh," said Gloria, broke, deserted and challenged. "Mark Fein murdered Ruby. He shot him. I saw the body in a trunk." As he now admits, Detective Frank Lyons was shocked. It was the first revelation of the testimony she was to give at the trial.

The arrest came within hours. Detectives Lyons and Leman, knowing Fein's penchant for dining out, drove up Park Avenue at about eight o'clock in the evening. Shortly, Fein appeared with his handsome dark-haired wife in the doorway of his apartment building. Fein walked away from Nancy and started toward the garage where he stored his Lincoln. "Mark," Detective Leman said, "you remember me. I'm placing you under arrest for homicide."

Abruptly, Mark Fein, the untouchable, screamed. "Call Al (lawyer Al Blinder), I'm being kidnapped."

The doormen at 1095 Park heard Mark Fein's cries. Frank Lyons had to move fast to prevent them from obstructing an arrest in a capital crime.

"Look," he yelled, as Nancy screamed, and two doormen moved toward him. "Hold it," Lyons shouted. His left hand held his detective's shield. His right hand sat on his gun. "We've made one arrest. We don't want to have to make any more."

In the car, a few minutes later, Lyons said quietly, "Would you like a cup of coffee, Mark?" The detective felt that maybe, over coffee, Fein might tell the truth.

"Could I have a Scotch?" Fein asked.

"Well, it's going to be a long night," Detective Leman said, "so I guess it'll be OK." Pumping a defendant over coffee is preferable; good lawyers have ways of making conversation over drinks seem suspect. But Leman took what he could get. In the end he found that he'd got nothing, except a tab for two Scotches. Fein drank silently, except when he asked for permission to call his wife. (Leman agreed and Fein told Nancy to have a lawyer meet him at the precinct house to which he was being taken.)

With Fein imprisoned, his father Irving announced to the press that there had been a horrible misunderstanding. Then Irving Fein went out and hired William Kleinman to supervise Mark's defense. A deceptively bland man, who wears rimless spectacles and who likes to be called colonel, William Kleinman has the reputation of being one of the ablest criminal lawyers in New York.

The New York County District Attorney's office prepared the case against Fein with particular care, since there was no doubt that Fein would have the best defense that money could buy. At one point Detective Leman grew impatient with Gloria, who, during questioning, showed a penchant for being coy. Leman shouted at her and called her what she was.

"Don't think you can push me around, you Gestapo louse," Gloria remarked.

"Don't call me a louse," Leman said. Soon Gloria was shouting that she took her whole story back and before all that was resolved, Mark Fein was free on bail.

He was sent back to prison on October 19, 1964, the day he went on trial for murder. It was a long trial. Kleinman spent day after day asking Gloria about her background. As he probed, he managed to retain a faint expression of distaste. "How," he was asking the jury, "can you believe a person like this?"

As the trial proceeded, Fein began assuming a characteristic posture. He would lean back in his chair, thrust out his chin and seem, for all the world, to be contemplating the process of justice like a critic. Observers had to keep reminding themselves that the smug-looking fellow, leaning back, was actually the defendant.

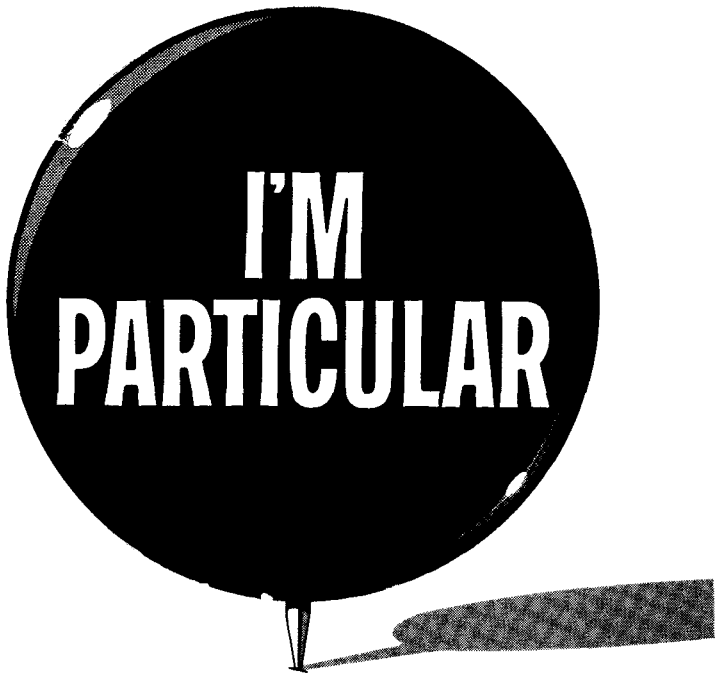
Nancy Fein offered an alibi for her husband. She testified that Mark had been with her at the time of the shooting. As is his Constitutional right, Fein did not take the stand in his own defense. Later, in a long summation, Kleinman reminded the jury that Thanksgiving was coming. The jury deliberated for two days before filing into the courtroom on November 25.

Fein stood, expectantly, chin still outthrust. "Guilty of murder in the second degree," said the jury foreman. It is a verdict that calls for 20 years to life. The Mark Fein everyone had seen vanished. Smugness drained from him as blood had run out of Ruby Markowitz. While the jurors were polled, Fein slumped. When he was led away, his face was absolutely white. Waxen.

Professionals feel that Kleinman did an excellent job in saving his client from a first-degree murder conviction and possible electrocution. "We will appeal," Irving Fein announced and, still going for the best his money could find, hired Louis Nizer to do the job. "Now I ask you," Detective Lyons says ironically, "wouldn't it have been cheaper to have paid the bookie?"

It is probably too much to expect the principals in the Fein-Markowitz case to profit from their lessons. They still believe in bookmaking in Williamsburg. There is no indication that Gloria Kendal has joined the Peace Corps. Mark Fein in prison looks sallow, but a psychiatric report says that he appears to be without remorse. It is too much to expect these people to understand that you cannot wander even a little from the proven ways of morality without approaching the border of chaos. Although they all enacted a modern morality play, they seem not to know it.

But in a small, haunting way, some good did come from this ridiculous murder. On the first anniversary of Markowitz's death, his family invited Detectives Lyons and Leman to a Jewish cemetery, so that they could witness the unveiling of a monument. Lyons's eyes glisten as he talks of Markowitz's 12-year-old son, praying in Hebrew over the grave. "You know," he says, a little embarrassed, "it was the first time in my life I wore a *yarmulke*." Well, they asked him to, so maybe they have found something out in Williamsburg. □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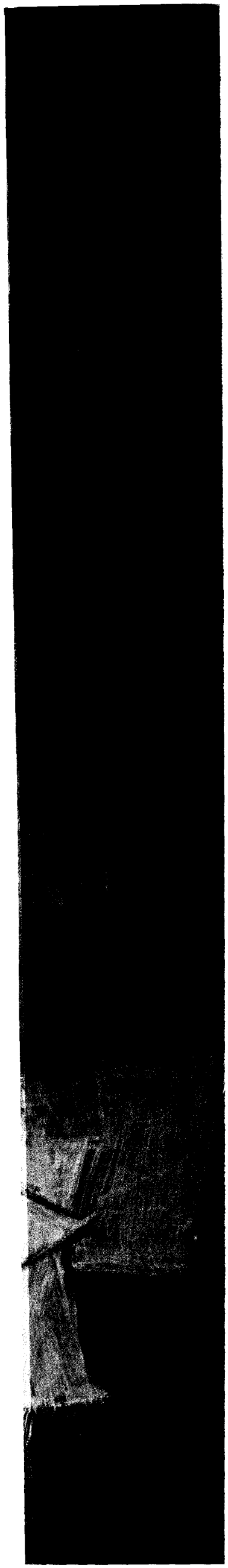
When a thief breaks into an apartment, what he steals is far less disturbing than what he leaves behind.

# The Intruder



My name is Neil Wainwright, and I am a teacher. Professor of history. Sixteenth century. Married. Thirty-four years married. Wife's name: Elizabeth. One married daughter: Ann. I haven't seen Ann in nearly ten months. It seems too long. I live in a place I've loved for seventeen years, in a block off lower Fifth Avenue that has trees, and grace, and quiet people. This apartment is a rambling duplex, and I am writing not in my own workroom but in a small room upstairs.

Tonight Elizabeth is at a concert with friends and I am alone, searching for something that I have not yet been able to define. Something—well, faceless. I've said "panic" to myself all week, but that is just a dodge. I know it. What lies *back* of panic is the question.

I keep writing, running along, and I am reluctantly aware that behind me is the window through which someone entered this room one warm night last April. Is that what I am looking for? Perhaps. Yes, that night must be the starting place. And was it because of that intrusion, though it wasn't much in itself, that I came to the room tonight? I think so.

It really is rather a ridiculous little room. It makes no sense, has no coherence, though it can start memories up like rabbits. Ann is in it, so to speak. It was her room for three years before she went to college, and she left a few tokens. High-school texts; a clay model she made of her poodle which is quite good. She was only thirteen. The proportions are rough, maybe, but the thing is alive.

On the daybed is one of Elizabeth's handbags. She used to leave a row of them there—she often dresses in this room—but since that night in April she generally keeps them out of sight. The burglar went through them, and afterward they seemed unclean to her. She brushed and rubbed them half the next afternoon. Then there are filing cases and stacks of big envelopes, all full of work I finished long ago. Cards I made out in Gloucestershire and other places. On the table in front of me is a round, smooth, honey-colored stone. I picked it up in a meadow in Greece. It's not a fragment of anything that I know of, though it could be. I just believed that it must have been there when the temples were. With some things you don't have to care too much about verification. They connect. Besides, the Greeks aren't my field, and I can imagine them to suit myself.

So, begin with the burglar—or at least with the burglary, for I never saw him. Elizabeth saw a shape. Our bedroom door is next to the door of this room. The night was warm. We had put on the air conditioner, which, of course, made a sound in the room. Opposite the bedroom door is another door giving on an outer stairway. Elizabeth heard someone moving and groping in the little hall between. She thought I had got up and was ill or confused, and she called to me, and I woke up and answered from the bed beside hers. The stair door opened, and a man slipped out, and it closed behind him. All I saw, half awake, was a burst of light and the return of the dark; and then Elizabeth screamed.

I jumped for the door—a hero—but listened before I opened it. There was no sound, and no one was outside. No one was on the staircase. I shut and locked the door and put on the hall light. Elizabeth was standing in the middle of the bedroom. She is almost as tall as I am, but she seemed quite small. I could see her shaking. So was I. We just looked at each other, and then, at the same moment, hurried into Ann's room—this room.

The window was open, though not very wide. He must have been agile; he had come in over a row of potted plants on the sill. The handbags on the bed had been thrown about. There had been money in only one of them—a few dollars. Nothing else seemed to be gone. We went downstairs and I called the police, who came quickly. They looked around, asked questions,

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

By ROBERT HENDERSON

*Robert Henderson's stories, published in* The Saturday Evening Post, The New Yorker, Esquire *and elsewhere, have been collected in his book,* The Enameled Wishbone. *He lives in New York City, where he is on the editorial staff of* The New Yorker *magazine.*



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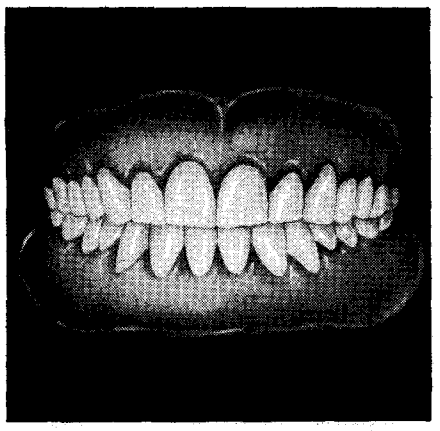

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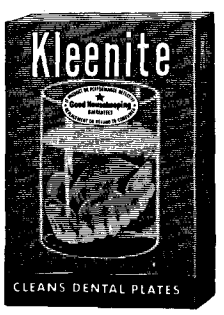






and left, and we waited there awhile without saying that what we were waiting for was dawn. When it came, we went upstairs, and before going back to bed, looked into the room again. I closed the window, feeling an odd distaste at touching it. Elizabeth found a few nickels and dimes on the bed and table, and then a little red coin purse lying in a corner of the hall. I picked up a large number of burnt matches from the rug. He had been lighting matches—for how long?—a dozen feet away from us while we slept.

Now it suddenly seems strange that that was all there was to it. It happened half a year ago, and this room is still always *that* room. Worse things—terrible things—have happened to peaceful people. A man happens to jostle another man and is followed and stabbed to death with a broken bottle. A woman rings for her elevator and finds her husband in it, shot through the heart. But this place is not the street, or some alien corner of town. It is where Elizabeth and I live—where we and Ann have lived, full of certainty—and it was entered by stealth, invaded in darkness by someone silent and faceless.

Certainty. I suppose that may be the word I am reaching for at the moment. How do you write down what the place you live in is to you? Seventeen years' worth of the growth of certainties. That's enough to lay a soft luster over the rooms and the furniture and us. It didn't always exist, either; there have been changes and storms—even here, at first. But this apartment lies at the physical heart of a kind of enclave, a haven. The Avenues at each end are busy, but our block is apart and knows it. When you turn into the block, you feel as if you had entered a private place, come through a gate. It has legends of ghosts in old town houses, and other minor traditions. It even has a tame beggar—a tall, watery, middle-aged man with a foolish smile, who turns up each spring and cruises the block once or twice a day during the good weather. He pets the dogs and picks up a few coins. People tolerate him. He isn't around *too* much, and he's part of the scene.

No one seems to move away. Some of the neighbors get up a caroling session at Christmas. We've never joined in, but it is extremely pleasant to hear. So yes, it is a scene where certainties develop. For instance, the certainty of things in balance—weatherproof, watertight. The certainty of safety.

Elizabeth and I didn't sleep any more that morning, and the rest of the day was out of kilter, though we pretended it wasn't. We would catch ourselves speaking low and listening to nothing. We weren't afraid. There was nothing to be afraid of. But I know I felt displaced, or somehow guilty of defilement, and I resented it. I gave two lectures. I wanted to cancel the second and get back home, but what for? To startle Elizabeth? I had bolts put on the doors, which did seem sensible. I fitted a two-by-four into the upper frame of that window—I told myself I did it to calm Elizabeth—and ordered a special window lock. And then, going through the room while she was cleaning handbags, I saw a smudge of black at the edge of the rug. It was sticky. We hadn't been talking much about the burglar, so I didn't point it out, but I knew that the roof next door was newly tarred, and I saw smears of black on our gutter. Later, I found a grimy empty match packet under this table. He was hard to exorcise. We had been asked out to dinner that night. When we got home and were preparing for bed, I saw Elizabeth absently look back of several doors. As I came out of the bathroom, she was closing the one to the staircase. "There's some of that tar on the landing," she said offhandedly, and we went to bed without turning on the air conditioner, though the night was warm again.

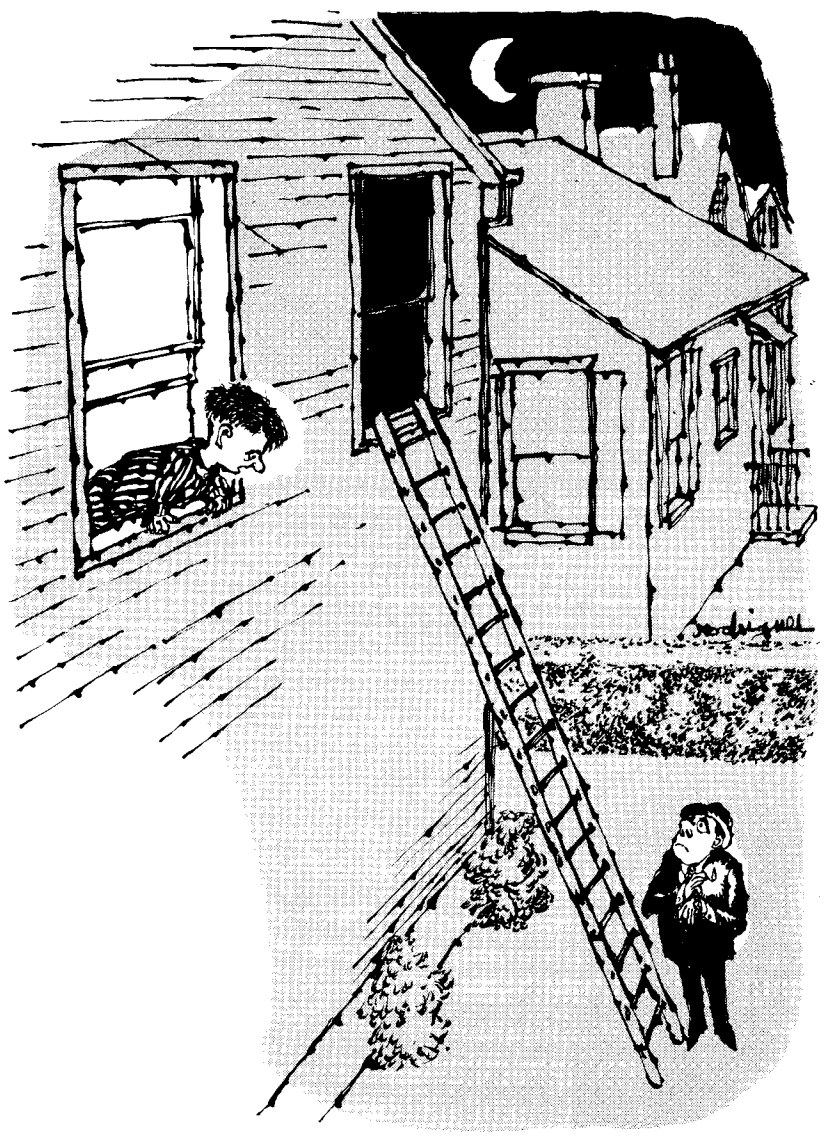
The window lock came in less than a week, and I put it on, myself. It seemed more than just a device to secure a window—more like a promise that the nights, and days, would be as they always had been. The window is a dormer, with triangles of wall on either side. I installed the lock to the left of the frame and tightened it, and as I turned away I saw a clear handprint high on the right-hand wall. He was not gone yet. I scrubbed it off at once, and never told Elizabeth it had been there.

Perhaps, because of later events, I am dwelling too much on how upset we were—perhaps I am even magnifying it, but I think not. At any rate, that is what happened. We tried to forget the intruder, but for a long time untethered pronouns would keep slipping into the talk—just "he" or "him" or "his." "He must be small," Elizabeth would say, out of the blue; or, "I wish I could know who he is, or *what* he is." She seemed to need to give him a face and a definition. It bothered her that he might be someone she had passed on the street, and she began to scrutinize all grocers' boys and repairmen.

Between then and now, a secretary has been shot down at her desk in a college office, no one knows why—no one but the person who shot her. A quiet, elderly woman has been strangled for two dollars and thirty cents in a great hive of a building not far from here. A middle-aged teacher has been raped and killed in her own hallway. These are the incidents that happen to come to mind at the moment; there have been a hundred others, and, in a way, our burglar has been guilty of them all.

I used to walk everywhere on this island, sometimes with Elizabeth, sometimes alone, often at night. We would stay up prowling small bars or penny arcades, or the Washington Market. Once we waited all night to go out on the Brooklyn Bridge at dawn. "The whole thing belongs to you, doesn't it?" Elizabeth said, as we stood looking back at the skyline. I had just been given some sort of promotion, and that was why she said it. I like to recall how her face looked.

I love to be in strange sections of Manhattan, to turn a corner and come unexpectedly on trees, or glimpse a ship. I love the way darkness comes into the streets, while the sun still burns on the windows of a building that has, itself, turned dusty red. And such things as I am putting down here used to add up to a curious contentment. Lively but casual. Free. One recent winter, there was such a snow that no cars were allowed on the streets, and people poured outdoors and wandered in them.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She's still at the hairdresser's."



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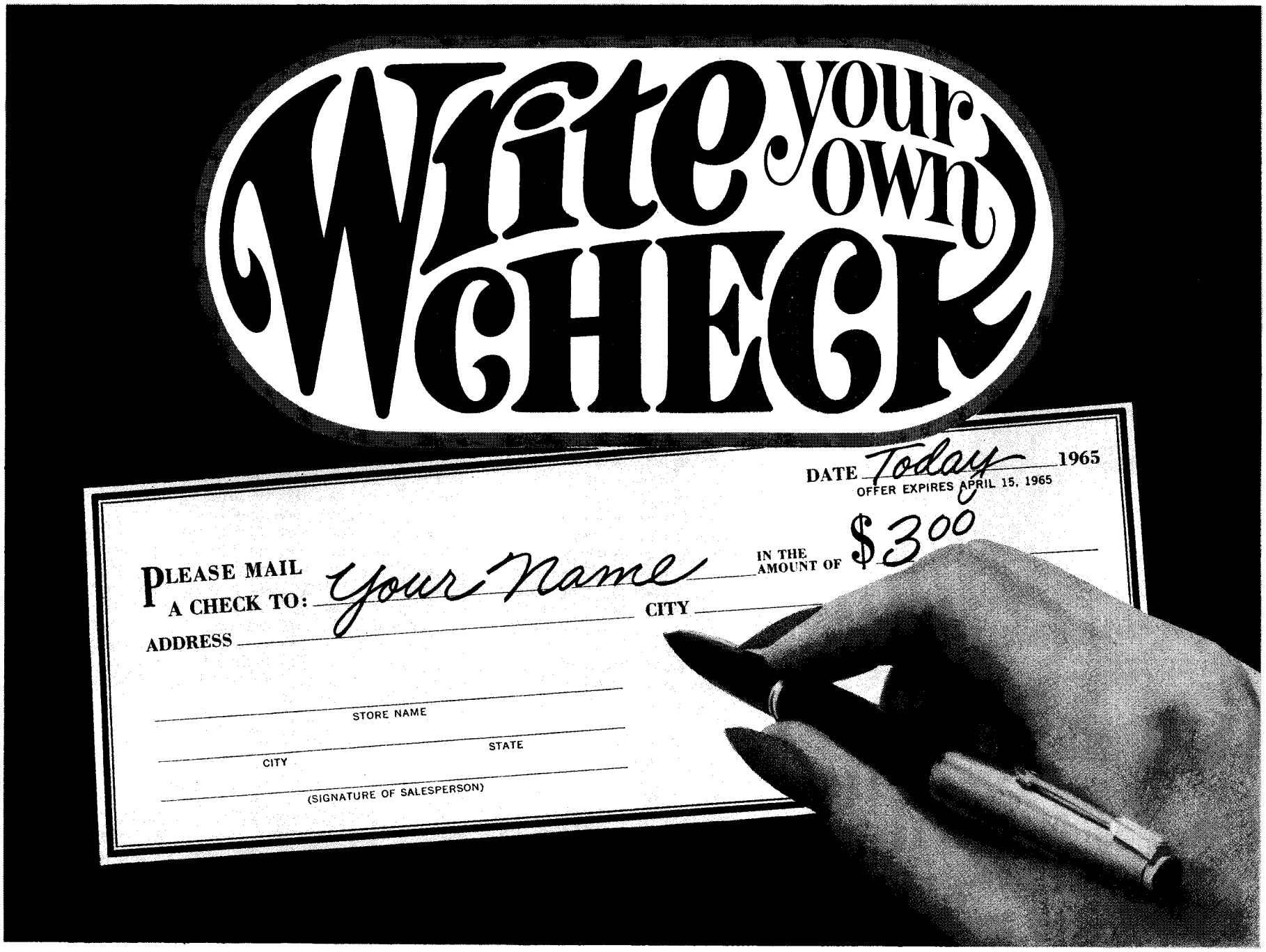


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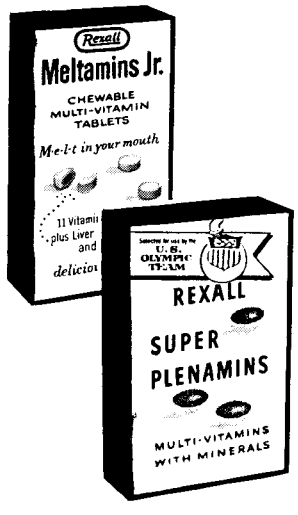


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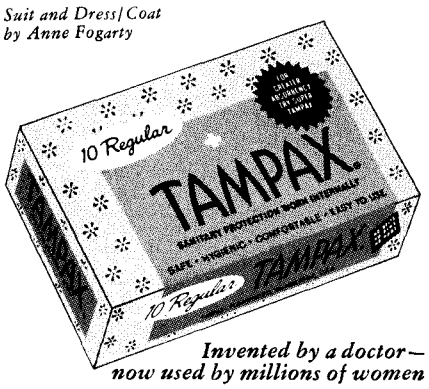


***Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women***




Neighbors became friends. The goodness of the city was boundless. I guess I did know better, but that was how it seemed.

Well, not now. For a while, Elizabeth gathered a small bouquet of suspects. I don't think she really believed in them herself, but she needed them. She remembered a skinny painter who had once worked in our building. She tried to believe that the block beggar was a burglar's lookout, though even she wouldn't argue that he could have made the climb to this window. Later, she recalled that when the man who picked up our laundry had been ill, a lithe little Puerto Rican had taken his place.

And as Elizabeth narrowed the field, I widened it. Before long, I had stopped thinking about one man. "He" had become "they," and I was conscious of all the stealthy and violent men. Facelessness became a multiplicity of faces. And now I think I am coming to one of the things I was afraid I would find out: All of the faces, or most of them, were dark. Black, or at least swarthy. I think I pretended they weren't. I tried to blur the picture or dismiss it. I had never yet confronted prejudice in myself; it was something I was not supposed to have. But the faces were dark. After a while, some of the faces changed. Pale ones crept in. Addicts. Sick boys. Crazy ones. Drifters from the Bowery, or from the South or West. "They" come from everywhere; they *are* everywhere, and they are of all complexions. But most of the faces were dark for quite a while. Eventually they blurred, and violence grew anonymous again. A climate. A component of the air. Every so often you read of a stone thrown through a window of a commuter train; a commuter has an eye put out on his way home. Done by the climate. A young girl, going home at night from a graduation party, is picked off by a sniper from some anonymous roof.

But even home is not always safe. One is aware of that in spite of new locks and bars. Elizabeth is not safe. I sometimes wonder what I would have done if I had wakened and found the man there in the bedroom with us. I don't know. I believe I would have tackled him somehow, but only out of confusion or shock, or because it would seem incumbent on me in Elizabeth's presence. That is the only way I do anything brave—under pressure or grimly. Something is expected of me, or expected by myself. Mostly I try to evade the need—and I am evading now. I am stalling. I do not want to face the fears I have for Elizabeth. Too explicit pictures come to the edge of vision sometimes, and I deny them, refuse them entry. One day when Ann was four, she was playing outside with a part-time maid, who left her for a short while. I went out, just by chance, and saw a squat, unshaven man with her. He scuttled away. I thought she had never looked so tiny. She said he was nice—he had promised to buy her candy and take her to a park, and I can feel again, now, the sensation in my belly. They would have been gone around the corner in a minute, and I have never let myself imagine beyond that.

Well, I am not going to imagine what harm could come to Elizabeth. I want no harm at all to come to her, and there must be other ways of thinking this through. For instance, start with the old stone, there, that came from Greece. There is more clinging to it than a doubtful antiquity. When I brought it home, it was also a kind of token, a private promise that wherever I went afterward, Elizabeth would go too. It has been a paperweight in here for a dozen years, but that is how it got here. I've kept the promise. It has been easy.

That Greek meadow is a shallow green cup that tilts to the edge of a high cliff beside the Aegean Sea. I could see islands, I remember. I went there in search of presences. I was also there because I had ruined Elizabeth's plans for a summer on Cape Cod by banging off to do research in Naples, and then going on to Greece just to show her that I could. Independence. Rubbing it in. We quarreled too much, in those days. I was always snatching at traveling grants and fellowships to get away. I liked to put on a bit of swagger, for one thing, and I could never enjoy it around home. I liked to wear jaunty old soft-brimmed hats and carry a blackthorn cane, and look appraisingly at people. I don't suppose they took much notice, but I thought they did.

Elizabeth and I were very far apart by that summer. We scarcely wrote, and I was miserable from June until late August. But I hung around there in that meadow all my last afternoon in Greece, turning this stone in my hand and feeling no presence except hers. I grew peculiarly happy, and somehow I made peace with myself and, in my mind, with her. I don't know how I managed it—effect of the pale-gold light, the sea; maybe, after all, the other presences. Or else I felt that I deserved a reward for having been so miserable. Now that I was going home, I calculated that I didn't even need to be forgiven. And I forgave Elizabeth for her part in all our wars. I meant it, and with love.

Yes, but there was so little to forgive. Even tonight, when there is nothing whatever left of those old quarrels, they seem immeasurably sad and wasteful. She would plunge into some needless piece of housework afterward. At midnight, her hair flying, she would passionately wax the kitchen floor. (Her hair is very fine and light, and it has always flown a little.) I thought then that she was showing me how put-upon she was, but now I know she was also setting her house in order against the time when order would come back to it. She has always longed for order.

She has found it. We have it. That was a turning-point summer. The battles stopped. They never were the large part of our life, only the worst part. We've traveled; the fellowships still come, and the college is generous with time. But getting back here, to Manhattan and to this smaller island of our own within it, has always been at least as good as going away. Certainty and order. I haven't been to Greece again, but someday we will go there. We will try to find some presences. I think Elizabeth will feel at home with them, and they with her. *Nothing* must happen to her.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I pity the poor wrongdoers on a night like this."



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So, then—what does lie back of panic? What is the deep source? That is what I've told myself I was looking for, chiefly, and all these matters of fear and love may add up to part of the answer, but not to all of it. Now I had better set down quickly what happened that night last week.

I went to an evening meeting uptown. I sometimes carry my blackthorn cane at night, and I had it with me. Coming home, I wasn't able to get a cab, so I took the subway. I got off at Fourteenth Street, walked down Sixth Avenue, and turned into our block, and a man stepped out of the shadows around a tree directly in front of me and stood blocking my path. I was badly startled, and I swung and pushed at him with the cane in an awkward, womanish way, but he didn't speak, just loomed there. And then—and I assume this was panic—I hit him with the heavy end of it, and he went down. It happened fast. I will have to try to remember at what point I recognized him. This is crucial. It was our foolish beggar. For a minute or so I was sure that I had killed him. I felt as if I might be drowning.

It was panic and it wasn't. That day, some boys with knives had run loose on a subway platform, cutting two men and a girl selected at random. Nothing really untoward had happened on my own train, but a man—yes, a Negro; and yes, I do know now that this must have mattered to me, at least a little—had been across the car, talking to himself and swaying and lurching, and watching me, but he had stayed there. And the beggar is white.

I didn't want to touch him, though I thought I must. If Elizabeth had been there, of course I would have. Everything would have been different. He moved and grunted and sat up. He was facing away from me, and I walked backward to the corner, where there is a police call box. The man got up. He went east slowly without looking around, staggering a good deal. I called the police and reported an injured derelict wandering in this block. By then, he was gone in the darkness, but a police car came and drove slowly down the block, and stopped near Fifth Avenue. I had waited just around the corner on Sixth, and now I followed at a distance. The car stood a while. I suppose they picked him up. They left, and when I walked down there, the block was empty.

There it is. A ludicrous affair with an unspeakably shabby ending. A nineteenth-century caning in the streets. A twentieth-century panic. But something besides panic swung the cane, for before I hit him hard, I recognized him. And I hit him more than once. I don't say that I could have stopped my arm. But—I have to say—I *wanted* to hit him.

No—not *him*, I suppose. He is harmless. I never for a moment thought otherwise. He was only going to try to wheedle a small donation. He stands and simpers at you before he comes to the point. I knew him, but at the same time, he was—well, faceless. Irrelevant in himself, but suddenly one of *them*. I may have been defending myself, my ordered life, from them, but I know that just for a few seconds there, I joined them. I can't say what's fear and what's hate—they are all but synonymous. But I know you can get a lot said with a few swings of a blackthorn cane, and then you have to figure out what it was.

I will find some anonymous way to make amends to him. I would like to think I could face him, but this is an evening for at least approximate truth. I can find him. He has not been back, but I saw him from a taxi yesterday, in a seedy block of rooming houses and small stores, shambling along as usual, smiling his silly smile. He seemed all right. But why did I remain anonymous *then?* Cowardice? No. No, no—not really. I just didn't want to get mixed up in a mess. Well, I have *never* wanted to be mixed up with anyone but Elizabeth and Ann and a few friends, or anything but my work and selected pleasures. But for a long time now, Elizabeth and I have been caught up inescapably in the climate, the violent air. The intruder came, and in a sense, he stayed. In this room. In our lives. In me.

Yes. There it is, at last. In me. And in me all along. Sleeping, but there. Fear that had no call to stir out of doors, becoming hate, in all the good years. The faces were dark because of something in me. Something embedded. I have been thinking of that stealthy little man as an invader, but perhaps he is more of a resident, after all. Sometimes, when Elizabeth lies awake, I can guess that she is listening, more than half expecting him to come back. But now I know that he has been here all the while. We may never really exorcise him, but we must try. □

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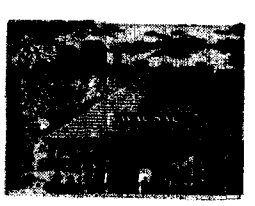

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**It's true that each man's search for Beauty takes a different direction, but anyone starting his quest in Greenwich Village is just asking to be led astray.**

# ST. AUGUSTINE'S PIGEON

*By Evan S. Connell Jr.*

*Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I loved Thee! And behold, Thou wert within, and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee; deformed I, plunging amid those fair forms which Thou hadst made . . .*

Muhlbach closes the book sharply. How long must this continue? he asks of himself. Everywhere and always this theme recurs, spirit opposing flesh. I'd thought I would escape, but as Augustine would say, Alas! Yes, indeed, alas. Here am I dressed up for the twentieth century, affluent, reasonably affluent, stuffed with trivial comforts, with a home in a borough, two children, and my wife is dead. The pain of deprivation subsides neither more nor less quickly, I suspect, for me than it ever did for him; and the body's flesh does not care for sentiment more now than in past millennia, conscious only that it has been deprived. What is more selfish than the body's appetite?

He taps the book with his index finger, a bit didactically, and puts it on the shelf. Rising from the depths of his green leather reading chair he walks to the window; there he stands for a long time with a meditative and dissatisfied expression. From across the river Manhattan confronts him.

It's possible, he says aloud, that I ought to acquire a mistress. I've said to myself that I should live moderately, which I have done, but too long. My spirit is suffocating. I've all but forgotten the taste of pleasure. It's as though I'd eaten plain bread for a year. What is ordinarily sweet and natural to other men seems as exotic to me as frangipani or a glimpse of Zanzibar. My senses are withering. My fingertips have memorized only the touch of paper. I need to court an Indian dancer with bells strung to her ankles, I need to go out shooting tigers, smoke hashish, explore the Himalayas. God knows what I need.

He turns from the window and critically looks at the room where he spends so much time. It is a comfortable room, this study he has established, a sanctuary, a rectory filled with books, a few photographs, records, a humidor, the substantial chair—yes, and it has become odious.

Muhlbach suddenly clasps his hands as though he were about to drop to his knees before an idol and offer up some passionate supplication. There are times a man must liberate his soul, otherwise he's in for trouble.

If I do not, he says, but persist in guiding my life, the reins of it beneath my thumb—well, who knows? It is not moderate or reasonable to live as immoderately as a demented anchorite plucking thistles for a shirt, suffering voluptuous hallucinations. A woman could save me from myself. And surely it should not be difficult to find one, not if I proceed logically.

Just then Mrs. Grunthe, that paragon, that archetype of sense and logic, brusquely raps at the study door.

Eight o'clock. Supper's on the table.

Whereupon she returns to the kitchen, muttering. But Mrs. Grunthe always mutters, whether the day has been good or bad. The plink of mandolins sounds no different to her than the crash of lightning; in fact, it would be alarming, thinks Muhlbach, if her disposition improved.

Eight o'clock, he says softly. I'm sure it is. Exactly eight. This, too, is my own doing. How many times has Mrs. Grunthe laid out supper at eight? The hour does suit me, the emanations of the day are gone, it all seems natural. The children are ravenous by six and I'm never home by then, so we eat separately. It's as though I have no family anymore. Yes, I'm exiled from delight, he thinks, opening the study door.

And what do we have for supper? Chicken à la king with peas. Hardly a banquet. Mrs. Grunthe for some reason likes to prepare chicken à la king. We have it too often, I wonder if I should let her know. The problem is, she's not good at taking hints. What was last night's supper? He pauses, napkin half-unfolded, and tries to remember what he was given to eat twenty-four hours ago, but cannot.

I believe I'll have a little wine, Mrs. Grunthe.

This isn't Sunday, she answers. Sunday being the day he is in the habit of opening a small bottle; nevertheless she plods off to fetch it.

This isn't Sunday, he remarks when she's out of hearing. Has my life sunk to such a pattern? I ask for a bottle of wine on Saturday night and my housekeeper comments. She may even tell her friends about this strange occurrence. Next thing you know, Bertha, he'll take to drinking on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and every other blessed day of the week. You can go a long way to hell with little steps.

And furthermore, Muhlbach announces silently when she reenters with the wine, I intend to go to hell, Mrs. Grunthe—very quickly, if I may say so. I'm planning to catch myself a little something, Mrs. Grunthe. What d'you think of that, eh?

Will you be wanting anything else?

Muhlbach is startled. The wine, of course, that's what she means. Will I be making any other odd demands, that's all. She wasn't reading my mind. And he is tempted to ask: Why? Are you going out? For a moment the thought has come to him that Mrs. Grunthe is about to take a lover. She's going to slip away from the kitchen and run barefoot through the night, one hundred and eighty pounds of nymph, to the eager arms of Salvador, the mechanic. Salvador has been drinking coffee in the kitchen when he should have been flat on his back on a dolly under an automobile at Sunbeam Motors; God knows what intrigue has been prepared.

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*Evan S. Connell's stories have appeared in many literary quarterlies and have been reprinted in the* O. Henry Prize Stories, *the Martha Foley* Best American Short Stories *and in other anthologies. He has published a collection of stories,* The Anatomy Lesson, *and two novels: the widely admired* Mrs. Bridge *and* The Patriot. *This spring Simon and Schuster will publish another collection,* At the Crossroads, *which will include* St. Augustine's Pigeon, *as well as two stories published in* The Post *last year:* The Suicide *and* Leon & Bebert. *Mr. Connell is now living in San Francisco, where he is the editor of the important literary magazine* Contact.

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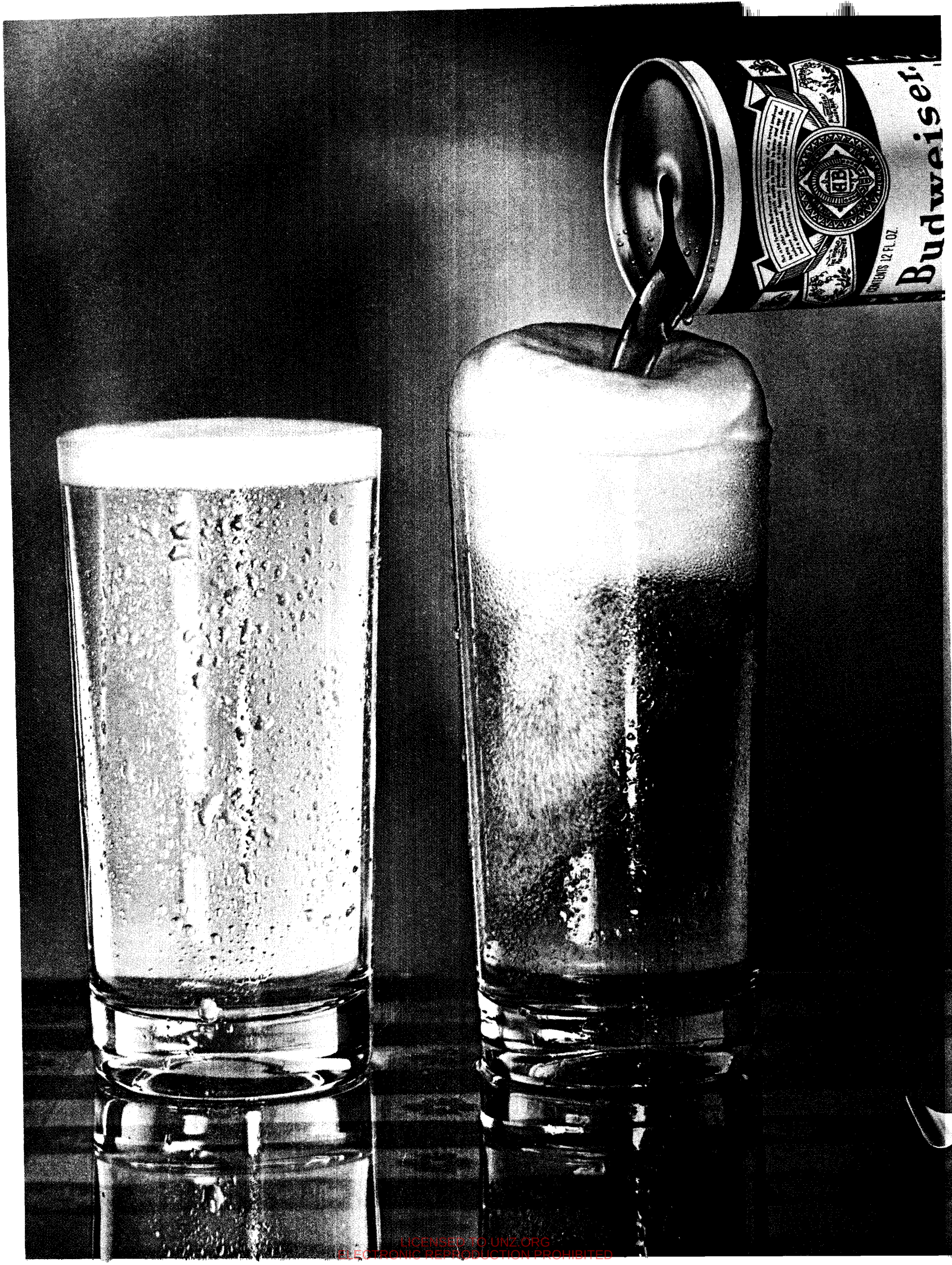


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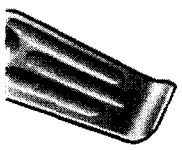

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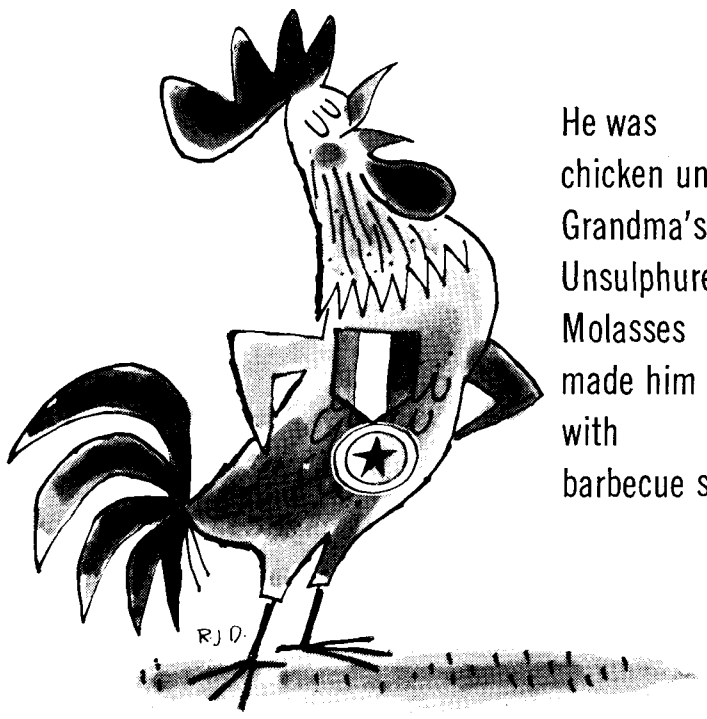

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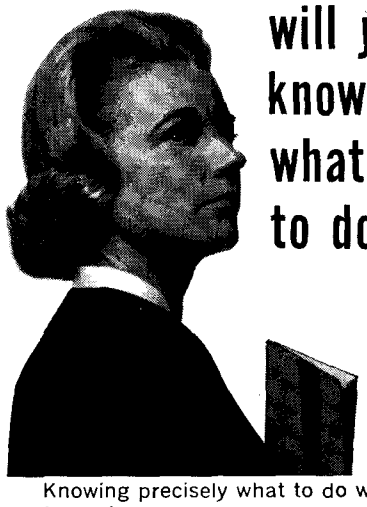

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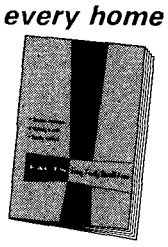

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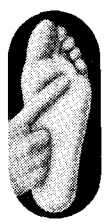

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## ST. AUGUSTINE'S PIGEON

No, no, nothing else, Mrs. Grunthe. How are the children?

Both quiet. Donna's gone to sleep, Otto is in his room building a model airplane.

That's fine. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Grunthe, I'll be going to the city for a little while this evening.

No response.

Muhlbach feels a trifle let down; after all, it's justifiable to expect some curiosity. He pushes his fork at the creamed chicken and eats without appetite. It is not the stomach that's hungry.

When he has finished eating he doesn't linger with a cigarette but immediately goes upstairs to Donna's room. She is thoroughly asleep, too beautiful to be real. No doubt she is dreaming of princes and castles and white horses with flowing manes.

Otto in his room is just as quiet; he is gluing an insignia on the airplane and cannot be distracted by much conversation.

I'll be going out for a while, Otto.

Okay, says Otto.

I won't be late. If you want anything, Mrs. Grunthe will be here.

Okay, I know it, says Otto.

So the house is in order, the inhabitants making their usual rounds, and Muhlbach considers himself free to do what he pleases. He heads for the shower, thoughtfully, fingering his bald spot. I'm going out to attract a woman, he thinks, and not by the use of my wallet; that may not be easy, I do look a bit professorial, but still it's true that women aren't so fussy about appearances as we are. And I'm not ugly, it's just that I look uncommunicative, as though I had a briefcase full of government secrets. I wish I didn't always look so stiff, but what can I do? Maybe I should try to smile more often, my teeth aren't bad. Well—step right up, ladies! One insurance expert in average health, slightly bald, slightly soft at the hip, more perceptive than most, but also more constrained than most, seeks passionate and exotic companion between ages of eighteen and—now really, let's not be absurd! Begin again. Between ages of twenty, no, twenty-three, for instance, and, ah, thirty-five. Thirty. Twenty-six. Must be, ah, sophisticated and, umm, discreet. Abandoned. The more abandoned, the better. Everything that I am not but would like so much to be. A young lady experienced, unbuttoned, gluttonous, uncorked, self-indulgent, drunken and totally intemperate. Never mind if it is an adolescent dream, never mind. There may be no such woman this side of Singapore, but I won't settle for less. Not for a little while.

What about Eula?

Thank you, I believe not, he says to himself in the mirror, cautiously parting his hair and frowning. Eula Cunningham is comfortable as a pillow is comfortable, which at times is quite enough, but sometimes is not. Eula is yesterday's bouquet. Eula is a loaf of bread, unleavened and thirty-eight years old, if I'm any judge. Thirty-two, she claims. Maybe. She gives me the feeling of thirty-eight. I don't say she's stale or hard, no, no, it's just that she's like any domestic beast, or a geranium on the windowsill, and let the metaphors fly where they choose.

Straightening up, he draws a long breath and studies his chest. It is not impressive. He exhales. No, it is not impressive at all.

He turns the shower handle, tests the water with one hand, shivers and wraps a towel about his pale shoulders. There he stands meditatively naked, curling his toes into the fluffy blue rug while he waits, a sight to inspire terror in nobody, the image of no feminine dream. He thinks again of Eula. Madame Everyday, that's what she is. Eula has the instincts of Mrs. Grunthe and fifty million others. Proper sisters, all of them. Eula won't be pinning an orchid in her hair or shimmying across the room, not now, not ever, because she never has, because it would attract attention, would be rather flamboyant, cause eyebrows to lift. She won't fly away to Las Vegas to play roulette, she won't practice the Lotus position. She is, in fact, just like me, reason enough to catch a cat of another color.

Muhlbach flings away his towel and thrusts himself beneath the shower as if he were plunging into a waterfall.

Mrs. Grunthe is downstairs waiting, arms folded, when he descends. Miss Cunningham has telephoned. What about? Mrs. Grunthe didn't ask, obviously doesn't care. I'm expected to call, he thinks, Eula's hoping I'll return that call but I won't. I have other plans. Tonight I hope for the taste of Hell.

Good night, Mrs. Grunthe. If Miss Cunningham calls again you can say that I'll get in touch with her soon.

Ten minutes later, underground and attached to a metal loop, it seems that he is already halfway to Hell. Rocking through the tunnel he reflects once again that the professional aestheticians have been wrong, utility does not equal beauty. Some opposite dictum may lie closer to the truth. What is most useless or inefficient, say, is most appealing. What is more wasteful and extravagant, for example, than the epitome of sexual allure known as the chorus girl? But again, how is sex identified with beauty? It's a knotty problem.

Emerging from the subway, he sees just ahead, or thinks he does, a familiar profile. It's difficult to be positive, the crowd is gathering, shoving through the turnstile, and she is gone. He hurries a few steps farther, stands on tiptoe, looks and looks, then turns around searching every ramp, but she's disappeared. He goes to the phone booth.

Yes, she's listed in the book. In fact, she is listed twice. Blanche Baron on East Seventy-third, Blanche Baron on MacDougal Street. Which Blanche is real? Which is the red-haired Blanche with the poise of a lacquered mannequin whose husband killed himself? He guesses that she would not be living on MacDougal, not with her taste for elegance. He studies the number on Seventy-third. Here is the opportunity. Of course, the opportunity is not new; it is just that he's never thought of calling her, she has seemed so Continental and gelid, distant and expensive and bathed in rumor, a mistress of shadows. She is a figure in a French novel and he could not visualize himself with her. She must think of him—if ever she does think of him—as an office grub who has yet to recognize the exceptional perfumes of life. Persuading a woman that she has been mistaken can be a tedious process. Muhlbach hesitates.

If it was indeed Blanche getting off the subway, then ipso facto she can't be at home and therefore to call her now would be a waste of time. On the other



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hand, she probably doesn't ride the subway, ever. She might be home. Still, it's Saturday night, very unlikely that she's there, she's more apt to be at somebody's penthouse.

He cannot make up his mind. But then suddenly he puts a dime in the slot and dials. The telephone rings just twice. A male voice answers.

I think there must be some mistake, says Muhlbach. What number do I have?

The voice reads off the number he has dialed.

I'm calling Blanche Baron. Is she at home?

The voice asks who is calling Blanche.

It occurs to Muhlbach that this would be a good point at which to hang up. Something is wrong. If a man answers, hang up, that's the classic advice. But it has never happened to him—he has never called a woman without knowing the circumstances—and he finds that the idea of simply hanging up the receiver is both rude and cowardly. It smacks of being in some woman's home and dashing out the back door while the husband comes in the front. It's a bit farcical. He wants no part of it. Blanche is single, so far as he knows, a widow with whom he is acquainted and whom he has every right to call. He cannot bring himself to hang up, although he is certain that he has the correct number and also that Blanche's situation has changed. That male voice has such a proprietary sound.

He introduces himself to the unknown, explaining that he is acquainted with Blanche. Then he listens, expecting a congenial response, and hears nothing but hoarse breathing.

Is this by any chance her husband? he inquires, for it's possible that she has remarried.

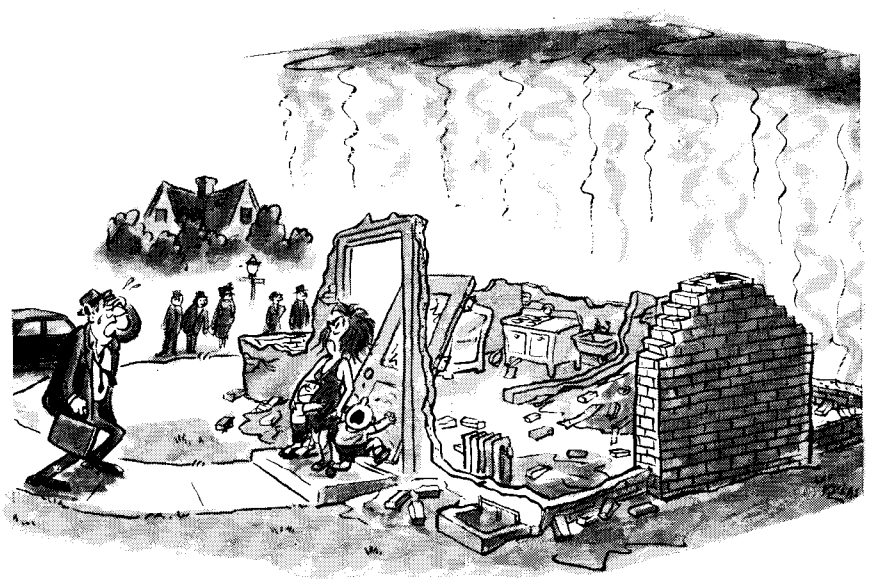
The owner of the voice evidently is too confused or annoyed to speak. The receiver at the other end of the line is clumsily dropped in its cradle; Muhlbach, at once a little surprised but yet not too surprised by this treatment, is left holding a dead instrument. He feels insulted by such tactlessness, and for a few moments does not hang up. However, there's nothing else to do. Nor would there be much point in calling again. Does Blanche have a new husband or a lover? He suspects it is the latter, and this is oddly gratifying. All right, she has found someone, so will he.

Out of the phone booth he pauses to settle his hat and straighten his tie before the mirror of a chewing-gum machine, then briskly walks up the steps toward the surface world. Blanche might not have been an appropriate mistress in any case. Probably she wouldn't. It's just as well. He feels a bit relieved. Talking to her could have been quite awkward; no doubt she would have thought he was calling in regard to her policy. And for a woman she's tall, close to being a flagpole. She's graceful and sensuous, true, her movements are feline—she knows what men are all about. Isn't it a pity that this experience couldn't be housed in the satin corpulence of Eula Cunningham? Now there would be a woman, thinks Muhlbach, there would be something!

Exactly what sort of girl should a man have? The possibilities are infinite. A ballet mouse, agile and quiet and seldom noticed? Or a more heroic piece of goods? One of the great madams, say, regal and unforgettable, with a cold eye and a bank account and scattered parcels of real estate, supporting her amplitude behind black corsets like a formidable gift from faraway provinces. Or an actress dressed up in hats and veils? A society girl—somebody you could introduce to senators? Well, he thinks, who or what's waiting for me? My shoes are polished and there's money in my pocket. Not a great amount, but enough for tonight. I'm ready for adventure. Now, let's see, where shall I find it?

He stops walking and looks around, for it occurs to him that he doesn't have a plan in mind and has allowed himself to be carried half a block by the crowd. Well, the logical place to begin hunting for an available woman is in the middle of town, is it not? Yes, all right. What happens next?

I'm going this direction because of the people alongside me, he reflects, but this is foolish. Suppose I work my way into the contrary stream, where will that lead me? What should I do? I ought to do something, I ought to make a positive gesture. Take the ferry to Staten Island? That doesn't seem appropriate; if I should meet a strange woman on the ferry she'd be apt to have a book tucked under her arm. She'd



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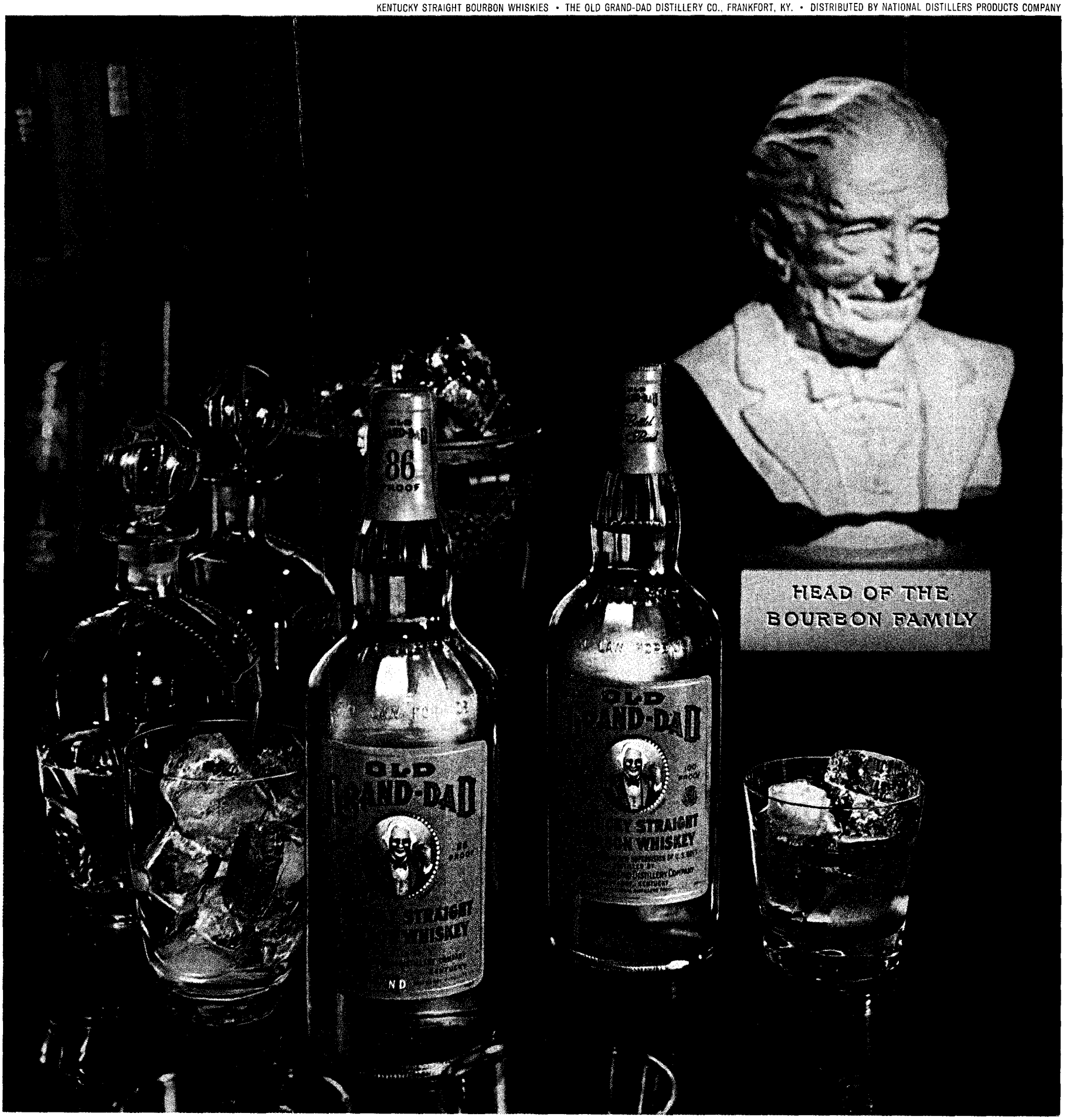


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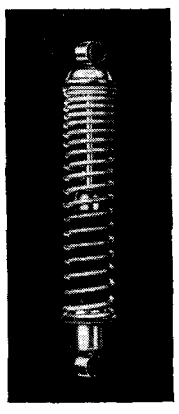

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wear spectacles and her hair would be a tidy bun. No, no, I've come to Carthage for the sizzling and frying of unholy love. I won't go to Staten Island.

He studies a billboard advertising a musical comedy on which there is a chorus girl fifteen feet tall. The corner of the billboard is streaked with birdlime. This does not add to her appeal, but it can be overlooked. What sort of mistress would she make? Avaricious she is, there's that look in her wickedly tilted eye. But also there's little doubt that she is passionate. This, he thinks, is the sort of woman I'm after, the question being merely how she's obtained. Must I buy ticket after ticket to the same seat and sit through this absurd entertainment for God knows how many weeks until she can't help but notice me? Is she worth all that? Six dollars for each performance. It would cost a hundred dollars before she so much as recognized my face.

If not a chorus girl, what? A cigarette girl, possibly. That would not be so glamorous, but after all I won't be taking her to Sun Valley or the Riviera where she would need to be introduced. And philosophers tell us that one's like another, attraction is where we find it. What about a model? a Tintoretto creature living in a cold-water flat, whose friends are intellectual and consumptive. That might be stimulating, a substitute for the youth in Paris that I never had. It's not too late. I'm just past forty, and artists and their kind are notoriously indifferent to age, among other things. Yes, that might do. Well now, I could pay a visit to Washington Square and see what's going on. I don't want a receptionist or a secretary or a teacher or a female executive or Eula Cunningham. What I require is something in spangled tights—a cocktail waitress, for example, who works at some extraordinary place with a shadowy reputation, where they ring a bell and girls come sliding down a fireman's pole. That sort of thing. Something on that order. Yes, or a flamenco dancer from Barcelona.

Where does one meet these women? They exist, one sees them on the stage, sees their pictures in magazines or in the Sunday supplement as a result of some affair under the most bizarre circumstances, hears of them having leaped naked into the Tivoli fountain. But otherwise, where are they concealed? Why are they not more available? Are there not enough of them to go around? Do they live secluded in Hollywood harems and in Fifth Avenue apartments with gold plumbing? Occasionally one does see them on the street near the entrance to Saks, say, or in the lobby of an elegant hotel. But they are unapproachable. They are guarded by watchful eyes, by the very mystique of their existence. They are not for the man who works conscientiously in his office at Metro Mutual, now and then removing his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose and wonder where life has gone. They are not for him, they are not seen with men who carry briefcases and who ride the subway hopefully reading *The Wall Street Journal* for news that a moderate investment is prospering.

I have forty-five shares of General Motors, says Muhlbach to himself, and I have sixty—thanks to the split—of Allied Potash, plus several bits of this-and-that. It's a tidy egg, for years I've watched it hatching, but there's a certain type of woman who'd gobble it up. I must remind myself to be careful. Yes, I'll be cautious.

It seems to him that already he has compromised his security, and quite possibly Mrs. Grunthe suspects him of squandering funds that must be kept safe for Otto and Donna. But Mrs. Grunthe, he reflects, has assumed more significance than she deserves. A housekeeper she is, that's all; yet she functions like a guardian of virtue, implacable, honest, devout in her brutal Anglo-Nordic way, and a terror to every spot of grease, every germ that seeks to invade the house.

It occurs to Muhlbach that he needs a drink. At home he customarily has a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What I can't stand about this place is that there are so damn many bleeding-heart liberals up here."



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Daiquiri before supper, and because he did not have one this evening he thinks he will have it now. There is a nice place that he remembers on Lexington, so he turns that direction, and presently is seated at the bar with the Daiquiri between his fingers. The place is busier than he remembered, he has not been here for almost a year, and it has been remodeled. He observes the comings and goings through a gilded mirror and sips his drink. Then, because nobody is looking at him, he has a look at himself. It is luxury for a man to gaze at himself in public; women are allowed the privilege, men are ridiculed. Well, he decides, women also are ridiculed, but with affection. There's a difference.

He glances from side to side. Nobody's noticed, so he continues to study the image in the mirror: It appears to be that of a man who is either ill or exhausted. The lips are compressed. The eyebrows lean toward each other. And at this moment, Muhlbach thinks, I could not possibly smile. My head feels molded, each feature set. I do believe I'm made of papier-mâché.

Just then two Hollywood people walk directly behind him and are ushered to a table. The woman's face and body are recognizable, although he cannot recall her name and does not think he has ever seen one of her movies. She is wearing a white leather trench coat unbuttoned at the top—what can she be wearing under it? Of course it's impossible not to stare at her, and inevitably their eyes meet. She looks at him boldly, for so long that he feels the blood rising to his face and is relieved when she looks away. Was there some meaning to this look? Can it be that she is tired of the pudgy director or producer, or whatever he is, and has issued a discreet invitation? Could it happen?

Muhlbach again stares into the mirror: The actress obviously is bored, she is yawning. Her lips are tinted not red but white, and have been outlined with a pencil; there is something inordinately sensual about this.

She is offered a cigarette. She leans forward, the leather coat bulges.

Desperately Muhlbach watches her preposterous body. She is not amusing, however ridiculous. Grotesque she may be, but amusing she is not.

Quickly he steps down from the bar stool and avoids glancing at her while he makes his way to the street. She will have nothing to do with him; if she stared at him with such insolence and challenge it was merely what she had taught herself to do; she would return any man's gaze.

But what he has seen cannot be forgotten and he strides along angrily, sober and baffled. It seems to him unjust, unjust that he must spend his life and energy among women such as Eula, ordinary women—unimaginative, average, modest women. It is not right. He feels obscurely cheated; it seems to him that if he were given the chance he could prove himself with the half-mad actress in a way that he has never proved himself before. He clenches his fists, halted by a red light at the corner.

Indemnities, cordial handshakes, briefcases, promises, raincoats, percentages, statistics, a drink before supper—too many years of it, too many years, he thinks bitterly, and discovers that he is walking along Fifth Avenue. There's a bus approaching; he realizes that he has been intending to get on this bus and go to the Village. All right, why not? He has not been to the Village in years.

He rides down the avenue with a fixed, irritable expression. He sees nothing. He does not know who is sitting next to him. He thinks again of the actress, of her flesh and the white leather coat. He has been on the periphery of another kind of existence, one infinitely more exciting, one that he is not privileged to share. He has not enough money to buy himself into it, does not have any creative talents that might win a place for him, nor friends who already belong. He is excluded, he can come no closer to this actress than imagination will take him; it is no good saying to himself that she is stupid and vain, that within a decade she will be meaningless. It is dry comfort every night to turn a book's thin pages.

He is surprised that the bus has stopped. The driver is looking at him strangely. Everybody else has gotten off.

Muhlbach steps down and brushes against a young girl in black leotards and a turtleneck sweater who is dismounting from a motor scooter.

Alors, she cries, prenez garde, s'il vous plait! But the accent is American.

I'm sorry, says Muhlbach, I should have watched where I was going.

Just then an odd-looking youth appears, dressed in a cape and a plumed hat, takes the motor scooter and wheels it away; apparently it belongs to him

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and she had borrowed it for a ride around the square.

Sale cochon! exclaims the girl, snapping her fingers at Muhlbach.

He looks down at her with annoyance. The insult is nothing, the fatuous expression of youth, but he is irked by her pretense. She's not French, he doubts that she has been farther from home than the Cloisters. She is not more than seventeen, undeveloped, with delicate rebellious features. On her thin chest hangs a chunk of turquoise at the end of a leather thong. Very well, she has chosen to play at being what she is not, so will he.

Et vous-même, ma petite? Est-ce que vous êtes si propre? he answers crisply, gratified that he has not forgotten everything learned in school. He sees at once that she is startled; her assumption had been that he would not understand. Now she gazes at him respectfully and he guesses that she has exhausted her knowledge of French. Her Village sophistication is badly torn, she may be even younger than she looks.

Are you a Frenchman? she asks, a bit derisively; but it's plain that she wants to know. She wants to believe that he is. She wants to believe that he has just arrived from Paris.

I'm twice as French as you, says Muhlbach.

Dad, you're too much! she replies, suddenly at ease. I mean, like, you're making the scene!

Muhlbach flinches slightly at being called Dad. It's true there's considerable difference in their ages. Well, it is true that chronologically he might be her father, but still she shouldn't call him that.

As a matter of fact, yes, says Muhlbach, since you put it in those terms, I am making the scene.

Well, dig, dig, Daddy. I mean, go!

This doesn't make sense. Is she suggesting that he leave, or what? Maybe she's wishing him a pleasant evening.

Comment t'appelle? he inquires.

Je m'appelle Rouge, she grins. Too much, Pop! You're the most!

Rouge? That can't be your name.

She shrugs, very French. That's the bit. You want to paint the top, I'm Rouge.

Is this an invitation? What does she mean?

Rouge settles the question. You got some wherewithal? I mean, that is, you want to stand this chick to a little spread, let's make it. I mean, por exemplo, they chop the grooviest cheesecake at the Queen's Bishop, dig?

Fine, says Muhlbach. She means to take him somewhere. He will be expected to buy her a piece of cheesecake. All right, fine, why not? He feels exhilarated. He is being picked up. A tough little Bohemian in Greenwich Village has picked him up. For the first time since leaving the house he smiles. Let's go, Rouge, lead the way. Take me to the Queen's Bishop, whatever and wherever it is. I'll buy you a slice of cheesecake, Rouge, I'll buy you the complete pie if you want it.

Across the square they go. Muhlbach glances at each passerby to discover whether or not he is making a fool of himself, meanwhile half listening to Rouge, who's more talkative than he suspected. He cannot understand everything she says; she speaks an ephemeral dialect. If he could recall the patois of his own youth, which at the moment he cannot, would she comprehend? He thinks that when they are settled in the Queen's Bishop he will try to recall a few expressions and will try them on her.

The Queen's Bishop, what sort of place could that be? And then, as they walk by the last benches in the park he notices the chess tables. Of course! Coffee, cheesecake, sandwiches, interminable discussions about God, Communism, Art, Free Love, and a chessboard for the asking. That's the sort of place it will be.

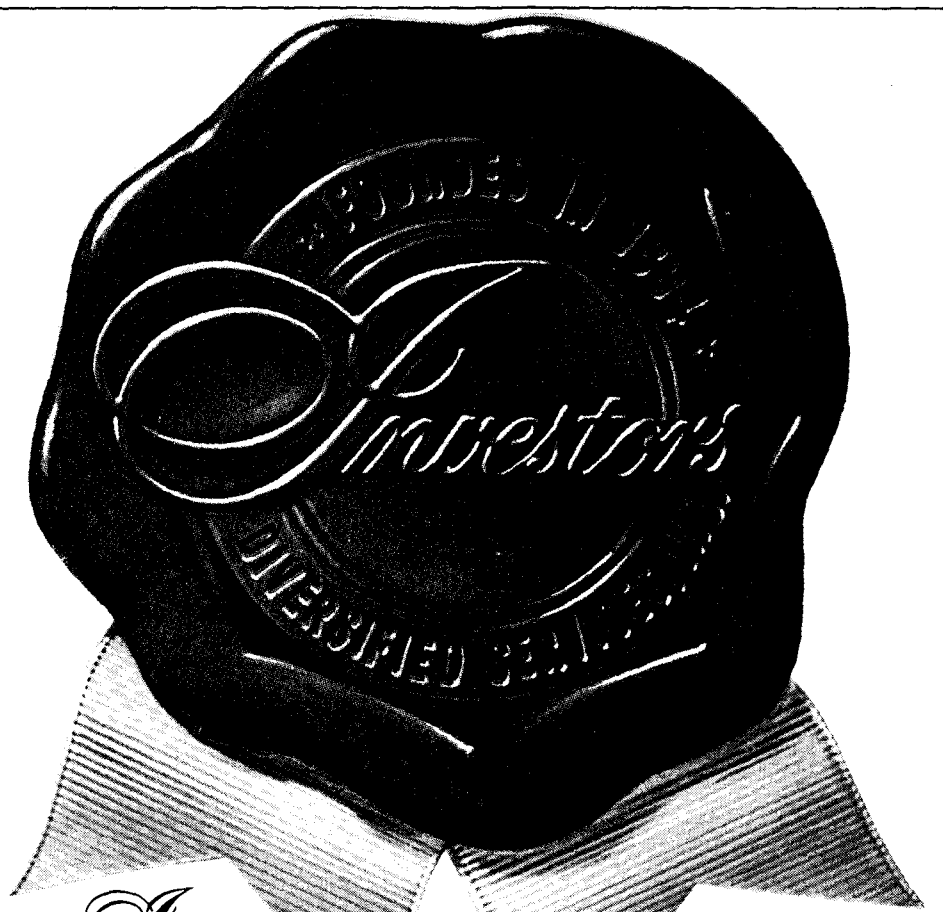
Rouge, talking enthusiastically, as though they had known each other for at least a week, leads him down one street and up another and finally down a flight of worn stone steps to a basement with a brightly painted door.

In they go, and the emporium is quieter than he'd anticipated. There are no loud discussions, no arguments. It's like a library, with everyone bent over chessboards instead of books. There's an Italian coffee urn on the counter, a case of pastries, a door leading into what appears to be a little kitchen, travel posters on the wall, and the proprietor—a dwarf wearing an apron and a checkered vest—carefully sweeping the floor with a broom taller than himself.

Bon soir Rouge, says the dwarf, grinning.

Bon soir Pierre, says Rouge.

Good evening, says Muhlbach, and takes off his hat.

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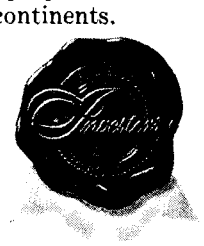

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Monsieur, the dwarf replies courteously, but goes on sweeping the floor.

So the Queen's Bishop is very much as I guessed, he thinks, pleased with himself; and though he is not hungry he joins Rouge in a slice of cheesecake—which is, as she claimed, delicious. He tells her so.

The most, Pop.

Muhlbach looks about the Queen's Bishop and wishes that he had not worn his business suit. With an old pair of slacks and a sweater he wouldn't feel so out of place; he might even have passed for an artist. But it's too late now, and if Rouge does find his suit rather bourgeois she has not yet commented on it. Anyway, this is the Village where unnatural couples are not considered strange.

How about a game? he asks.

She hesitates, glances narrowly across the table at him, and Muhlbach's heart beats heavily. What has he said? Does 'a game' have special significance?

Man, says Rouge, nobody's going to believe this! You mean you really cross the board? What I mean is, like, I tell myself this cat's flacky, dig? I mean, you pulling me around? Like, if you are, Dad, cool it because this chick's got steeper stuff.

I'm not a bad player, Muhlbach answers. How about it?

Oh, ah! says Rouge, making a face, you are just the rookiest! You're greater than pot!

Yes, she's very young indeed, but it seems that she is willing to play chess, at least she has not said anything altogether negative, so he signals for the dwarf, who brings over a board and a cigar box filled with chessmen.

The game's not free, however. Thirty cents per hour, per player. Muhlbach pays, amused. One hour with Rouge for sixty cents, change that one might leave for the bartender uptown. Has he ever found a better bargain?

He takes a pawn in either hand, shuffles them, holds out his fists side by side, and Rouge taps one.

White.

She arranges the white pieces while Muhlbach, having glanced about the Queen's Bishop and found no one watching, begins to set up the black.

Rouge opens King Knight to Rook 3.

Highly unorthodox. What has she in mind? He bends his attention to the board, fingers in a steeple.

Like, Dad, she whispers, those are pretty great claws!

He discovers that she is staring with admiration at his hands. They are strong, neat, graceful hands; he is proud of them and has himself often looked at them and thought that he should have become a surgeon. These sensitive hands of his seem wasted when they have nothing more to do than shuffle papers, zip and unzip a briefcase, button a stiff white collar. Yes, it's a waste. They're the hands of an artist, of a musician, of a philosopher.

You do tricks? she asks, and he realizes that, incredibly, she is wondering if he is a magician. A magician! If only I were, Rouge, if only I were.

I sell insurance, fire insurance mostly, he says, and waits.

Too much, she answers.

Muhlbach opens his defense with pawn to King 4.

That figures, she remarks, nodding. Does she know me so well? he wonders. Am I that conservative? He's tempted to recover the pawn and start again, but too late. She moves quickly, Queen Knight to Rook 3, and Muhlbach stares at the board. What's the significance of this curious ploy? An expert counterattack would make short work of such a beginning; its weakness will soon be quite evident. But he hopes that she will somehow strengthen her position. He is indifferent to winning or losing, so long as the game lasts—it's playing with her that counts; and while he pretends to concentrate on the board he imagines a crumbling apartment on Bleecker Street where roaches climb up and down the rusty pipes and the odor of gas seeps from a blackened stove, and the blankets on a sagging iron bed are worn through and frayed. Late Sunday morning, he thinks, we'd have orange juice, coffee, and croissants, if that would please her. Read the *Times*, listen to Mozart.

She has moved again: He answers.

The game proceeds, pieces spread, are taken and dropped in the cigar box. But Muhlbach does not play with much enthusiasm. He is depressed by fantasies of Rouge; and that she resembles his niece is mortifying. Furtively he stares at her. She doesn't notice. She squints and glares at the board, savagely gnawing her lips.

He has felt, meanwhile, crawling over and around his feet, a small living object that demands attention. Rouge's foot? Could that be? With infinite tact beneath the table, concealed from the rude eyes of other chess players, has she sought him out? Her little foot, slipped loose from its sandal, creeps across his shoe, rubs affectionately against his ankle. He feels a gentle tug at his trousers, deft and knowledgeable, not the blind, clumsy tug of a human foot—there's a beast down below! He bends down to look. There is a hamster nibbling at his cuff.

Does this belong to you? he asks.

Rouge doesn't answer. One of her pawns is threatened.

Go away, whispers Muhlbach, go away, go away, you silly animal! and he nudges the hamster, which pays no attention. He discovers that it has eaten a series of little holes in his cuff.

Queen, says Rouge thoughtfully. En garde, Pops.

Muhlbach surveys the board. The attack is obvious, has been so for the past six moves. Check, he replies, a bit reluctantly because he doesn't want the game to end; but she has obliged him to close the trap. He leans down again and pulls the hamster off his foot, worried that he may receive a nasty bite, but the hamster patiently returns to its task. Muhlbach hisses at it, thinking that perhaps it is frightened of cats. But the hamster with beady eyes fixed on his trousers cannot be alarmed. Muhlbach does not know what to do. He gazes toward the coffee bar in hopes that the dwarf has noticed his problem, but the dwarf is nowhere in sight.

With a sigh Muhlbach returns his attention to the game. The cuff already is ruined, another few holes won't make much difference. He tries to ignore the gentle weight on his foot and the soft, persistent tugs. If only I had a piece of lettuce, he thinks; and says aloud to Rouge as he moves a pawn, Check. And, I'm afraid, Mate.

She doesn't give up. She has one move left, that's true. It's inconsequential, a bit embarrassing. She should have the grace not to insist on making it, but she does, she retreats grimly. He realizes for the first time that this game has meant something to her; it must have been important that she defeat him. Well, it's too late. He can't possibly lose, there's just no way to lose, none at all. He searches the board. Perhaps he could pretend that he was working on a more intricate and aesthetically satisfying Mate and thus justify the forfeit of a piece.

He looks up, aware of two spectators. They have come out of nowhere and now stand one on either side of the table, ragged and solemn, the natural companions of Rouge. One is the boy who owns the motor scooter, still wearing his cape and plumed hat, and smoking a stogie. The other, who appears to be about Muhlbach's age or a little older, is a bearded Negro with a beret and a snaggly grin. Why are they here?

Muhlbach cautiously picks up the enemy bishop, replacing it with his own. There's no need to speak. Rouge looks at him for just an instant; she is cold with rage. He attempts to smile; he feels guilty.

Cha-boom! murmurs the Negro.

The boy in the plumed hat removes his stogie and puffs a row of tiny smoke rings.

Thank you for the game, Rouge, says Muhlbach.

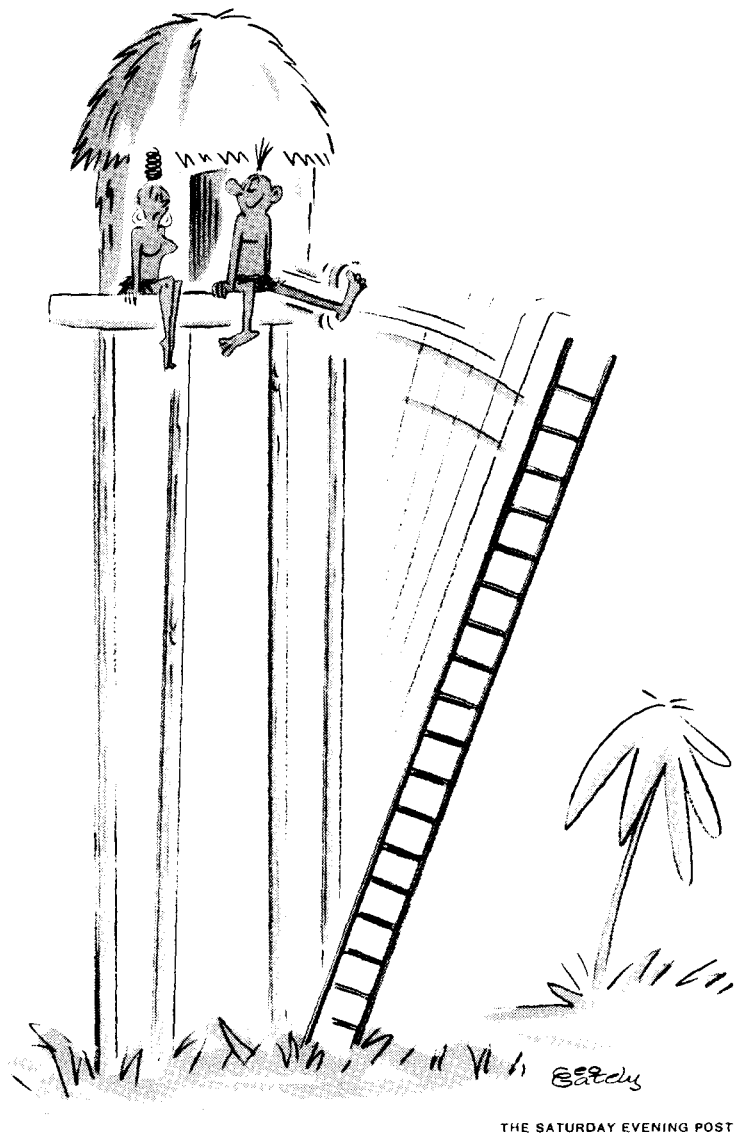
Oh, rookie, Dad, rookie. Cool it.

Cha-cha-cha! exclaims the Negro. Ba-zoom-ba!

Rouge, still peeved, introduces the visitors. They are named Quinet and Meatbowl. It seems they would like to sit down; in fact, without being asked, they do, and Muhlbach finds three pairs of eyes trained on him. Something is now expected of him. What can it be? He looks from one to the other. Quinet clears his throat and inspects that magnificent cigar. The Negro, who is humming and tapping his fingers on the table, does not once remove his gaze from Muhlbach. Nor does Rouge. They're waiting. But for what?

Muhlbach begins to feel uncomfortable. After a few moments he takes off his glasses, wipes them with his handkerchief, holds them up to the light, carefully hooks them on again. It is almost as though he were being initiated.

Perhaps—could it be? Has he been accepted? The defeat of Rouge might be significant. Yes, now that he thinks it over, no one in the Queen's Bishop paid the slightest attention until the end of the game was near, until it was plain that Rouge couldn't win. It was only then, he recalls, that a few heads began turning in their direction. Everyone in this place must be acquainted; they come here every night and have learned to communicate with each other as mysteriously as bees or ants; they've known what was going on. Rouge isn't a good chess player, yet she must hold some position of authority here and I've made a spot for myself by defeating her! For a moment he imagines himself coming to the Queen's Bishop night after night, growing bolder, being less concerned with appearances, imagines himself in a beret and a suède jacket, with a moustache and goatee, saluting Quinet and Meatbowl and Pierre with casual familiarity.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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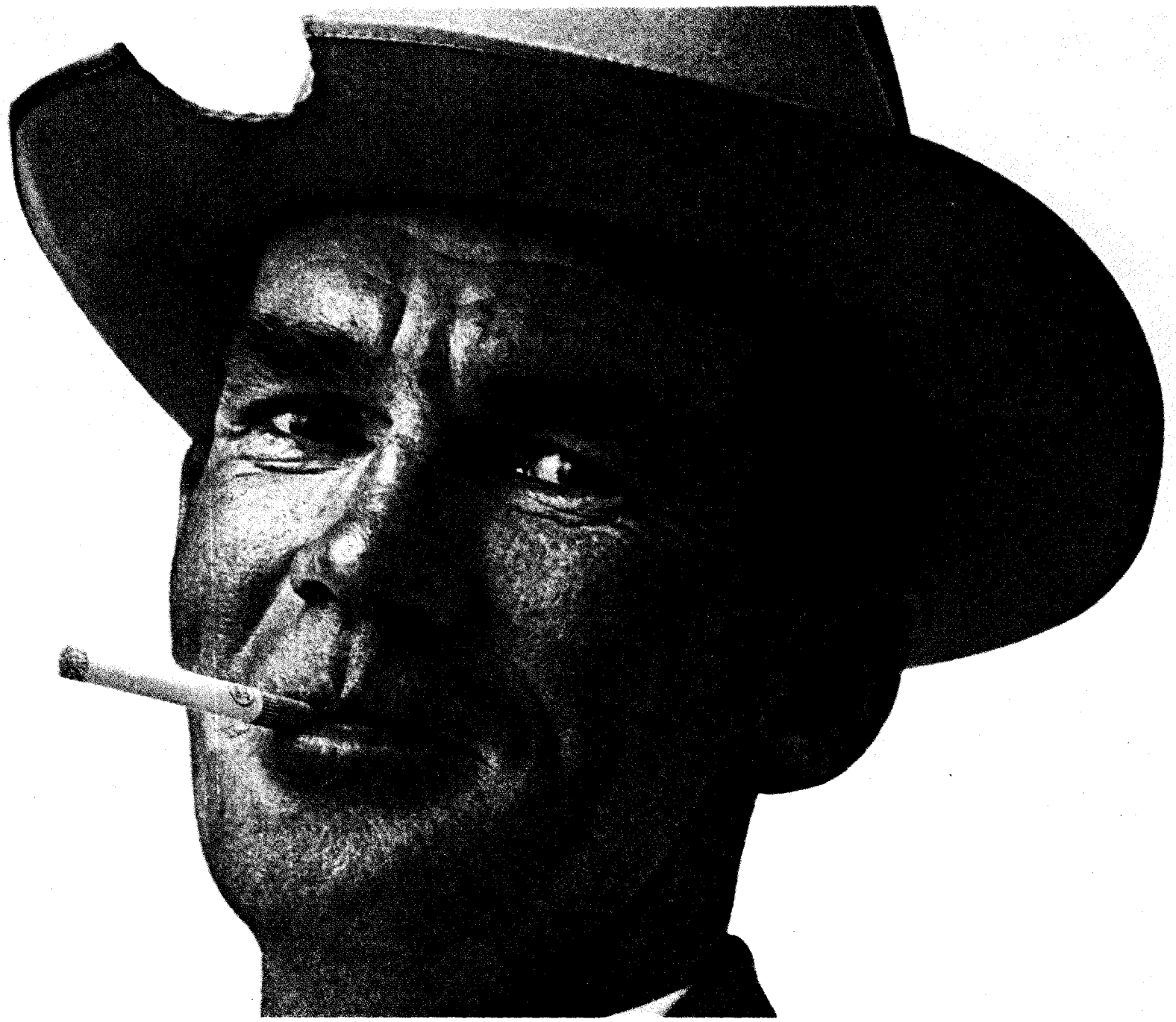
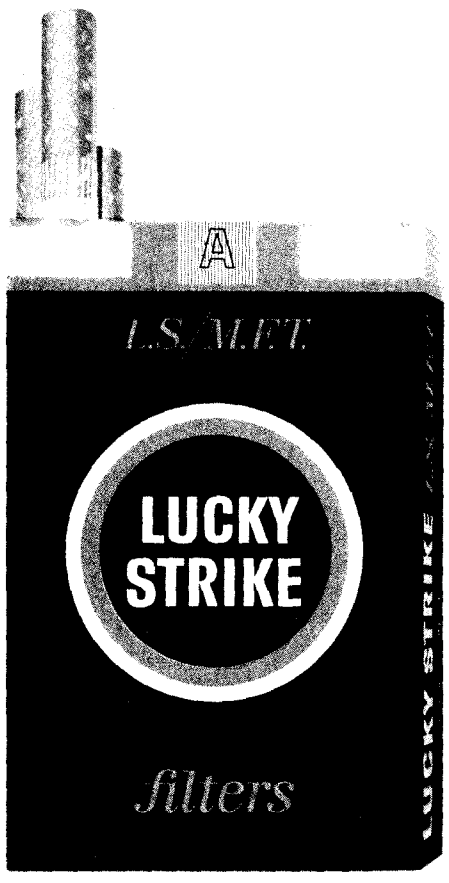
"What I said was: **Show me just one filter that won't take away the taste and I'll eat my hat!"**



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Muhlbach realizes that he is smiling, first at Rouge, then at her two rococo companions, for no reason except that they have welcomed him to the sanctuary of the Queen's Bishop. It is flattering, really. Do these people care about his business, his habits, his background, whether or not he has money? No. No, they are interested in him for himself alone.

He sees that Meatbowl is grinning; and Quinet grins, too, if not as pleasantly. Just then Pierre arrives, his head on a level with the table. Pierre is carrying a dented aluminum tray on which there are four large bowls of minestrone and some crackers. Obviously this is the rite, the moment when he becomes a member. Now they are to break bread. Muhlbach feels powerfully moved; he feels within himself something that he has virtually forgotten—a flow of love toward his fellow man. And that he should have rediscovered this community at such a humble crossroads! His eyes are moist with tears; he is tempted to reach over the table to take Meatbowl and Quinet by the hand. It is all so unexpected.

He blinks, looks down at the steaming minestrone. He is not hungry, and as a matter of fact the minestrone does have a doughy appearance, but he will eat it and love it because this soup is symbolic.

When he lifts his head, he finds the dwarf standing at his side, gazing at him attentively with one hand outstretched, palm up, ready to be crossed with silver.

The silence is profound. Every chess game has stopped.

At this instant many things become clear to Muhlbach, just as chemicals in a beaker of liquid turn instantaneously to one great glittering shard of crystal. Life is as it is, not as man wishes it to be. He has entered this house, which is not his own, which he had no prerogative to enter, and has been promptly recognized. I've been false, he thinks, and they have known it from the first. They knew me before I knew myself.

Now he is to be docked for this audacity, for having intruded. Now he must pay.

The dwarf is waiting.

No one speaks. Muhlbach wonders how he could have been so stripped of sensitivity. He, alone, is out of place.

And she has signaled these two—Quinet and Meatbowl, he thinks bitterly.

That leaves the sourest taste. The question now is whether to accept the imposition and pay for everybody's minestrone, or not. To do so is to avoid embarrassment, but at the same time to acknowledge a personal ignominy. Either way, I lose. If I object and complain that I've been taken for granted, if I point out that no one consulted me, say to the dwarf what he knows perfectly well—that he and they are in league to pluck me cleaner than a squab, just as they've plucked other innocents, no doubt—if I do raise my voice, what's gained? What's to be saved? Well, two dollars, but what else? Self-respect? Is this a thing that strangers are qualified to evaluate?

He looks at the dwarf's untrembling hand, the right hand of iniquity. In the Tenth Book of Augustine it is written that our fellow citizens must be also our fellow pilgrims—those who have walked before equally with those that are on the road beside us, and with those that shall come after us. We are meant to serve them, if we elect to live in the sight of God; to them we are meant to demonstrate not what we have been, but what we are and continue to be. But neither are we to judge ourselves.

Muhlbach reaches for his wallet.

Oh, Daddy, says Rouge, this gruel's the greatest. Quinet nods approvingly. The Judas kiss. Ba-boom-boom! says the feeble-minded Negro.

All of them are sure. They never doubt.

And when they have finished spooning up the soup, when the last noodle has disappeared, the final bean devoured, without one further word they get to their feet and go.

He is left to reign over the table, over four bowls—three of them as empty as the day they were lifted from the potter's wheel—four bowls and the mock ivory pieces of a lengthy intellectual triumph. The flesh—the flesh he coveted—is gone. Everything considered, it has been not unlike a vision in the desert.

Tell me, what's your name? he hears himself inquire again. Not Rouge, what's your Christian name?

That's it, she seems to say. Like what else is there, you know? A chick's got a short time and then it's night, you dig? So, like, express it uptown, Pop, because you and me, we beat a different skin.

But are not the senses of our bodies mutual, he wonders, recalling Saint Augustine, or is the sense of my flesh mine, and the sense of your flesh yours? If we are not the same how could I perceive all that I do?

Muhlbach disconsolately picks at the flaking table. His strength is gone. If he were at home he would fall into bed exhausted. How long he sits at the table he does not know. When he walks out of the Queen's Bishop no one looks up.

A warm wind is blowing through the trees. An ice-cream vendor waits at the corner. An artist who paints bucolic scenes on colored velvet stands hopefully beside his merchandise in the light of a theater marquee and the reflections from a thousand automobiles.

Muhlbach sits down on a bench in Washington Square. Through the arch he sees the flow of traffic. He hears, as though from a considerable distance, the noise of the city. He feels slightly chilled, as though he has been without food all day. It is a weakness of privation, abstinence that chills to the bone. The sickness is deep. It will pass, of course, and it's not fatal. Yet the cure is absurdly simple.

I'm both parts of a man, he reflects, body and soul. I think that the interior of me is the better, but it is also the weaker. How does any man resolve the conflict that continually rages between the exigencies of his body and the burning pod of the soul? I am famished for love and I despise myself, although it is much too easy to call myself dust and ashes. I know that there are things about myself that I do not know. Certainly now we see through a glass darkly, not yet face to face.

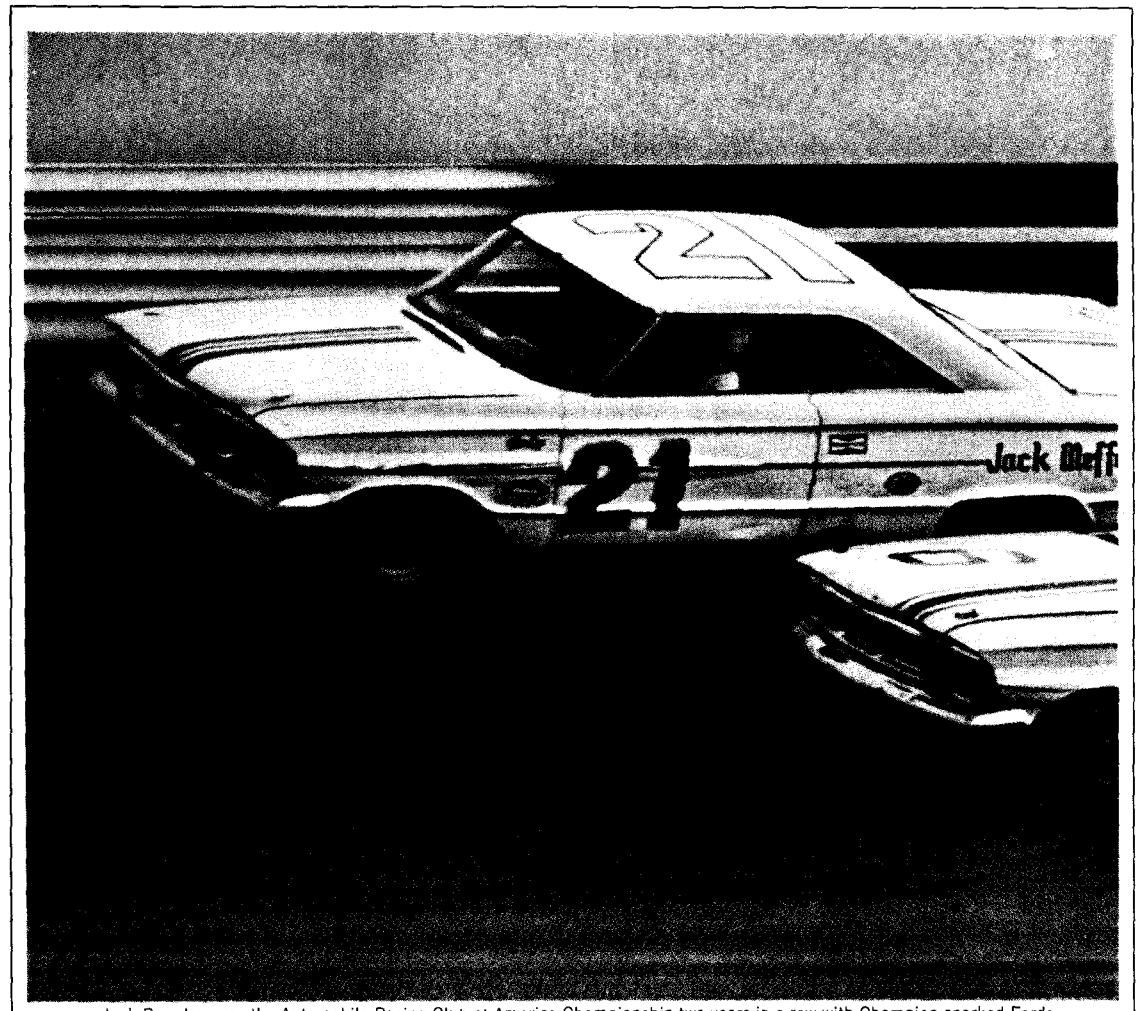
After a while he gets to his feet and walks to the curb where he waits for a taxi. He feels as though he has been mildly poisoned, or has had a quart of blood withdrawn; he sees his wife again, as though in a glass, her body is taut, her mouth yawning with excitement; but he cannot summon her warmth, and the living weight of her is no heavier than dust.

A taxi veers aside and stops. Muhlbach climbs into the back seat and orders the driver to take him to some nightclub—any one that's close by—so long as there are women in the show.

The taxi swerves and lurches through the Village, the driver cursing, and turns north.

Very soon he finds that he is being delivered to the Club Sahara. Apprehensively he considers the fluorescent sign, the doorman costumed as a sheik, and wishes that he were not alone. The club looks ridiculous but also a trifle dangerous. He has not been in any such place as this for several years.

Effendi, says the doorman, bowing and making a vaguely religious gesture



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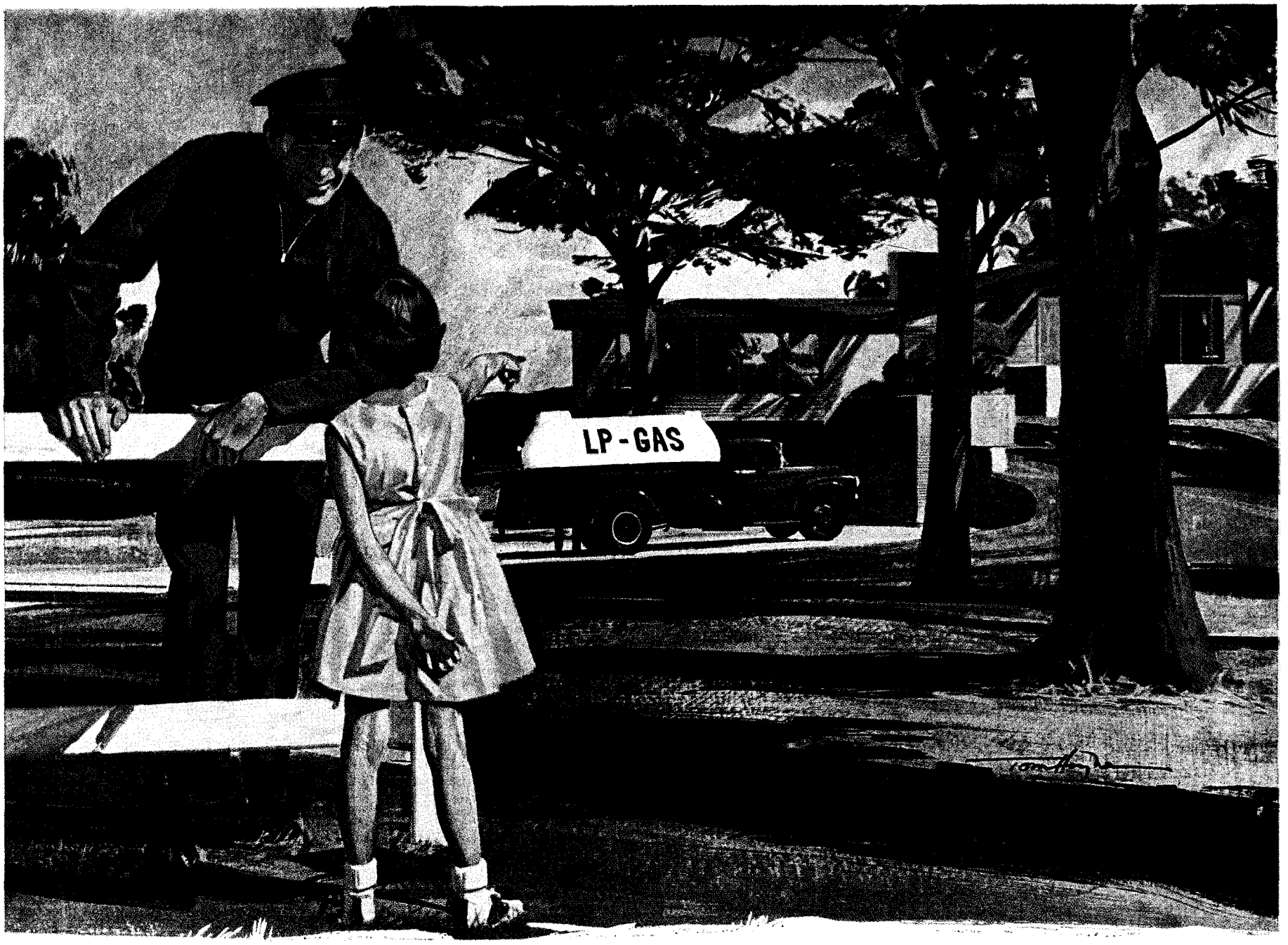


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with one hand. Don't miss the harem dancers. Exotic entertainment once seen only by caliphs in the privacy of the seraglio!

Muhlbach gives him a quarter and marches up the staircase to be met by another sheik. There's an admission charge, after which the curtains are drawn aside and he steps into the darkness. The show has begun. On stage sit four musicians, each wearing a tasseled red fez.

This way, effendi, says a voice. Muhlbach discovers that he is standing next to a figure in a white burnoose.

He is led to a table in a corner. The stage is partly hidden by a post. He shifts his chair, is nudged by some invisible party whose view he has blocked, and so resigns himself to what he has.

The table interests him; he has never been seated at a table so small. It is round and is about the size of a pancake griddle. A slave girl arrives by flashlight to take his order.

Meanwhile to the wicked clink of finger cymbals, Nila, here direct from Beirut, has undulated into the spotlight. Muhlbach polishes his glasses, settles them on his nose, and after crossing his arms prepares to watch the dance; just then the slave girl reappears with his drink. One dollar and fifty cents. He is a bit shocked. Considering the admission fee, this is too much. However, there's nothing to do but pay. She goes away to get change for the bill he has given her and returns almost immediately.

I'm afraid you've made a mistake, says Muhlbach when he has counted the change she holds out on a platter. It was a ten I gave you, not a five.

The slave answers that it was a five.

It was a ten, he knows, simply because he is meticulous about such things. He does not make mistakes of this sort, he never has. He remembers having looked at the denomination of the bill when he handed it to her. For a moment he wonders if he should simply give up and go home. The night to this point has been nothing if not a disaster. At best it has been a disappointment and at worst he has suffered humiliation enough to last the year. He looks helplessly at the ruins of his ten-dollar bill.

Will there be anything else, sire?

Not at the moment, thank you. For the time being this is quite enough.

Very good, sire. The slave girl switches off her flashlight and steals away.

On the stage Nila is swaying like a viper to the music of oud and darabukka. Flutes are wailing, cymbals clink. Her costume, which may or may not be authentic, consists of loose transparent pantaloons tied at the ankle, a gilded halter with loops of coins that dangle to her navel, and a Cleopatra bracelet squeezing the tawny meat of her upper arm. She dances as sinuously as though she were remembering the pasha who came to visit last night, and Muhlbach finds that he enters into the soul of her dance: America becomes distasteful—an insensate, vulgar, flatulent, bloodless subway nation of merchants, thugs and barbers. He considers giving up his position at Metro Mutual and moving to Beirut.

Nila melts to the floor, heavy strings of brass coins flowing. Her pale orotund belly possesses a life of its own. The jewel in her navel winks at him. Truly it is a wondrous belly—throbbing, heaving, pulsing, quivering. It trembles, it palpitates, it almost weeps, and then mysteriously vanishes but soon returns larger than ever, rolling languorously from side to side. Muhlbach is quite fascinated; he leans forward.

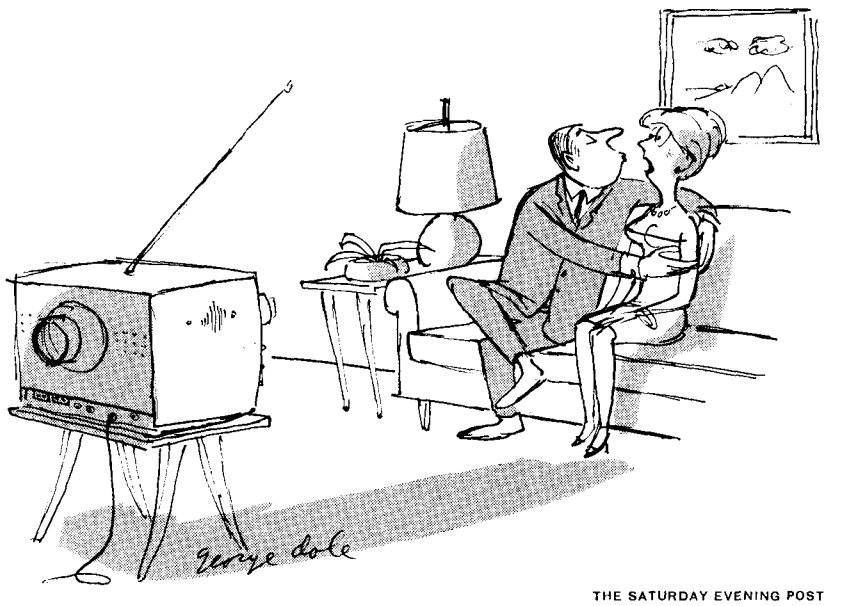
However, the slave girl is at his table. Would he like another drink?

No, he replies, but changes his mind. Yes, do bring me another. Mindful that money disappears in the Club Sahara as though it were dropped on a shifting sand dune, he searches his pockets to collect the exact amount, nothing extra. Not a surplus peso, not a drachma, no gulden, no dinar, no yen, no reis—in brief, not a pfennig.

When she comes back he is prepared for an ugly scene; but having collected for the drink, the slave girl slips away into the night without saying a word, so there would seem to be an arid truce between them.

Will she serve me again? he wonders. I suppose I'll be ignored from now on, or possibly bounced. We'll find out soon enough.

A new harem dancer is on the stage. Lisa from Port Said, direct from a triumphal tour of the capitals of the Middle East, the personal favorite of Sheik Ali Bey. She is slender and charming,




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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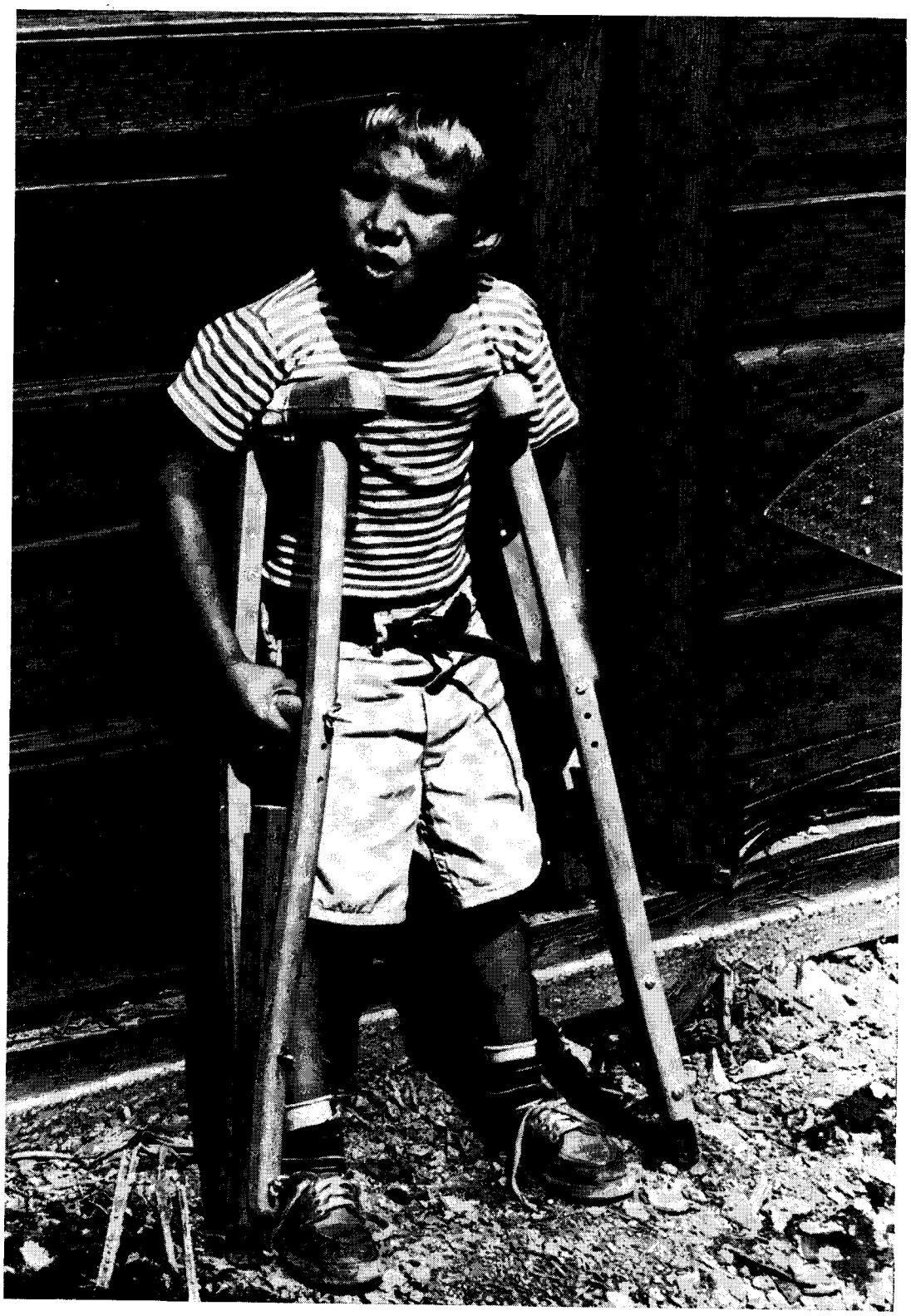

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with a sensitive face. Muhlbach feels already half in love with her. She's as delicate as a fawn. Her eyes are edged with kohl. A jeweled pendant glitters on her forehead. He is positive that she is looking toward him while she dances; it seems to him that she is entreating him to go with her. They will go together, hand in hand, back to the days of King Solomon; they will live in a whitewashed hut, or a tent, and mind a herd of goats. Anything becomes possible when Lisa dances. Anything. The ringing of her tiny cymbals destroys him, he does not know if he can stand this passion. She is calling him to Paradise.

Lisa, ladies and gentlemen! Lisa! A nice round of applause for the little lady.

Lisa bows, smiles like the carnival courtesan she is. As she walks into the wings she peels off the diadem.

And still, thinks Muhlbach, she's what I need. Maybe she was born in the Bronx and has no more danced in triumph through the capitals of the Middle East than I have been shot out of a cannon or gone parachute jumping, but I need her. If there's a God, a God with compassion, He knows. I cannot help it if I lust after the favorite of Sheik Ali Bey—who's probably better known as Mick, Abe, or Louie, who at this moment is lounging at her dressing table paring his nails with a switchblade knife. Yes, each inordinate affection becomes its own torment.

The question no longer is one of aesthetics or of sensibilities. The question is: How do you acquire a belly dancer? Do you send a note concealed in a dozen roses? How should it be addressed? Do you ask the slave girl for the dancer's true name? Then what do you write? Dear Lisa Goldberg, et cetera, et cetera, signed Your Faithful Admirer. This must be ancient fiction; furthermore, it would necessitate coming back again to occupy the same table, becoming a spectacle yourself, the butt of obscene jokes. Suppose that is the procedure. Consider the implications.

I can't do it, he thinks. I cannot do it. Suppose she replied, and told me to wait for her outside the stage door, in the alley, among the trash cans and mewing cats. The truth is, I simply don't understand how these things are accomplished. I just don't know how. I'm urged along by this degrading appetite and I drag after me a great load of doubt. I know that what I'm following is not happiness, or even satisfaction, but a state in which I am free of my mortal goad. This is the simulacrum of content. I think that I would settle for it. At least, thank God, I am not altogether ignorant of my ignorance.

Another dancer's on the stage—Riva, she is called, the toast of three continents, direct from Istanbul for an exclusive engagement at the Club Sahara. She, too, has a tender belly possessed of demons which she sets about to exorcise, but the slave girl has come around again and Muhlbach is distracted; not knowing whether to say yes or no, he orders a third drink. Or is this the fourth? What difference does it make? He does not feel well. He thinks the glasses are dirty and wonders if he has swallowed a little something that he did not pay for. Riva fails to interest him—excepting the magic belly, which he observes with remote concupiscence. Otherwise he is not moved, she lacks the grace of Lisa, she is not half so Byzantine, has not the deep conviction or felicity. Riva does not promise much.

He blinks against the smoke, realizing for the first time just how crowded, uncomfortable, and perfidious the Sahara is. And to say that it is expensive is to put it courteously. He looks at the leader of the four musicians, at the great beaked avaricious nose and snapping black eyes, the trimmed moustache, the tassel on his fez. Abdul Somebody. Abdul, nodding and smiling rather like a crocodile, leads the authentic Arabian band while Riva slithers around the stage to a flute obbligato of sorts. She is barefoot, with fingernails like the talons of the phoenix and the profile of a hawk. She is fierce and she is mean, there's little doubt; also, she looks dirty, as though she had spent her life in the back rooms of the club. He thinks again of Lisa: no matter if she's a fraud, her talent was altogether genuine, and because he will never enjoy it—and he knows he will not—he wishes he had never seen it.

The lights go on, the musicians put away their exotic instruments. The next show will begin presently, but Muhlbach decides he will not be there. He joins the crowd struggling through the curtained exit and while he is being jostled and elbowed and struck in the back, and perhaps fondled, he asks himself what he has gained by coming here. Nothing, of course, except a clearer knowledge that his temptation has not ended.

Once outside the club he asks himself what to do next. He is standing on the corner with his hands clasped tightly behind his back when someone speaks to him—a naval officer, a stoop-shouldered lieutenant commander with a southern accent, and Muhlbach recognizes the adult face of the boy who used to be his closest friend, who had been his college roommate twenty years ago.

Puig, for that is his name, promptly insists that they have a drink together.

He'll ask what *I'm doing*, thinks Muhlbach, if I'm married, if I have a family, and so forth. I know every question he's going to ask.

What is it that's disappointing about Puig? Is it that he's changed so little? He does look older, yes, and his face is still disfigured by those hairy brown warts. He looks somehow depraved, the cold agate eyes blurred by a hundred barrels of sour-mash bourbon, the ribbed stomach of youth collapsed and grossly distended. Puig's khaki uniform is wrinkled, the little black shoulder boards are perched askew. His cap is set too far back on his head and he is perspiring. And he's so delighted, Muhlbach reflects, that we've run into each other after all these years.

The longer he looks at Puig, the more it does appear that Puig has changed; but still, the first thing he'd noticed was not any outward modification but that, apart from having physically aged, he might still be mingling with college boys. There's been no inner growth, merely this deterioration of the surface. Muhlbach remembers that Puig had been very fond of music, particularly of Victor Herbert and Sigmund Romberg; now he guesses that although twenty years have elapsed, Puig's not yet graduated. He loved the jingles and the macabre stories of Poe; probably he still does. Puig reached his highest point of sensitivity with Rodin. That's real carving, he used to say.

Any old port in a storm, Puig is saying.

Muhlbach follows him across the street into a dank saloon, and there they sit on high leather stools. Puig insists on paying for the drinks, then he swivels back and forth and talks and appraises every woman that walks by. He's married and has four boys. He's executive officer of the *U.S.S. Huxtable*, which dropped anchor only last night. After the war ended he stayed in the Navy, it seemed the simplest thing to do; now the pay is good, there are benefits, and when he's not at sea he gets in quite a few rounds of golf. Life's all right in the peacetime Navy, not really bad, claims Puig.

Well, probably it's neither more nor less satisfying than the insurance business; and certainly to be based in Casablanca one year and on the other side of the world the next is far more stimu-

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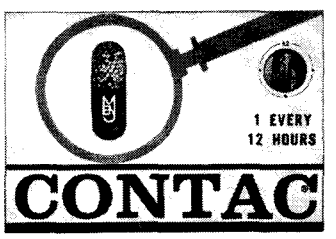


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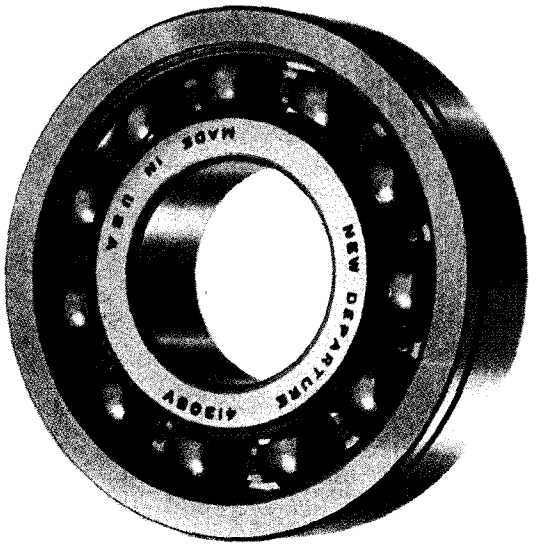


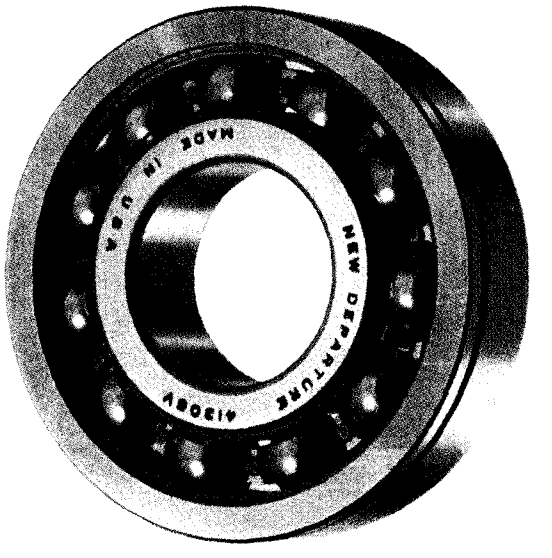


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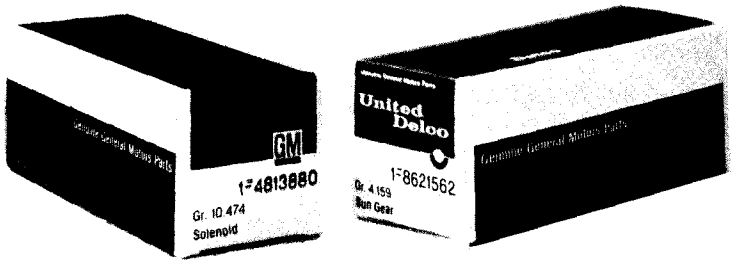


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Just then with a lecherous little squeak of discovery Puig slides off his stool and whispers that he will be back in a moment.

Muhlbach nods and remains at the bar contemplating his drink. He is envious of Puig, who has no scruples, who has never been concerned with dignity. Puig is at home in the gutter because he does not recognize it as such.

Minutes go by. Muhlbach has finished his drink. What's become of Puig? Foul play? Is he stretched out unconscious in a back room? Not likely. His uniform implies that the total weight of the United States Navy would fall on any malefactor unwise enough to despoil its wearer. Whether this is true or not, Puig never was the type to be victimized. Wherever he is, and whatever he's doing, he's all right. It's almost certain that during these past twenty years nothing unfortunate has happened to him, nor will anything damage him more than temporarily until the day of his death; even that he may turn to some account—triple indemnity taken out the day before, something similar.

It is this blithe ease and fortune of Puig that annoys Muhlbach, that causes him to turn restlessly on the leather stool; because Puig is so average, so direct and so ponderous, and because tonight his snuffling chase is similar to Muhlbach's own, equally discreditable. This is not comforting.

Both of us suffer the muddy cravings of the flesh, he thinks, the bubblings and foggy exhalations that demean the spirit. Yet Puig is not aware of how he has fallen; he sees nothing despicable or ridiculous in his acts. The truth is that I must be considered inferior to him because whatever it is possible to corrupt is inferior to what cannot be corrupted. Whatever cannot be damaged or lessened is undoubtedly preferable to what can be, just as whatever suffers no evident change is better than what is subject to change.

Restless in his weariness, Muhlbach can do nothing but wait.

Puig returns, but not alone. He brings Gertie, with the inevitable shiny black handbag. She is as drunk as the grape can make her.

You're all alike! shrills Gertie. No-good bums, every blessed one of you. Only one thing ever on your mind! I should've listened to my first husband. He's got the number of guys like you! Who needs you? Answer me that! Triumphant in her rhetoric, she leans soggily against Puig, who has trouble holding her upright.

Stand by, Gert, we're casting off. See you, buddy, murmurs Puig, somewhat apologetically. Together they go leaning out the door.

What about me? thinks Muhlbach, once more abandoned. I was hoping he would invite me to go with them. Then he looks around— for the first time seeing the bar in which he has been seated, and realizes with amazement that he's been descending: It resembles the entrance to a sewer.

He does not know how he got here, but what alarms him is not that he has reached this low step but where the next might take him, since he has not descended deliberately; some inner force has been diligently at work, a despotism too deeply buried and silted over to be uncovered. Realizing this, he believes he should be able to control it, but is not sure.

Immediately he gets off the stool and walks out.

The city air is not clean, and it seems to have become much warmer during the past hour; it is almost uncomfortable, as though summer would begin again. A polluted river breeze hangs in the soot-blown street. His suit feels thick, the collar tight.

There's a taxi parked at the curb. The driver, like a messenger of God, is looking directly at him.

Times Square, says Muhlbach without enthusiasm and climbs into the back seat. I've got to get off these dark avenues, he thinks. I've been too long at the periphery. Other people are finding happiness, they evidently know where it is; strange that I don't. And stranger still, I've the feeling that I too could have found it, if I'd been able to recognize the form it takes. Doubtless the saint was right in telling us that those things are not only many but diverse which men witness and select to enjoy by the rays of our sun, even as that light itself is one, in which the sight of each one beholding sees and holds what pleases; so, too, there may be many things that are good, and also differing aims of life, out of which each chooses as he will. Now, in matters of the flesh, it's said that whatever you perceive through the flesh you perceive only in part, and remain ignorant of the

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

whole, of which these are parts; yet still these parts do delight you.

Times Square, says the cabbie.

So soon? Muhlbach is surprised. He sits forward, blinks in the artificial light, and reaches for his wallet. However, his pocket is empty. Never, in fact, has a pocket felt so absolutely empty. The wallet has been stolen. He is positive of the moment when it was stolen—as he was jostled by the crowd leaving the Club Sahara. He remembers that in the bar with Puig he started to reach for it but Puig caught his wrist; the last time, therefore, that he touched it was in the Sahara. But this is merely the deduction of the conscious mind, which is a useful tool but a blunt one; the wallet was lifted by somebody in the crowd, and now that he has been informed by the emptiness of his pocket that it is gone he realizes that the perpetually vigilant self within himself has been trying to notify him ever since it happened.

To placate his incredulous brain he methodically feels through all of his pockets, then, with the cabbie's assistance, searches the back seat. The wallet's not found, of course.

The cabbie is prepared for a struggle, since nothing's half so important as being paid. You want to go back?

No, says Muhlbach, take me to the Regency Plaza. I'll cash a check.

You know somebody there?

I do. The manager's a friend of mine.

You better hope so, pal.

There's more insolence than sympathy in this remark. Why did I attempt to justify myself? Muhlbach asks while the taxi works its way through the crowd. What business is it of the driver whom I know at the hotel, or if I know anybody at all? That's not his concern. He'll be paid. I'm stripped of my money and all at once I'm as insecure as a schoolboy. As for going back to that club, I'd rather lose a dozen wallets. I'll telephone and ask, I can do that. But I couldn't walk up those steps again. This has been a wretched night. Good God, I've been robbed. Robbed!

The cab driver follows him into the Regency Plaza.

May I please speak to Mr. Sproule, says Muhlbach to the clerk.

Mr. Sproule, according to the clerk, is not there; he's at home sick in bed with the flu. Could Mr. Ascagua be of any assistance?

I need to cash a check, says Muhlbach. Sproule is a close friend of mine. I'm sure it will be all right.

Just let me speak to Mr. Ascagua, suggests the clerk, who is unctuous enough to run a mortuary. He then disappears for ten minutes. Finally it develops that, most unfortunately, Mr. Ascagua has stepped out for a little while.

What time do you have? asks Muhlbach.

Almost two in the morning.

Call up Sproule and I'll talk to him.

The desk clerk is afraid he couldn't do that.

Then you give me the number because I cannot remember it, and I'll damn well call him.

Reluctantly, peevishly, and with a look of insane discomfort, the clerk agrees. So the call is made.

David, says Muhlbach, I'm sorry about this. It's a long story and I feel like an imbecile. Somebody took my wallet and here I am. I need help. He listens, nods to the cabbie, and hands over the telephone to the clerk.

Yes, sir, of course, begins the clerk, I'll be glad to. Yes, sir! Right away, sir!

Muhlbach has no difficulty visualizing Sproule propped up in bed, eyes bulging, moustache and jowls aquiver with indignation.

No trouble at all, sir. Certainly, sir. Not a bit, sir! I certainly will do my best. And a different breed of clerk comes off the telephone.

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when it's light instead of syrupy
when it's clear instead of cloudy
when it's clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet
when it's **Del Monte**®— the Prune Juice with fruit juice appeal

Try it hot, too! Heating brings out even more of DEL MONTE's fresh-cooked prune goodness – especially the flavor!




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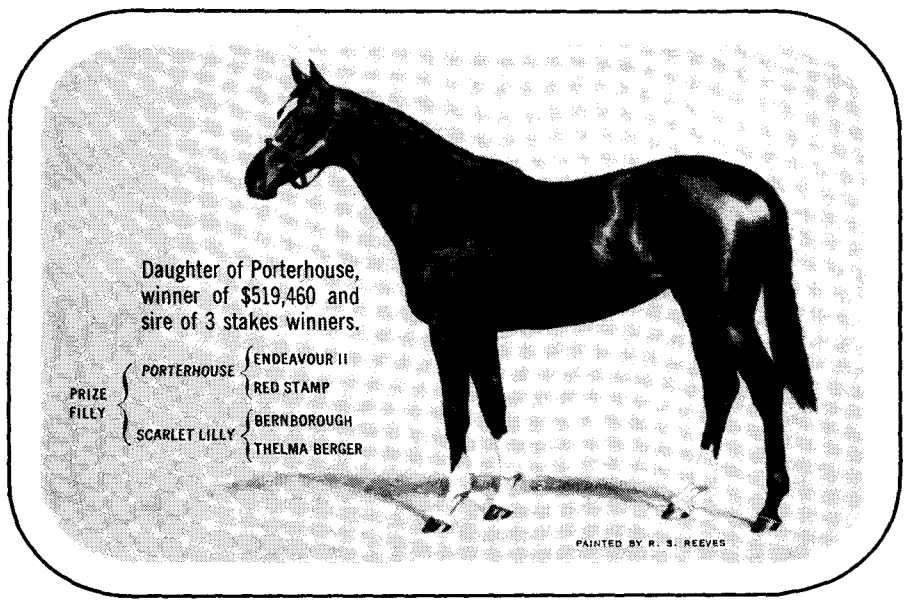
Put on your thinking cap

# WIN THIS FABULOUS FILLY

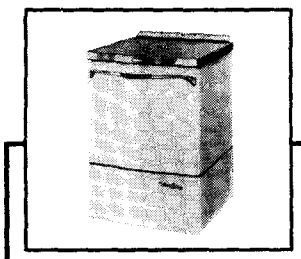
***Just give her a name!***



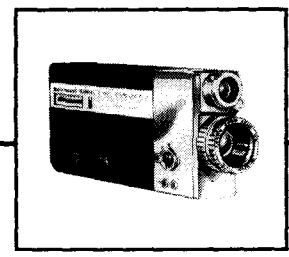

**GRAND PRIZE:** This thoroughbred bay filly was sired by Porterhouse, stakes winner of $519,460 and sire of 3 stakes winners. Just name her and she can be yours.

Winner is awarded this prize filly during a special ceremony at Churchill Downs in Louisville, Ky., during Derby Week. Plus 2 box seats to 1965 Kentucky Derby. Plus hotel room for 3 nights. Plus $1000 for fun and expenses. Kentucky Club will pay for feeding, boarding, training and insurance on filly until July 1, 1965.

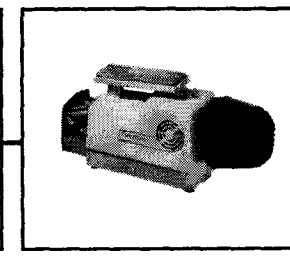
## 1268 prizes in all! Biggest purse ever in the KENTUCKY CLUB DERBY DAY CONTEST



**5 SECOND PRIZES!**
KITCHENAID VariCycle Portable Dishwasher by Hobart. Automatic-lift top rack. Push button, 3-cycle selection. King size capacity. No installation costs.



**12 THIRD PRIZES!**
BELL & HOWELL/Canon Cine Canonet 8. Electric Eye/Zoom Movie Camera, f/1.8 lens, compact size fits in pocket or purse. Weighs 1 lb., 13 oz. Zooms from wide angle shots to close-ups.



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**1100 FIFTH PRIZES!** Set of 4 full-color prints of famous thoroughbreds.

### HOW TO ENTER THIS EASY CONTEST

**1.** Think up a name using not more than 16 letters, and not more than 3 words. (Count each space and punctuation as 1 letter.)

**2.** Print name of filly and your name and address on plain paper or on entry blank available wherever Kentucky Club Tobaccos are sold.

**3.** Submit as many entries as you like. With each entry, send one boxtop from package of Kentucky Club or Kentucky Club Mixture, or one cellophane zip-off top from outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's great pipe tobaccos.

**4.** Mail entries to Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, P.O. Box 6K, Mt. Vernon, New York 10559.

**5.** Contest closes midnight April 3, 1965. Entries will be judged for appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness and sincerity.

### Kentucky Club Pipe Tobaccos . . . a blend for every taste

The finest Kentucky White Burley—"flavor-diced" for mildness.

Superbly mild and aromatic, never burns hot.

Five choice tobaccos for mild taste. Women love the aroma.

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A cool-burning, mild tobacco. Distinctively aromatic.

**COMPLETE CONTEST RULES ON ENTRY BLANKS AT LEADING TOBACCO COUNTERS EVERYWHERE**


ST. AUGUSTINE'S PIGEON

By the way, says Muhlbach, are there any rooms left? Because I think I'll stay overnight, provided you can locate something away from the street.

The clerk is positive that he will be able to find a very nice room; meanwhile the cashier will be delighted to take care of Mr. Muhlbach's check.

In a few minutes the cabbie is paid and tipped and goes on about his nocturnal business; and Muhlbach with a modest roll of bills lodged carefully in his trousers pocket feels somewhat better. He calls home to tell Mrs. Grunthe that he has decided to spend the night in town.

Mrs. Grunthe is not asleep as he had supposed she might be; she is wide awake. He is oddly touched by this, but also slightly irritated. She has been sitting in her favorite chair, watching television and knitting and every once in a while no doubt lifting her eyes to the clock on the mantel.

How are the children? he inquires. They're asleep, naturally. Everything is under control; as usual, nothing is ever much out of control while Mrs. Grunthe is present.

I'm tired, he explains. I don't feel like riding the train back at this hour. I've decided to stay overnight, that's all.

Mrs. Grunthe does not take to this idea; she suspects something. Muhlbach remembers that she now and then preaches against the wickedness of gambling; probably she thinks he has become involved with a bunch of card-playing gangsters.

So be it. Goodnight, Mrs. Grunthe. Dream of Salvador.

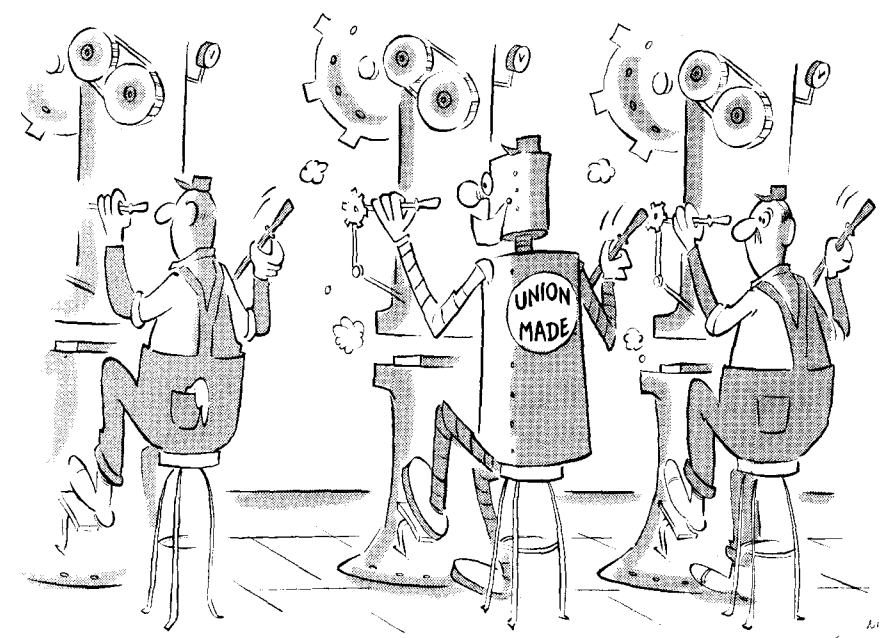
Now there is only one call to make, and it will be futile. He calls the Club Sahara, explains that he was there earlier and that the wallet is missing. Just by chance has it been found? No answer. He hears the clink of glasses, laughter, remote voices, and once more the song of oud and darabukka inscrutably beckoning him across the wire. Time goes by while he holds the receiver and blinks his eyes to keep awake. Finally, without explanation, somebody at the other end of the line hangs up.

This insult is one too many. He had planned to go to bed but now, after this, there is only one possible resolution to the night—he will get drunk. He has not been filled to the brim since his wedding day and that was fourteen years ago. Now seems like a good time. No doubt the time was long past. Probably a man's anguish and his troubles are best washed away once in a while, since they are bound to return. In any case, where's the nearest cocktail lounge and how fast can it be achieved? He calculates that half-a-dozen ought to finish him, after which he'll get a good night's sleep. It may be joyless, that's not the point. I'm half out of my senses, he thinks, with grief and shame and mummified passion. I'm a coward and a celibate. I don't have courage enough to approach a kootch dancer, I don't have either the brains or the sex appeal to interest a Bohemian girl. I'm a fake, a pompous ass, a stuffy bourgeois pedant and a—well, what's the use? I could go on and on. Oh, but I am miserable! How miserable I am.

This causes him to feel a little improved. He heads grimly for the cocktail lounge. To his surprise it's nearly deserted. There are a few lonesome men at the bar, who look around as he comes in, a waitress, and two bartenders. The thought of joining his fellows on a stool is disagreeable; he selects a table in the darkest corner.

The waitress begins walking toward him. She does not wear a dress but red mesh stockings to the hip, a black Merry Widow, and a marvelous blond wig.

Muhlbach knows that he is staring at her like a provincial, but he does not care. Frustration, disgust, anger, disappointment, the badly stained and spattered image of himself, mauled dignity—whatever the night and this impossible city have proffered is wrapped up and tied in one vulgar bundle which he might throw away if he can bring a light to the eye of this steamy wench. Pride and confidence may then be restored, may grow and flourish. He knows in the midst of his dejection that such a thought, such hope, is madness, that he will fail again. Yet he is a man, no matter what else; lecherous and unrepentant in the depths of exhaustion; desirous of much more than can be reckoned; muddied by concupiscence; made wild with shadowy loves; halted by the short links of his mortality and




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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deafened by conceit; seldom at peace; adulterous and bitter; stuck and bled by thorns on every side; rank with imagined sin; exiled forever and yet ever returning, such he is. Brambles of lust spring up on all sides while he plots the course He learns that Carmen is her name.

As she walks away he is tormented by the same old plans. With a dull, furious gaze he follows the gathered pink chiffon decorating her extravagant rump like a rabbit's flag and wonders if he will expire from passion before she comes back. I've been taken prisoner by this disease of my flesh, he says to himself, and of its deadly sweetness, and I drag my chain about with me, and I dread the idea of its being loosed.

Carmen doesn't wear a ring, he notes when she returns. He introduces himself, but she replies indifferently.

He mentions that she could be the sister of someone he used to know years ago in Washington. She doesn't say a word.

Well then, says Muhlbach, tell me, what time is it?

She doesn't know.

I'll be wanting another drink as soon as you can get it, he says, leaning back against the cushions, and is grateful that she goes away without so much as a glance at him. He swallows most of the drink and looks around. The lounge is not uncomfortable, but it looks as though it has been designed to solace defeated men. Muhlbach shuts his eyes. It's true that Carmen does remind him of somebody in Washington; he tries to remember, but cannot. He remembers that he had been attracted to whoever it was, but then, just as now, nothing came of it. The reason was the same, as it is invariably the same. It never will be different.

I'm trapped like a bird in a loft, he thinks.

Carmen is returning and it occurs to him that she, too, is a bird—a glorious bird of the jungle with plumage as indescribable as a tropic dawn. When she bends over to serve him he seizes her wrist. She utters a little cry and draws back; there is a momentary struggle before he lets go, more shocked than she.

Porfirio! she calls.

That one word brings out of some gloomy recess in the lounge a dapper, swift, and unmistakably dangerous Latin with a diamond stickpin on his necktie. He stares at Muhlbach through tinted glasses and inquires if he may be of service, although this is not quite why he has come to visit. He conveys a very different message.

Muhlbach, shaken doubly by his own conduct and by the implied threat of violence, has difficulty answering. Exposed to Porfirio's pitiless gaze, he takes out his handkerchief and weakly pats his face. He is glad that Carmen has gone. If anyone must witness his shame it should be another man.

I'm afraid I feel a little sick, he says.

You had enough for tonight, says Porfirio, not unkindly.

Muhlbach nods, perspiring.

You make it to the door by yourself?

In a few minutes I will. Let me sit here until I recover.

Take your time, says Porfirio, and sidles away.

Oh, my God, asks Muhlbach during his moments of grace, what has become of me?

Before getting up he reminds himself that he is seriously drunk, at least that is what the evidence suggests, and if he has not acted nobly anywhere else tonight he will manage somehow to leave this place unassisted. I'll do that, he says, if I drop dead one step beyond the arch.

Cautiously he gets up. He walks with unspeakable dignity past the piano and the bar and so into the lobby to the desk where he asks for his key, while the meditations of Saint Augustine sing loosely through his head. There is no place that I can rest, he thinks; backward or forward, there is no place. I have dared to grow wild and touch a multiplicity of things in order to please myself, but each consumed itself in front of me because I exceeded the limits set for my nature. But is there not attraction in the face and body of a woman that is very great and equal to the face and body of gold? For the flesh has like every other sense its own intelligence.

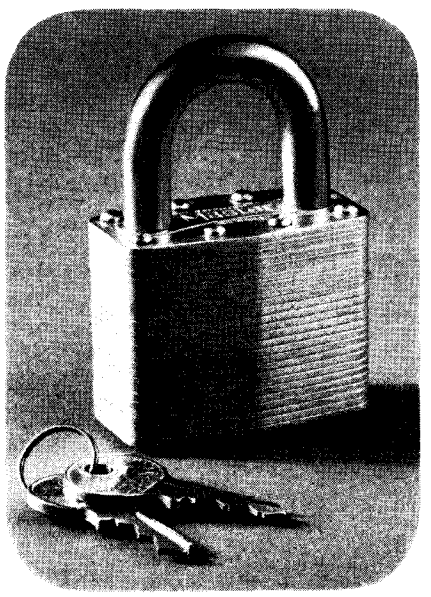
Holding the key in both hands so that he will not drop it, he heads for the elevator. He does not know what time it has become, except that it must be quite late; and he is amazed by the determination of his body, which does not care whether it is three or five or twelve but would as soon walk out again into the street.

In the elevator he is relatively certain that he is going to vomit; he concentrates on other matters in the hope of deceiving his stomach, and once inside the room he does not feel quite so

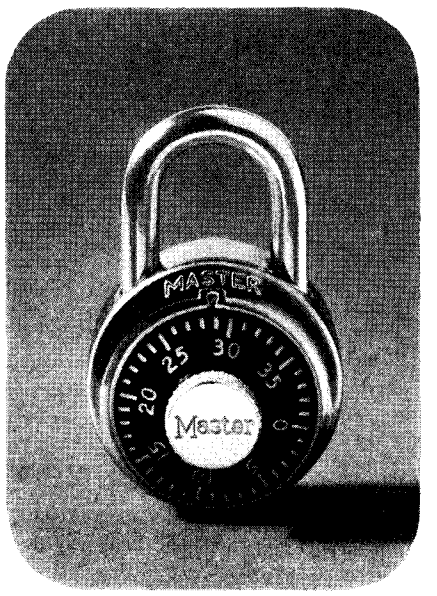

# Are these 9 theft spots protected around your home?

- ☐ Garage Doors
- ☐ Gun Rack
- ☐ Tool Box
- ☐ Garden Shed
- ☐ Gates
- ☐ Boat and Motor
- ☐ Mail Box
- ☐ Trailer
- ☐ Storage Locker

**(Get these 3 easy solutions to your protection problems at your hardware store or locksmith)**



**The Case for Strength: Master Laminated Padlocks are built like bank vault doors. Layer on layer of laminated steel make this the world's strongest padlock case.**

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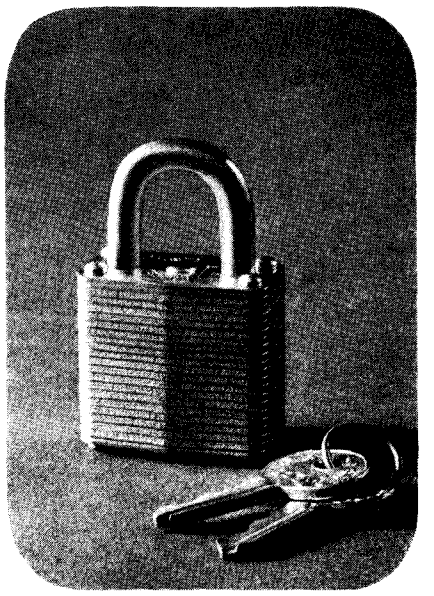

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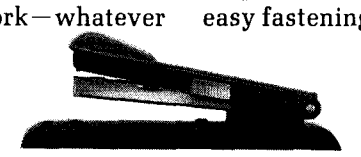

# Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

**Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.**

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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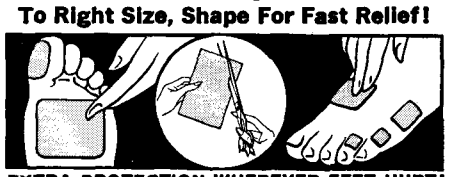
**Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!**



**EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT!**

When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex foot plaster. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin, yet costs no more. Easy to cut to size, shape. Fast relief for corns, callouses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, $1.15.

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sick. In fact, after a very few minutes, there seems to be no reason he should not refresh himself with a shower and go out. Really, a man's luck changes. Yes, of course, things should improve.

But this is the voice of the Devil—that wheedling tone is familiar. Muhlbach refuses to listen. He sits down on the edge of the bed to examine the cuff of his trousers. The hamster has eaten more of it than he thought. Tomorrow he must buy a new pair of pants. But tomorrow is Sunday. All is wretchedness and cross-purpose.

The softness of the bed soon affects his body. He lies down but immediately gets up and walks back and forth wrestling with the Devil's proposal. He mutters, squeezes his hands, turns around, explains to himself that it is all a fabulous absurdity. Some time later, fully dressed, he stretches himself on the floor. Hours pass. He sleeps weakly and knows that he is alone; it is as though the troubled evening continues.

By morning the night phantoms have not been vanquished; at breakfast he scarcely tastes his food but sits gazing through the window of the coffee shop at the sensual movements of women on the street. Even their shadows on the pavement suggest and hint at Babylon. The morning is brilliant, and morning is reflected everywhere, but he cannot enjoy its splendor.

Then, whether it is a hallucination or not, he believes that he sees Rouge across the street, accompanied by Meatbowl and Quinet. If he is not mistaken, and he wonders, they are standing outside a bookstore. Quinet and Meatbowl are gesticulating—stock characters in an old folk comedy—while Rouge, like Columbine, perhaps invisible to mortal eyes, stands just apart as though waiting for Harlequin. Now imploringly she looks toward him; she has discovered him at his table. He cannot remain where he is. He quickly pays for his breakfast and hurries out.

Yes, they are there. They do exist, all three of them, outlandish spirits. And has Rouge truly seen him? Is she beckoning? Is there something that she wants? A book, a meal, a game of chess, a diamond to exchange for a night of love? No matter, he will give it to her. How different from the pains of youth. Here is no thought of pressed flowers, moonlit walks along the beach. Here is the meaning of the body's work, its need; the rest is wasted time.

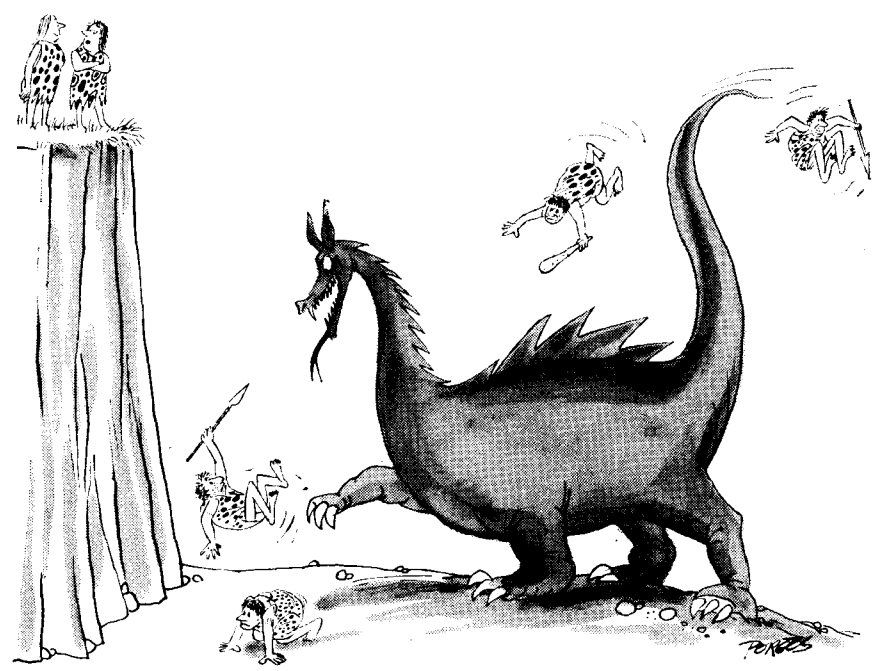
Impatiently he waits for the light to change, worried that Meatbowl and Quinet will wander off and she will follow and be lost forever.

But Columbine is there, looks up with great grave eyes at his vigorous approach. Bright indeed is this morning, fortunate are those who have found each other. Is not the very air filled with clapping wings?

So the *deus ex machina*, a pigeon, one gray pigeon otherwise quite nondescript and indistinguishable from the millions, unaware of or indifferent to the magnitude of its act and to the finality with which it will score a human life, possibly two lives, briskly cocks its head, winks once, and without a ruffled feather sends down from heaven the fateful message.

Muhlbach, in mid-stride, hears the liquescent thunder against his hat. He takes it for a distant earthquake because the sky is blue. But no! Informed by Rouge's insane shriek of laughter, by the looks of horror, sympathy, and stupefied amusement from passersby, as well as by his own desperate inner certainty, Muhlbach takes off his hat. One glance certifies the pigeon's mighty blow. After this, what can befall a man?

With the hat held upside down in one hand as though he were collecting coins he stalks up Broadway. Perhaps, he thinks, this is for the best. I've hoped for what was never meant to happen. I have spent one whole night attempting to distort the truth which was born in me; now I have learned. Whatever I touch henceforth—whether it is the body of the earth or the air itself, I must be sure that it is within my province and does not belong to any other. But still, knowing this was not meant to be, does not, nor ever shall diminish the yearning. I know this, as I know that seven and three are forever ten. □



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"... Then you skin the tail section, and simmer it in a root sauce for two moons. . . ."



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# It's time to borrow the ladder again

***Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint lets you return it sooner . . . borrow it less often.***

**LESS WORK, MORE WEAR.** That's what you can expect from Du Pont Lucite® House Paint. Remember the last time you painted your house? You probably used an ordinary oil-base paint. Now it's time to take on the big job again—a lot sooner than you expected. If you use the same kind of paint again, you'll have the same problems just as soon. And it will again take you just as long to do the job.

**FEWER HOURS OF WORK.** With Du Pont Lucite House Paint, you simply prepare the surface the same as you would to apply any paint. You don't even need a priming coat, except on spots where the old paint failed badly. What's more, Lucite dries so quickly that bugs and dirt can't stick to spoil the job. And you can use Lucite on wood, masonry—just about any surface. Easy cleanup is another big time-saver. Just wash your hands and brushes with soap and water—gone forever are the expense and bother of the turpentine and solvents you used to need with ordinary oil-base paint.

**MORE YEARS OF WEAR.** You save time *and* money when you don't have to repaint so often. Du Pont Lucite House Paint is made to resist blistering, cracking, peeling and color fading much longer than oil-base paints. One of these common failures is most likely the very reason your house needs painting now.

So when you borrow the ladder, use it wisely. Do less work and get more wear. This time, paint with Du Pont Lucite House Paint. And, don't forget to return the ladder. You won't be needing it for a long, long time.

DU PONT

**Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry***

---

Less work . . . more wear

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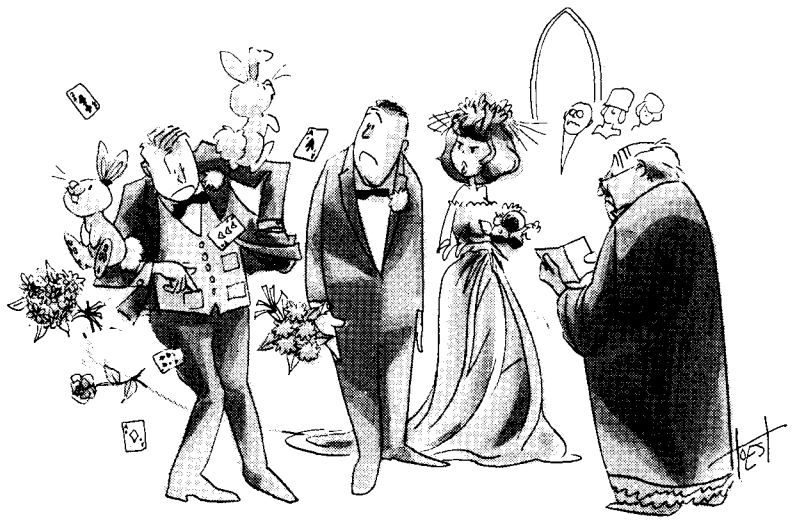
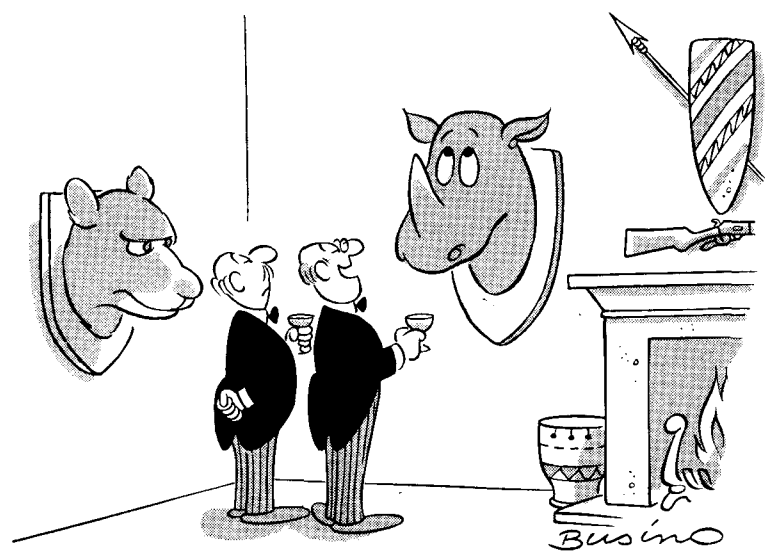
# Post scripts

*"I tell you, Bernie, Los Angeles has got more nutty religious cults than any other town in the world!"*

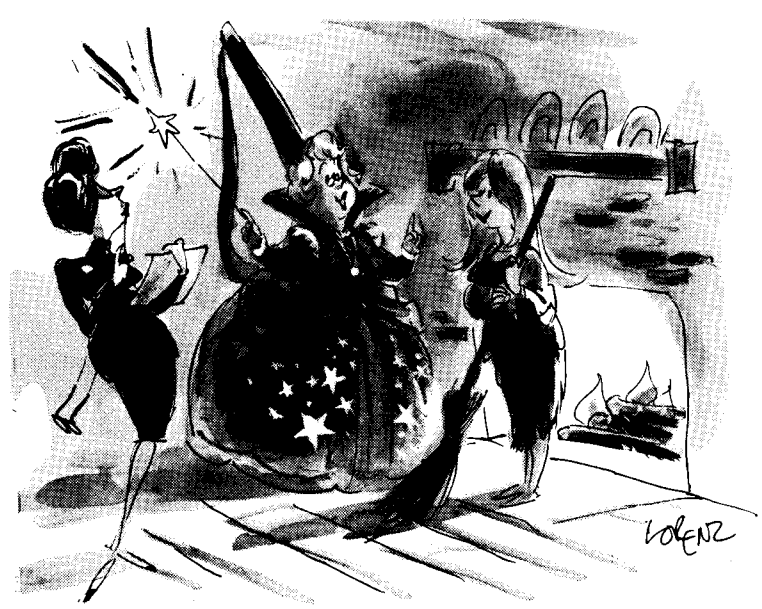



*"He may be a good magician, but he's a lousy best man!"*




*"Now this one I shot from a helicopter."*

*"Why can't we have a car like everybody else?"*




*"First of all, dear, this is Miss Myrex—our fashion coordinator."*

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## Falcon flies you First Class -at low economy fares!

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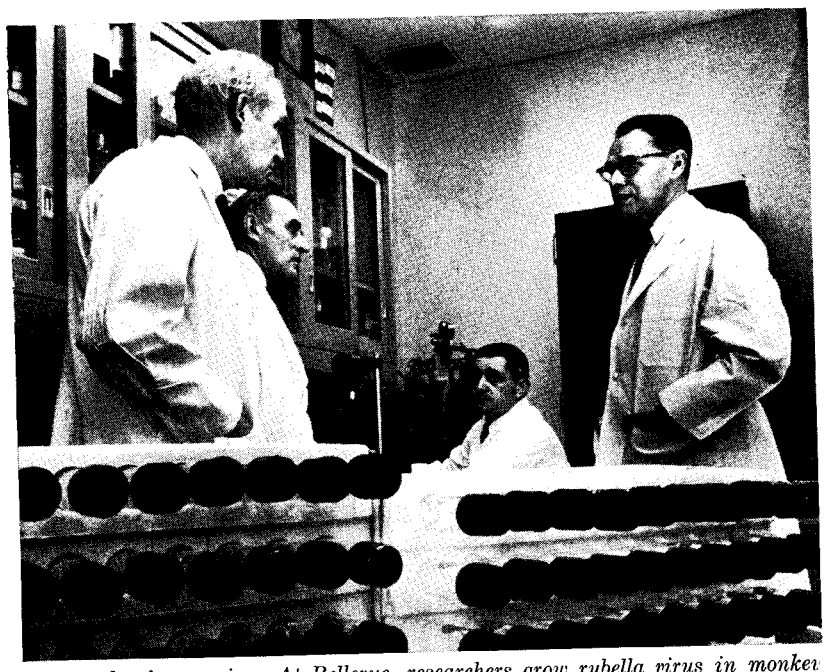
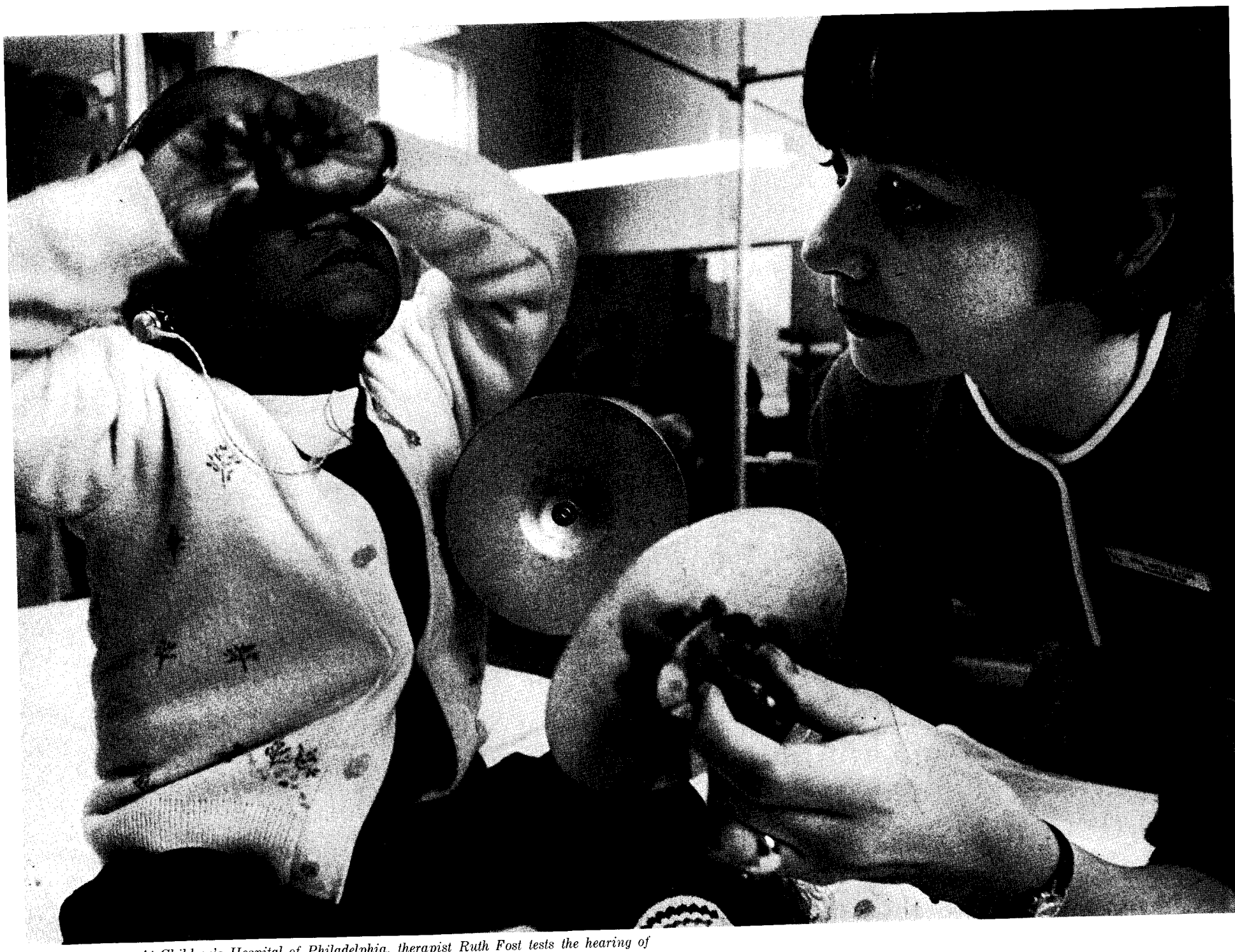


*In search of a vaccine: At Bellevue, researchers grow rubella virus in monkey tissue Left to right Drs G.S Mirick R.H Green Louis Cooper and Krugman*

Last year up to 20,000 children suffered prenatal damage to eyes, hearts and brains because their mothers contracted German measles while pregnant. Facing the deadline of another epidemic, medicine is striving to develop some defense against this

# ATTACK ON THE UNBORN

BY STEVEN M. SPENCER



*At Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, therapist Ruth Fost tests the hearing of a two-year-old victim of rubella. The boy's hearing, eyesight and heart are affected.*



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Medical science has virtually wiped out polio, malaria and tuberculosis. It is repairing crippled hearts and transplanting kidneys. It can stitch a severed arm back onto the mutilated body. But a minor childhood disease, one that previous generations didn't consider serious enough to warrant calling a doctor, is now one of medicine's most disturbing and baffling problems.

German measles, or rubella, is usually an innocuous affair in youngsters—swollen glands behind the ears and a fine red-pepper rash. In pregnant women, however, the virus threatens the unborn infant with heart defects, blindness or near blindness, deafness and in some cases mental retardation. This year, in the wake of one of the worst German-measles epidemics in the country's history, doctors are seeing these pitifully damaged children in greater numbers than ever before. The number of babies born recently with the "rubella syndrome" could reach 15,000 to 20,000, according to Dr. Virginia Apgar, an eminent New York pediatrician.

Doctor Apgar's guess is based on her estimate that 10 million Americans caught German measles during last year's nationwide epidemic. It started in the fall of 1963 in New England, spread south and westward into almost every state, hit a seasonal peak in March and April and did not flicker down until late last summer.

The seriousness of the problem haunts every physician and parent who sees a "rubella baby." The handicaps, though severe, are not always apparent at the time of birth, and the bad news may be delayed. It was two weeks after the birth of her premature baby before a young mother in a Philadelphia suburb received a phone call from her doctor. A cloudiness had been seen behind the pupils of the baby's eyes: congenital cataracts. An operation at six months might bring good vision, he said, but no one could make any promises. (Because other eye troubles are so often present, only 35 percent of these babies have normal vision even after a cataract operation.)

In Baltimore a young and pretty Negro woman jounced her month-old daughter on her lap while four of her other six children romped on the floor. The baby's eyes moved about aimlessly, as if seeking something to fix on. But they could perceive only light, for they, too, were clouded—not from cataracts but from glaucoma, a dangerous pressure within the eyeball. This has been seen with unusual frequency among the new rubella babies. Similar to the adult glaucoma that causes a great deal of blindness, the infant form progresses so rapidly that it must be treated as a surgical emergency lest it rupture the eye.

"Here's something else," the mother said. She pulled up the infant's undershirt to reveal a long scar that curved around the left side of the chest. "That's where they operated on her heart when she was only two weeks old. Now I give her digitalis twice a day."

Far more cruel scars, but still from the same cause, may be seen in any institution for the mentally retarded. At the Willowbrook School, operated by New York State on Staten Island, twenty rubella youngsters, aged 3 to 15, were recently picked out for special study by Dr. Joan Giles, a pediatrician. Fifteen of them are blind or nearly blind. Eleven are deaf. Seven are both blind and deaf. Most have defective hearts, few can walk or talk; and all, of course, have the overwhelming brain damage that brought them to Willowbrook after their distraught parents had tried everything else.

Only about 1.5 percent of the babies born to mothers who contract German measles in the critical first three months of pregnancy will be mentally retarded. But a much larger proportion of the infants, estimated at 15 to 50 percent, with the higher figure applying when the mother is infected in the very first month, will suffer one or more other defects. And some of the infants will die before they are born, for the rubella-virus infection also doubles the usual rate of miscarriages.

It is not easy to find rays of hope in this dark picture. But there are some. In the past the imperfections that occasionally cursed new born infants were laid to chance or the immutable laws of heredity, and no one felt that much could be done about it. Within recent years more and more congenital defects have been traced to external influences that strike early in gestation. By the end of its first three months of life, the human fetus is only about three inches long. Yet this is the period in which toxic influences can most seriously interfere with the delicate shaping of the tiny organs.

Among these dangerous influences are viruses (of which rubella is only the best known), radiation from X rays and possibly from fallout, and chemicals (such as the thalidomide sleeping pills that caused several thousand European babies to be born with missing or deformed limbs).

In the battle to fend off the maiming blows of German measles, medical science has devised several new weapons. One is a method of isolating the rubella virus, an essential first step toward a vaccine. Others are tests for measuring an individual's immunity or susceptibility, knowledge of extreme importance to a pregnant woman who has been exposed to rubella.

For years virologists had been trying to trap and grow the German-measles virus. They succeeded in the 1950's with regular measles, rubeola, and made a vaccine against it. But rubella was a more elusive microbe. Then one fall day in 1960 a Boston schoolboy woke up with a cough, swollen and painful neck glands and a fever which soon soared to 104.7. On the third day of the fever he broke out in a rash and complained of pain in his ankles, hips and wrists. The doctor to whom he complained was his father, Dr. Thomas H. Weller, the distinguished Harvard scientist who shared the Nobel Prize in 1954 with Drs. John Enders and Frederick Robbins for cultivating the polio virus.

"He was sick as hell," Doctor Weller recalls, "and we were really worried about him."

Doctor Weller cultured the boy's urine, and from it he and Dr. Franklin A. Neva recovered and identified the virus of German measles. A similar isolation was made, at about the same time, by Drs. P. D. Parkman, E. L. Buescher and M. S. Artenstein of the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. Doctor Weller and others have since discovered that the developing infant may harbor this virus in its system throughout gestation and until he is several months old. He may even be born with a rash months after his mother has recovered from her infection.

Many people contract German measles and yet show no signs or symptoms. Dr. Saul Krugman, professor of pediatrics at New York University, has shown in controlled studies that this happens about three times out of 10. So pregnant women who have been exposed often panic. "Was I really immune," they ask, "or do I have a case without rash and is the virus injuring my baby?"

Even when the rash is present, it is easily confused with allergic reactions or the rash of other minor infections. For these reasons a fast and accurate immunity test is urgently needed. With the newly isolated virus as a tool, laboratories are working to perfect such a procedure. The conventional test for German-measles immunity takes 10 days to two weeks. Last year, however, doctors at the University of Michigan School of Public Health adapted a widely used fluorescent antibody test to the German-measles problem. Blood serum from the person being tested is processed in such a way that a fluorescent dye attaches itself to any rubella antibodies present, and these appear as a bright yellow glow when viewed through a microscope in ultraviolet light. The test can be run in a few hours. As a result, when the

*A routine test of infant hearing is run by Elizabeth Spickard, an audiologist. Effects of rubella are not always apparent at birth. This baby had suffered no damage.*



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*This boy, 2½, is learning to use a hearing aid in post-rubella therapy.*

test is more widely available, any woman who suspects she is pregnant could quickly find out whether she is already immune to German measles and whether her baby is therefore safe. (Sampling tests have shown that about 82 percent of women have already become immune, usually as a result of natural childhood infection.)

During last year's epidemic, doctors gave thousands of gamma globulin shots as a protective measure. By now medical opinion has shifted on gamma globulin, however. While granting that gamma globulin may prevent the symptoms of German measles, many authorities, including the American Public Health Association, say evidence that it will protect the fetus is lacking. Therefore they do not recommend it. Others believe that a higher-potency gamma globulin, from people convalescing from German measles, might afford better protection if given early enough.

Greatest hope for prevention lies in a vaccine. As with polio, there will probably be competition between a killed or inactivated vaccine and a live but attenuated one. Both start with the rubella virus and both present problems. While the killed vaccine should be safer, some doctors doubt it would give a little girl enough immunity to last until she reached the childbearing age. Dr. Jack W. Frankel, of the CIBA Pharmaceutical Company, of Summit, N.J., who has produced a chemically inactivated vaccine that stimulates rubella antibodies in guinea pigs, suggests such a vaccine might be given a woman to protect her during her early pregnancy. Whether it could produce antibodies rapidly enough has yet to be proved by further research.

The live vaccine would be a virus so "tamed," or attenuated, by growing in laboratory-animal tissues that it would no longer produce German measles or harm a fetus in humans but would evoke defensive antibodies against a virulent virus attack.

Until there is a safe and reliable vaccine or some other means of building a virus-proof wall around their developing infants, many pregnant women infected with German measles will seek therapeutic abortions. "In early pregnancy the risk to the baby is so great," says Dr. Myron Gordon, assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at New York Medical College, "that abortion is usually advisable if the woman is healthy enough to look forward to future pregnancies. It is not the physician's role to urge an abortion, though. He should simply present the facts and the hazard created by the German measles."

Thousands of therapeutic abortions were performed during last year's epidemic by reputable doctors in reputable hospitals, usually only after approval by a hospital abortion committee. Yet, under strict inter pretation of th state laws, ever abortion performe for rubella was il legal. Most state permit therapeuti abortions only "t save the life of th mother." Five– Alabama, Colo rado, Maryland New Mexico an Oregon—permit th operation also t preserve the *healt* of the mother.

The New Yor Academy of Med cine last Decembe again asked for a amendment of the New York Stat Penal Code to legalize therapeutic abo tions "where there is substantial ris that continuance of the pregnanc would gravely impair the physical c mental health of the mother, or that th child would be born with grave physica or mental defects."

Dr. Robert E. Hall, assistant pro fessor of obstetrics and gynecology a Columbia University's College of Phy sicians and Surgeons and organizer c The Association for Humane Abortio then sent a questionnaire to the 2,28 obstetricians in New York State, askin them to express a choice between th present restrictive New York law an a model like that recommended by th Academy of Medicine. Of the 1,372 wh had replied at this writing, 87 percer favored the liberalized laws.

To this date, however, attitudes an criteria differ among hospitals on th issue, and until a few years ago onl one hospital in New York City pe formed abortions to prevent the birt of rubella-damaged children. Conse quently some women have been unabl to obtain such an operation becaus they did not happen to find the righ doctor or hospital.

On the other hand, there are thou sands of young couples who will not cor sider an abortion even when told of th risk that their baby will be born wit serious defects. Many physicians, too are opposed.

Corrective surgery and rehabilitatio can help rubella babies if the defects ar discovered early. Dr. Harold Schei professor of ophthalmology at the Un versity of Pennsylvania, who has ope ated on several hundred children wit cataracts or glaucoma, has performe the glaucoma surgery as early as 1 hours after birth. Dr. William Hami ton, pediatrician at the Children's Hos pital rehabilitation center in Philade phia, says, "The earlier we can detec the hearing loss, the better are ou chances of helping these infants wit hearing aids and training."

Skillful treatment and dedicate teaching, with an extra measure of pa tience and affection, can also improv the lives of many with mental impai ment. But the real hope of the future i in prevention. We now have more in formation than ever before about th behavior of rubella and a dozen othe viruses suspected of being threats t the unborn. Effective weapons agains them are almost certain to emerg within the next few years.



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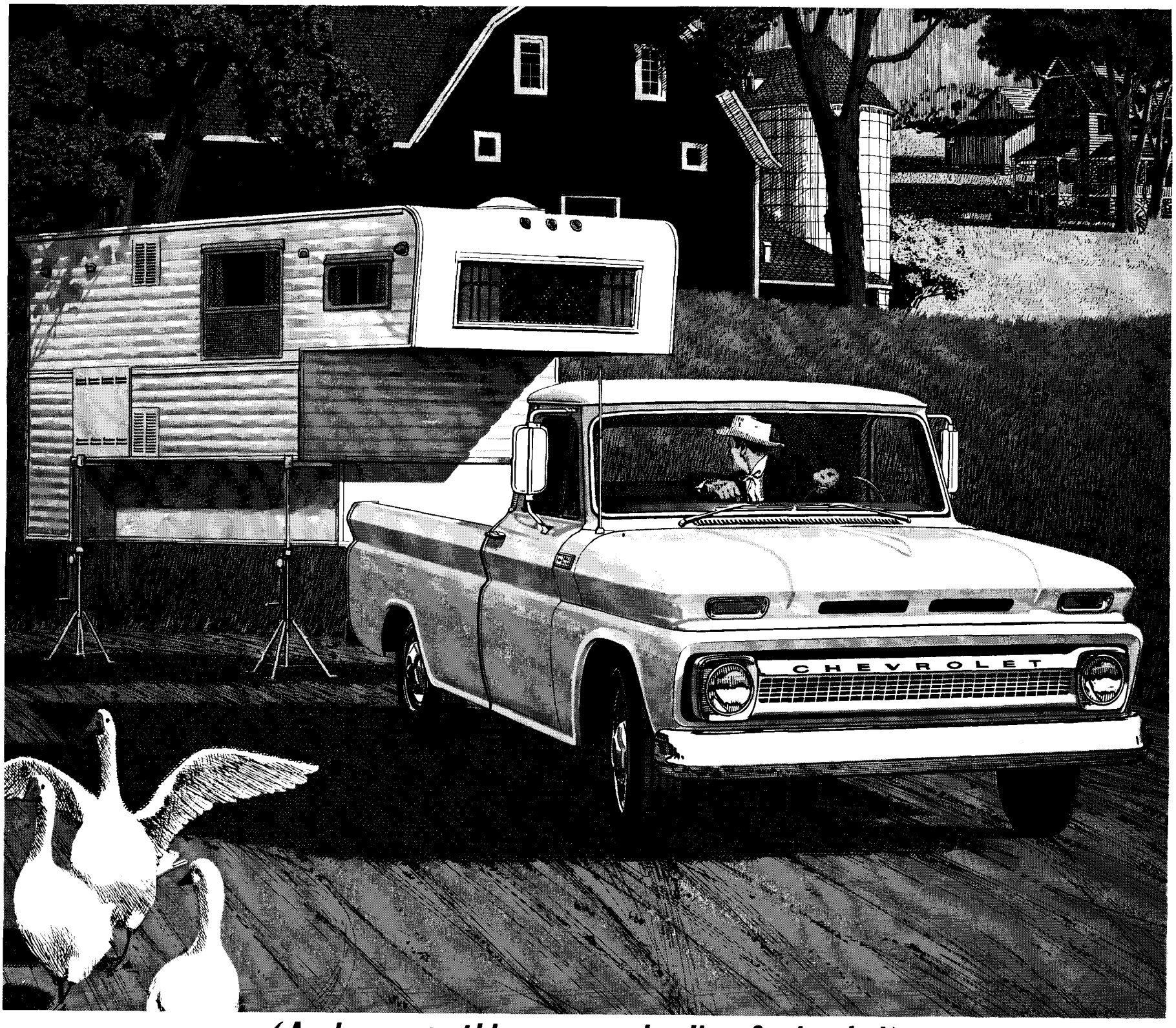


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*Up at dawn to prepare the slope, hired skiers pack down man-made snow spewing from machines at Lake of the Ozarks, Mo.*

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**Snow used to be something that Southerners only read about. Now they've learned how to make the stuff.**

# GRITS, MAGNOLIA AND SKIING

By John Skow

The sun shone, the air was warm, the roads clear. It was the worst winter in 20 years. On magnificent New England mountains, where the average annual snowfall is 10 feet, you could not find that much even if you measured sideways. Ski-resort operators moodily watched their children gather wild flowers, and used their Sno-Cat trail packers to mulch down piles of unpaid bills. By the middle of January the eastern U.S. was buried under 14 inches of bad words.

The weather was still foul (sunny and mild, with an overcast of desperation) when I packed my ski gear and drove the 30 miles from my home to the airport in Lebanon, N.H. A friend of mine, who had spent the winter waxing irritable because there was no reason to wax his skis, saw me load the car. "They got snow?" he said, his feet stirring little clouds of dust as he jumped up and down. "Where? Where?"

It was a difficult moment. A skier who knows where the best snow is scores heavily under the point system of ski-upmanship (five points for having handmade Austrian boots, loss of 10 points for wearing a knitted face mask, and so on). But my answer was ridiculous. I gunned the motor and said very quietly, "St. Louis, Missouri."

For some years there had been rumors in New England that skiing was being attempted in the South on homemade snow which, like the breakfast cereal, was shot from guns. I had decided to find out whether this was true.

The ski slope in St. Louis was 50 feet long, made of wood, had no snow, and was situated in a department-store parking lot. The wooden Matterhorn had been built to whoop up skiing among St. Louisans. The next day three young Austrians were to put on a ski show hypnotic enough, according to calculations, to lure bystanders into the ski-wear department of Famous-Barr, the department store, and then to send them almost 200 miles southwest of St. Louis to Tan-Tar-A, a resort on the Lake of the Ozarks which had just installed a ski operation. A couple of snow-making guns—big nozzles that blend air and water at high pressures—were standing by in the parking lot, but the temperature hung at 37, or about nine degrees more than the maximum for making snow. People from Famous-Barr and Tan-Tar-A were standing around an outdoor thermometer, trying to wish it down to 28. But the temperature went up, not down. As the Austrians watched like polite children, workmen from an ice factory showed up and covered the tiny hill with crushed ice.

The next day two girls in pink stretch pants demonstrated pink stretch pants, an announcer assured onlookers that it is not necessary to be an athlete to ski, and Otto Wiedmann, one of the Austrians and a professional ski racer, did a spectacular midair turnabout that can be learned by anyone who starts at the age of four and practices for 20 years. "Oh, how cute," said a middle-aged lady. Skiing had come to St. Louis, even if neither St. Louis nor I had yet seen snow (crushed ice does not count; you can see that in a glass of crème de menthe).

When it came, the sight of snow was startling. Burton Duenke, the wealthy St. Louis contractor who owns Tan-Tar-A, had flown his own two-engine plane from the resort to pick us up, and now, on the return trip, we had passed from the flatland around St. Louis to the rolling Ozark country. Duenke, a relaxed, tieless man of about 50, was explaining why he had put $250,000 into his ski operations ("We get a lot of people who like to put on ski clothes"). He broke off a sentence and banked the plane: "There's your snow." There

*Nine-year-old Lori Gibson (top) whizzes along a New Mexico slope on half a mile of man-made snow. Up from Alabama for the weekend, John Churchill goes down hard on a North Carolina trail. Spills like his can be tiring, but it never gets too cold in Carolina for resting in the sun (left).*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER



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**People from Florida drive to North Carolina so that their children can see (man-made) snow.**

*Top: Fogging the air of a Virginia hillside, snow-making machines keep the slope in shape for skiers.*

*Down New Mexico way, gun-packing employee (above) stands ready to stop any snow rustlers he sees.*

*Right: Department-store parking lot in suburban St. Louis becomes alp for a day with iceman's help.*



it was: two ridiculously small scars of white in the brown, hilly woodland that surrounds the Lake of the Ozarks. "It's not Aspen," said Duenke.

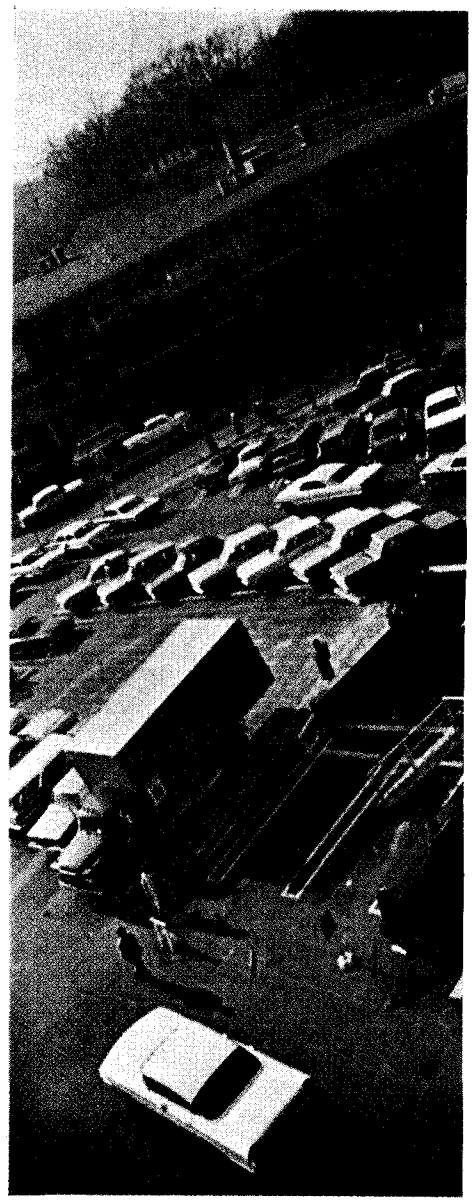
On the ground Duenke's homemade glaciers were more impressive. It was still a visual shock to see snow surrounded by mud, wet leaves and bare trees, and there was none of the exhilaration a northern skier feels at the sight of snow from horizon to horizon. But a skier in motion is not mooning at the scenery, and skiing on wet man-made snow (the temperature was in the 40's) turns out to be the same as skiing on wet natural snow. The two small white scars we had seen from the air were 800-foot beginner slopes served by rope tows (awkward, outdated contrivances which do for the arms and shoulders what hanging does for the neck). There was a longer, slightly more difficult hill with a civilized T-bar tow, but its snow had melted.

A reporter inquiring into the skiing habits of the South soon discovered that the longing of Yankees to thaw out in Florida is matched only by the avidity of the Southerners to experience frostbite. There is no part of the South out of which skiers do not now thunder like road racers after work on Friday, to thunder back, red-eyed but exalted, in the ghastly hours of Monday morning. Ski areas have sprouted from one end of the Dr. Pepper belt to the other. Maryland is full of them. Virginia could be crossed by dogsled. There is Gatlinburg in Tennessee and Cloud Croft near Alamogordo, N. Mex. Wild men have talked of ski slopes in Georgia (the Atlanta Ski Club, formed last fall, already has 315 members). But the two areas which have done most to convert Southerners to the cold, crisp joy of the spiral fracture are Cataloochee, near Waynesville, N. C.—the East's southernmost ski mountain—and the Homestead, in Hot Springs, Va.

Cataloochee is reached, by a sober man with steady nerves, after a three-mile climb up a humpbacked gravel road whose shoulders shrug themselves into chasms shrouded by mist. The valley from which the climb is made is an ulcerous neon strip of snake farms and pecan-candy dispensaries. The resort itself, set in a ring of hills high in the Great Smokies, is a comfortably ramshackle layout which offers pack trips and hiking in the summer, skiing in the winter and grits and spoonbread at all seasons. Most of its few buildings are of hand-hewn logs and fieldstone, and there are split-rail fences whose splitting was done by the people who built the place, and who still run it. The owner is Tom Alexander, a hand-hewn man of considerable years whose white hair and wind-worn face give him a better than faint resemblance to the late Robert Frost.

The morning I arrived, Alexander was stalking around his ski spread, temperature-wishing. His snow guns were working, but the temperature was rising toward 30, and they would have to be turned off. The season had been bad here, too; despite Cataloochee's altitude—its highest run starts at 5,030 feet—the weather had been too warm to make snow regularly. Alexander's 85 Angus cattle grazed on a hill opposite; he said in some disgust that they had not been in the barn all winter.

With three rope tows and one T-bar, none longer than 1,200 feet, Cataloochee is limited to perhaps 350 skiers on a weekend day. In addition, Alexander said, some 1,000 mountain people will wander in during a weekend to stand silently, watching the city folk. Atlanta is four and a half hours away by car; Birmingham and Huntsville, Ala., are eight hours away. Northern skiers are not surprised to hear that Southerners will drive eight hours to ski; a New Yorker spends that much time getting to Stowe, Vt. But Cataloochee, Alexander said, also gets a small, steady flow of zealots who drive 16 hours from New Orleans or Miami, ski for a day, and then drive back. They do this not only for the traditional skiers' observance of Washington's Birthday, but also for Robert E. Lee's Birthday, January 19 (hot buttered juleps raised in tribute), and even, in a fine spirit of ecumenicalism, for Lincoln's Birthday. Not all of them come to ski, said Alexander. "We get people from Florida who drive way up here just to let their children see snow."





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Southern skiers are so well adjusted to man-made snow that six inches of the real stuff throws everyone into enormous confusion. Man-made snow is dense and granular and needs little packing; skiers who look stylish on it collapse helplessly in a fall of new powder. Their roadwork is no better. Highway snowplowing varies between some and none, and the skiers, with no notion of how to drive on snow, slide into ditches like butter off a hot knife.

Cataloochee got its free snow on a Friday night. Alexander kept the snow guns going through the blizzard; six inches could disappear in a couple of warm, cloudy afternoons. The next morning the skiers began arriving and yelling for equipment, and the black cattle bunched at the pasture fence and bawled for shelter. The two herds met in front of the ski shop, each too preoccupied to notice the other.

That night I drove to the Homestead and on the way, with some apprehension, stopped at a hamburger joint. I was wearing standard ski clothes—blue stretch pants, fashionable fur-lined boots, fashionable red turtleneck T-shirt and imported sweater—and, observed by a critical eye, I needed only a bell on my fashionable ski cap to look like Charlemagne's court jester. But no one said anything; skiers in the South no longer stampede horses.

The Homestead is a vast, stately brick ocean liner beached in Virginia's Allegheny Mountains. Its lobby has 22 chandeliers, and columns that could hold up the Parthenon. Solemn middle-aged Negroes pad soundlessly across its carpets, gravely carrying skis as if they were silver trays, and giggling girls in lavender stretch pants pad after them. Puzzled old ladies in red velvet totter about, their elbows clutched by companions. It is a distinctly odd place to ski.

It is also the South's best. Its runs are well laid out, and one of them is 3,000 feet long—short by northern standards, but long and expensive if you are rolling your own snow. The Homestead's ski operation is run by a shrewd Austrian named Sepp Kober, who may be the only man in the South who makes a good living out of skiing (some area owners are still paying off the high costs of lifts and snow-making equipment). In addition to supervising the Homestead's skiing, Kober has set himself up as a ski-area architect, and most of the newer southern layouts are his work. He admits that most Southerners are not yet good skiers—it takes six or eight years for a weekend skier to develop competence, and the southern areas have not been operating that long. But soon, Kober says, skiers are going to demand something more challenging than the painless pastures the South now offers.

When lifts are extended and runs made tougher—both Cataloochee and the Homestead have expansion in mind—the first outsiders to hear of plans will be the officials of Larchmont Engineering, a firm in Lexington, Mass., whose main business is making farm-irrigation equipment. A decade or so ago Larchmont's owners were experimenting with a gadget that was supposed to protect crops from frost by blanketing them with man-made clouds. It didn't work—the clouds turned to snow—but the Larchmont people had the sense to patent their mistake. Last year the firm's sales of snow-making equipment ran to more than $700,000.

Larchmont is the only company in the snow-making field, and, weather cooperating, its instant-Arctic gadget works well enough to satisfy any reasonable man. But restless minds are at work. A starch-making outfit tried to persuade Larchmont to add starch to man-made snow to make it last longer. Snow Valley, a ski area in California, has discovered that skiing of a sort is possible in mid-summer if you pile enough cottonseed hulls on your hill. A New York resort offers hot-weather skiing on a plastic surface that resembles, and may well be, broken-up poker chips. And a department store in Brussels constructed its own alps, covered with nylon bristles, on its roof.

New Englanders, of course, laugh at such fraud. But Larchmont reports that three Vermont ski areas—Haystack, Mount Snow and Stratton—bought emergency snow-making equipment during this season's profit-draining drought. Can nylon alps—white for purists, pink or plaid for the jaded—be far behind? □

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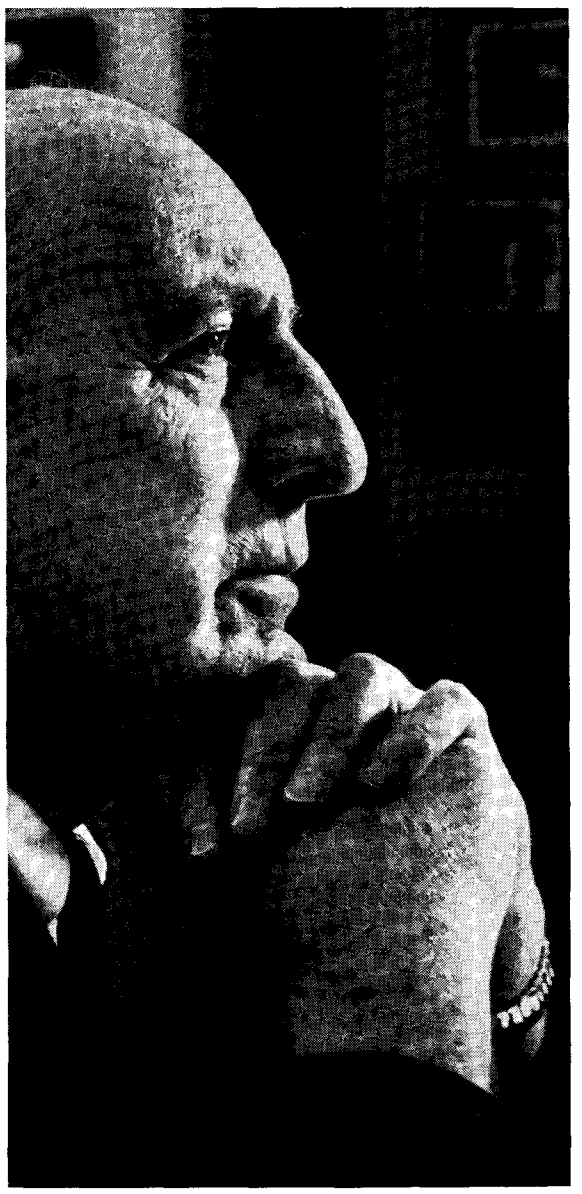
## Richard Russell, dean of southern senators, braces for his greatest fight.



*Russell, master of strategic retreat.*

# THE FILIBUSTER'S BEST FRIEND

BY DON OBERDORFER

When Richard B. Russell of Georgia rises to address the United States Senate, he stands as grave and formal as a living statue. Fingertips resting on the polished desk, shoulders back as if he were being measured for a Roman toga, he is a figure of great prestige and power. For more than 20 years he has been undisputed leader of the southern bloc in that historic chamber.

Harry Truman, recalling the Georgian's unsuccessful bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1952, has written: "He had ability, integrity and honesty.... If Russell had been from Indiana or Missouri or Kentucky, he may well have been the President." And when Lyndon Johnson returned to Washington from Dallas on the night of John Kennedy's assassination, one of his first questions was, "Where's Dick?" Several hours later the two men conferred at length, as they frequently do today.

Russell is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, the most influential man on the Appropriations Committee, and high priest of the legendary Senate Establishment. When senators are polled about the identity of their most influential colleague, the majority always gives that accolade to Russell.

Recently, however, some of Russell's power has eroded away as wave after wave of young liberals have arrived in the Senate, and racial revolution has shattered the once-solid South. Some legislative observers have begun to suspect that Russell's influence is greatly overrated. "He's over the hill," confides a colleague, and one key executive official adds, "This whole thing is the biggest myth in Washington." In the last Congress Russell opposed the civil-rights bill, the test-ban treaty, the poverty program, the tax cut, foreign aid, federal aid to higher education, the manpower-retraining bill, and the wheat deal with Russia. All of them passed.

The next test of Russell's power is due soon. On March ninth the Senate is scheduled to begin consideration of new plans to change Rule XXII, the filibuster rule which, for a quarter of a century, protected the South against strong civil-rights legislation—until last summer, when a Dixie filibuster was broken by the required two thirds of the senators present and voting. Liberals want to reduce this critical fraction to three fifths—or even to one more than half.

The outcome depends in part on the parliamentary rulings of Hubert H. Humphrey, one of the leading Senate liberals before he became Vice President and the Senate's presiding officer. But it depends equally on Richard Russell. And although Russell may not be at his best—he was hospitalized in January for flu, complicated by chronic emphysema—the battle is one he has never been prepared to concede. "This Congress contains a greater majority of self-styled liberals than any which has ever met," he says. "Some of them think they can impose a gag rule in the Senate, but I believe they are mistaken. We have retreated far enough."

Liberal senators, however, are optimistic. "I think we're going to make the breakthrough," says one. "The Senate is like the South after Grant took Richmond. The southern generals are still brilliant, but their troops are old and tired, and there simply aren't enough to go around."

Like those Confederate generals, Russell avoids pitched battles when he can, and he has developed strategic withdrawal to a fine art. Outside the realm of Pentagon affairs, there are not many fights that he can win these days. Rather than capitulate or fritter away his prestige in futile struggles, he prefers to work quietly behind the scenes, and often falls back to prepared ground so skillfully that hardly anyone realizes how much he has actually won or lost.

Last July, for example, the poverty bill reached an impasse in the Senate over the question of state veto power of federal projects. In the moment of crisis, Russell drew up for Sargent Shriver, director of the poverty program, a compromise amendment which mollified both sides in the debate and assured the bill's passage. This accomplished, Russell then voted his own convictions—against the bill.

Later he explained that he knew the program would ultimately pass, and that "I tried to get it in the best shape I could." Others note that Russell was also playing an almost ceremonial role that has long been his. "No major compromise can be concluded in the Senate without submission to his professional hand," says a colleague. A Senate aide calls him "the man who says the blessing over the legislative wine."

This delicate balancing of support and opposition is the measured technique of a cool professional. In this he is much like Lyndon Johnson, who owes much of his skill as a practical politician to Russell's tutelage over a period of many years. Today the two men often clash on political policy, but their extraordinary friendship is a source of continuing fascination in the capital.

For example, when Russell recently announced committee hearings into the American difficulties in Vietnam, columnist Joseph Alsop suggested that Johnson was using these hearings to "soften the blow of defeat" in Southeast Asia. Conversely, the head of a government agency claims privately that Russell's caution has been the principal restraining influence on Johnson.

Mutual friends say that Johnson has closer ties with Russell than with any other Senator. "When a group of us goes to the White House," reports a powerful Senate committee chairman, "Dick is always *asked* his opinion about things. The rest of us have to volunteer ours." Senator and President consult often by telephone, sometimes several times a day. Now and then, Russell, a lifelong bachelor who lives alone in a small apartment, comes to the executive mansion for a quiet supper with Lynda Bird and Luci—who call him "Uncle Dick"—and their parents.

The friendship dates back nearly 30 years. When Lyndon Johnson came to Washington as a gangling young congressman in 1937, Russell was already an established figure. He had arrived four years earlier, two months before Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration, after a meteoric career as a state legislator and governor. At 35 he had been the youngest member of the Senate. Russell was a fervent New Dealer at first, but his ardor cooled as the depression waned. Partly because of the racial issue, Russell became increasingly conservative.

The rise of Johnson's national fortunes has

*Old friends despite differences in viewpoint, the President and Russell confer at White House.*



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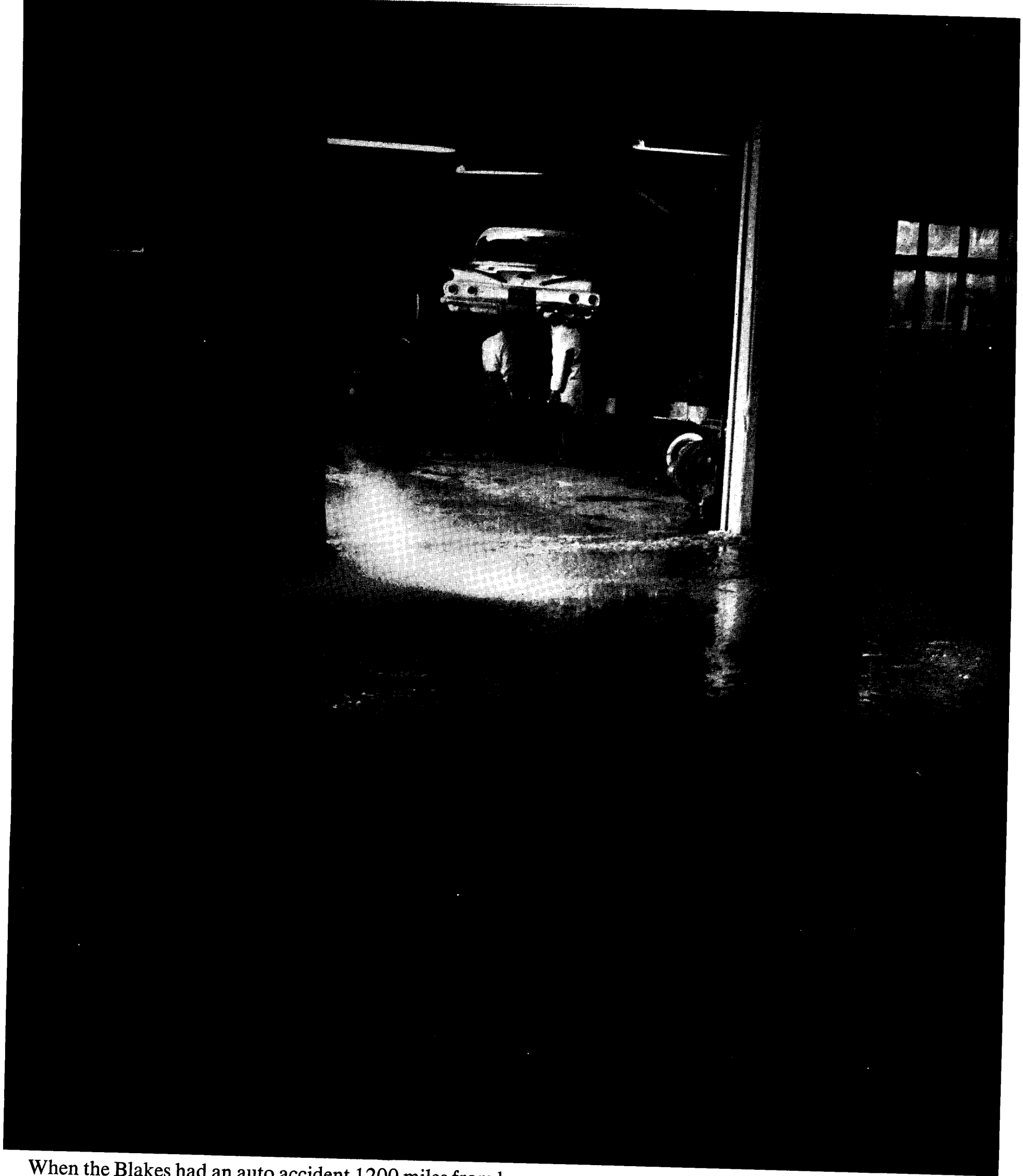

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been closely linked with the decline of Russell's. Johnson and his closest friends were aboard the Russell bandwagon in 1952, when the Georgian made an energetic bid for the Democratic presidential nomination. He was unsuccessful, however, and Adlai Stevenson was nominated on the third ballot.

Crushed by his defeat, the Georgian in effect transferred his national ambitions to Johnson. "I think," says a friend, "that he saw in Lyndon hope for a Democratic Party he could live with." Russell had earlier declined the job of Senate Democratic leader because, "I wanted to be my own man," but now he decided that Johnson should seek the post when Congress convened in 1953. Johnson was a mere freshman, but with Russell's powerful backing, he won. Soon he learned from his mentor how to build a network of senatorial alliances, a tactic Russell had long employed to protect the southern bloc on civil rights. Johnson applied the lesson on a grand scale and quickly became the most effective political organizer in the modern history of the Senate.

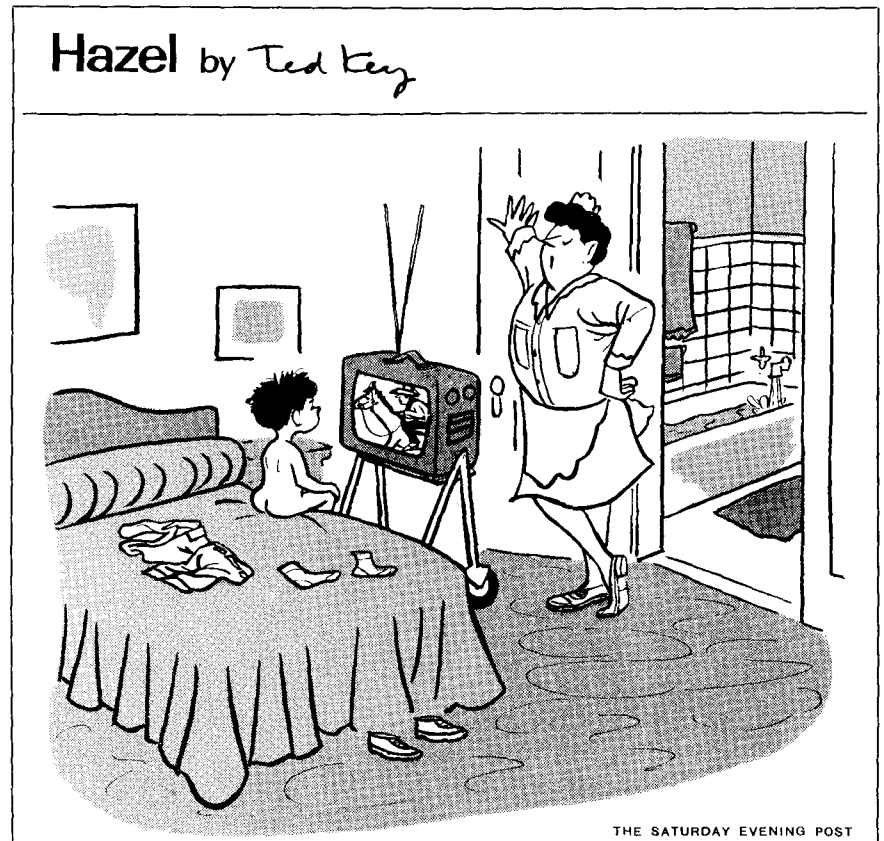
His new responsibilities inevitably caused Johnson's views to veer away from Russell's—a trend which accelerated sharply when the Texan decided to run for President. Russell was not greatly surprised and, though the two men battled publicly, they remained fast friends. Once, in the late 1950's, majority leader Johnson became so furious with the Eisenhower Administration that he vowed to Russell that he would not work to restore funds that had been cut from Ike's foreign-aid bill. Russell objected strenuously. "You've made a record on behalf of foreign aid," he said, "and you've got to stick to it." The Georgian convinced Johnson—and then proceeded, as usual, to oppose the bill himself.

The greatest test of this unique relationship has been the battle over the Civil Rights Bill, for Russell fights such legislation out of deep conviction. Last year he discovered early that, as President, his former protégé had both the political need and the votes to pass a strong Civil Rights Bill. Russell was forced to stall month after month, waiting to exploit mistakes which never came. One day, in his bitterness and anguish, he composed a stinging parody of Kipling's poem *The Reeds of Runnymede*, which he then read aloud to an astonished Senate:

*Ah, Runnymede! Ah, Runnymede!*
*Shame on cowardly seed of a braver breed!*
*Men there made free, now fined and bound*
*And dispossessed of freehold ground*
*At whim or fancy of life-tenure judge*
*Who, to please benefactor politically bent*
*Or fear-ridden by sound of demonstrators' chant,*
*Now consigns to perdition, with hypocritical cant,*
*The charter signed at Runnymede!*

Another time he publicly commended the Black Muslim views of Cassius Clay, and predicted that the boxer would never be invited to the White House, "because he is not a believer in forced integration." Yet all this time, despite the acrimony of the debate over civil rights, Russell continued to confer amicably with Johnson on military and foreign policy.

All the same, Russell, still smarting from the civil-rights defeat at Johnson's hands, refused to campaign for him in Georgia last fall, or even to endorse him by name. At the peak of the presidential campaign, Russell flew off to a self-assigned "inspection tour" of Europe, leaving the job of helping Johnson to young Governor Carl Sanders. Russell's inactivity contributed greatly to Georgia's defection from the Democratic column for the first time in history. Nonetheless, a few days after the election, Johnson showed that he considered their relationship unchanged by inviting Russell to be his honored guest at a deer hunt at the Texas ranch. Governor Sanders, badly battered by his unsuccessful efforts for the national ticket, also received an invitation—by telephone from Richard Russell.



"Any time, pardner."

Johnson still needs Russell, both as a friend and, when he can manage it, as a political ally. On most disputed issues, however, the President commands a comfortable majority of between a half dozen and a dozen votes out of the Senate's hundred. The Georgian's help is not often essential. For one thing, Johnson already had a rapport with his old southern colleagues. For another, more than half of all the present senators have come to that body in the past eight years, most of them moderate-to-liberal Democrats from outside the South.

Hungry for recognition and power, many of these newcomers resent the old men, mostly southerners, who still dominate the Senate's committee machinery. The South still retains 10 of the 16 Senate chairmanships, and though the power of most chairmen is still great, it is steadily deteriorating as the nation and the Senate both change.

Early this year three nonsouthern committee chairmen—Jackson and Magnuson of Washington and McNamara of Michigan—decided to seek reform of the vastly important Democratic Steering Committee, the group with the delicate job of determining the committee assignments. Once named to this strategic unit, a senator remains a member until he dies or retires—with the result that the southern elders predominate.

The reformers demanded that four new seats be added to the 15-member committee. Russell moved with characteristic skill. Though he had opposed—and beaten—similar drives in the past, this time he quickly saw he lacked the votes. He therefore informed Mike Mansfield, the Democratic leader, that he would accept two new members if the liberals would drop their demand for four. The deal was quickly made, and Russell still retains a slender one-vote majority on the Steering Committee in the new setup. Probably, though, the liberals could have got all four if they had persisted.

Another time they probably will. Bit by bit the Senate changes. It hardly seems possible that so many of Russell's friends have come and gone, that he welcomed to the chamber as newcomers Robert Taft, Harry Truman, Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy—and has seen them all depart to greater heights or to the grave. In his office Russell treasures 75 black-bound books of eulogy to good friends who have died while serving in Congress.

On a quiet afternoon not long ago Russell recalled aloud his last major Senate race in Georgia, which was in 1936. His opponent was Ol' Gene Talmadge, a fiery demagogue with a wild shock of black hair and red galluses. Gene's young son, Herman, was a scout on the edge of the Russell campaign rallies. Now he sits in the Senate as Richard Russell's colleague, far more moderate in his views than either his father or the man who licked him.

Next year Russell is up for reelection and this time he may face serious opposition in the September primary from Governor Carl Sanders, who is both as lean and as liberal as Russell himself was in the early days. Many things have changed since 1933. The state was two thirds rural then, but now many of the hardscrabble cotton farms are pastures. and the tenant shacks empty. Today more than half of all Georgians are city folk.

Some 270,000 Negroes have the vote in Georgia—a sixth of the electorate—and a major problem for the statewide politicians is how to accommodate them without letting the poor whites know it. Four of Russell's southern colleagues in the Senate would probably be out of office today except for the Negro votes they won at their recent elections. Last year young Congressman Charles Weltner of Atlanta, the son of an old friend of Dick Russell's, voted for the Civil Rights Act. Negro votes made up his margin of reelection.

Almost everything has changed except Dick Russell. Last winter, after the election, he traveled the state reminding voters of his steadfast battle against the Civil Rights Bill and of the myriad federal projects he has brought home. In new fluorescent-lit banquet halls he informed citizens that "I am not altogether as reactionary as you may have heard." Recently he voted for the mass-transit bill and for aid to Appalachia, but these are modest deviations. "I've never had the happy faculty of adjusting my views as some others can," he says. "I'd look as guilty as a boy with his hand caught in the cooky jar."

Now and then he is able to go home to the 12-room white frame house in Russell, Ga., near the town of Winder. Back of the house, through pecan trees and pines, is the family cemetery, which the senator has made into a quiet, dignified shrine. Not long ago a friend encountered him kneeling there, plucking weeds from the rich turf.

Under a tall granite shaft inscribed to a SON OF THE OLD SOUTH, DEFENDER AND BUILDER OF THE NEW lies his father, for many years the revered Chief Justice of the Georgia Supreme Court. In times of crisis the senator's thoughts go back to the man buried there. Such a moment of stress arose last May in the heat of the civil-rights struggle, when leaked stories in eastern newspapers accused Richard Russell of duplicity in his dealings with Administration forces.

Russell rose in the Senate and indignantly read the offending stories, refuting them line by line and paragraph by paragraph, as the official leaders of that body stood by, nodding agreement. "When the time comes for me to go out of this chamber," Russell announced to a suddenly quiet hall, "whether I go voluntarily, whether my commission is revoked by the electorate of Georgia, or whether I am carried out in a box, I hope it will at least be possible to say of me that I was an honorable man. I do not know of anything that might be said that would better please me.

"My father used to tell his seven sons that all of them could not be brilliant, all of them could not be successful, but all of them could be honorable. . . . I have tried to follow that course throughout my life." □



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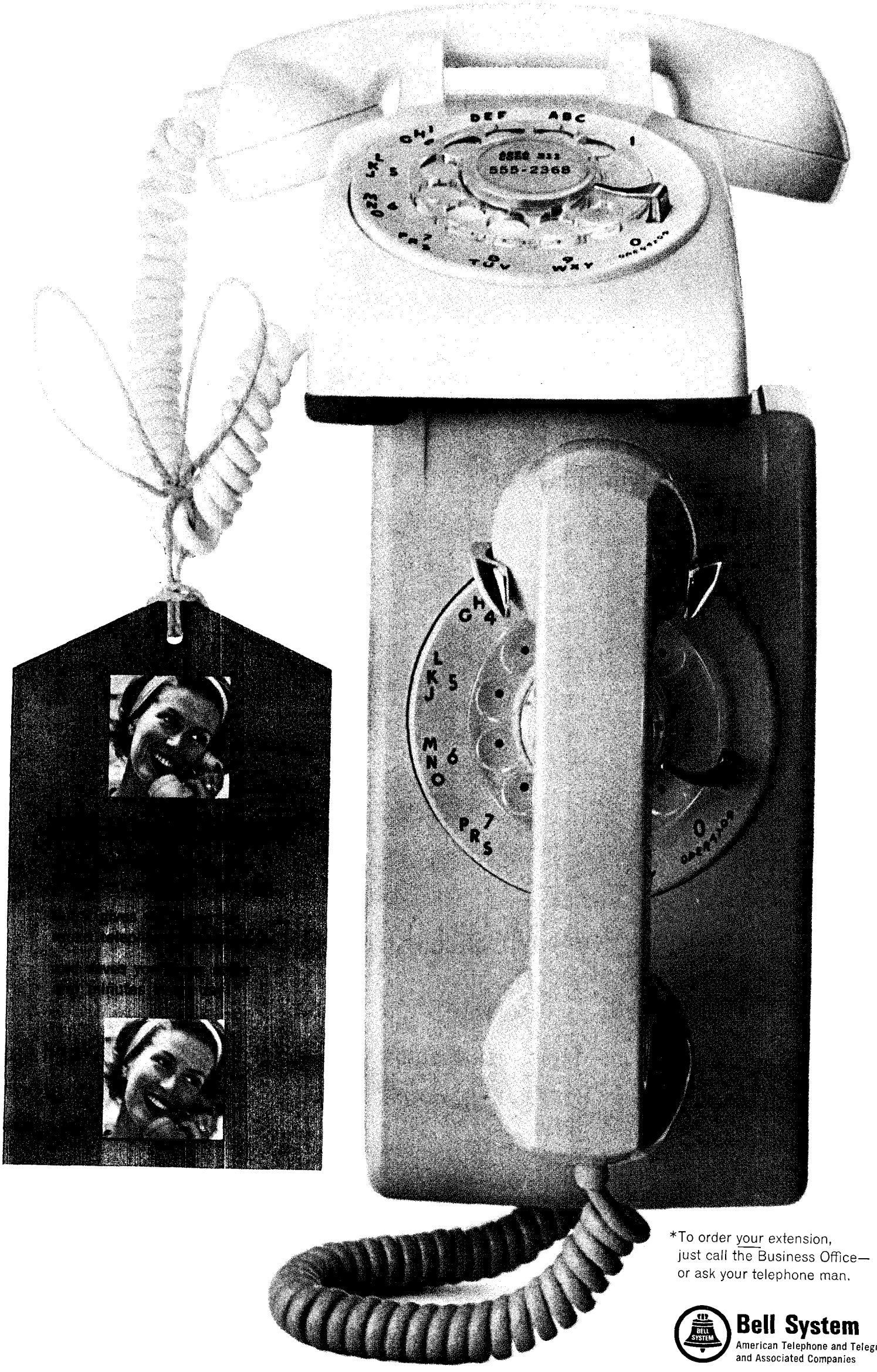


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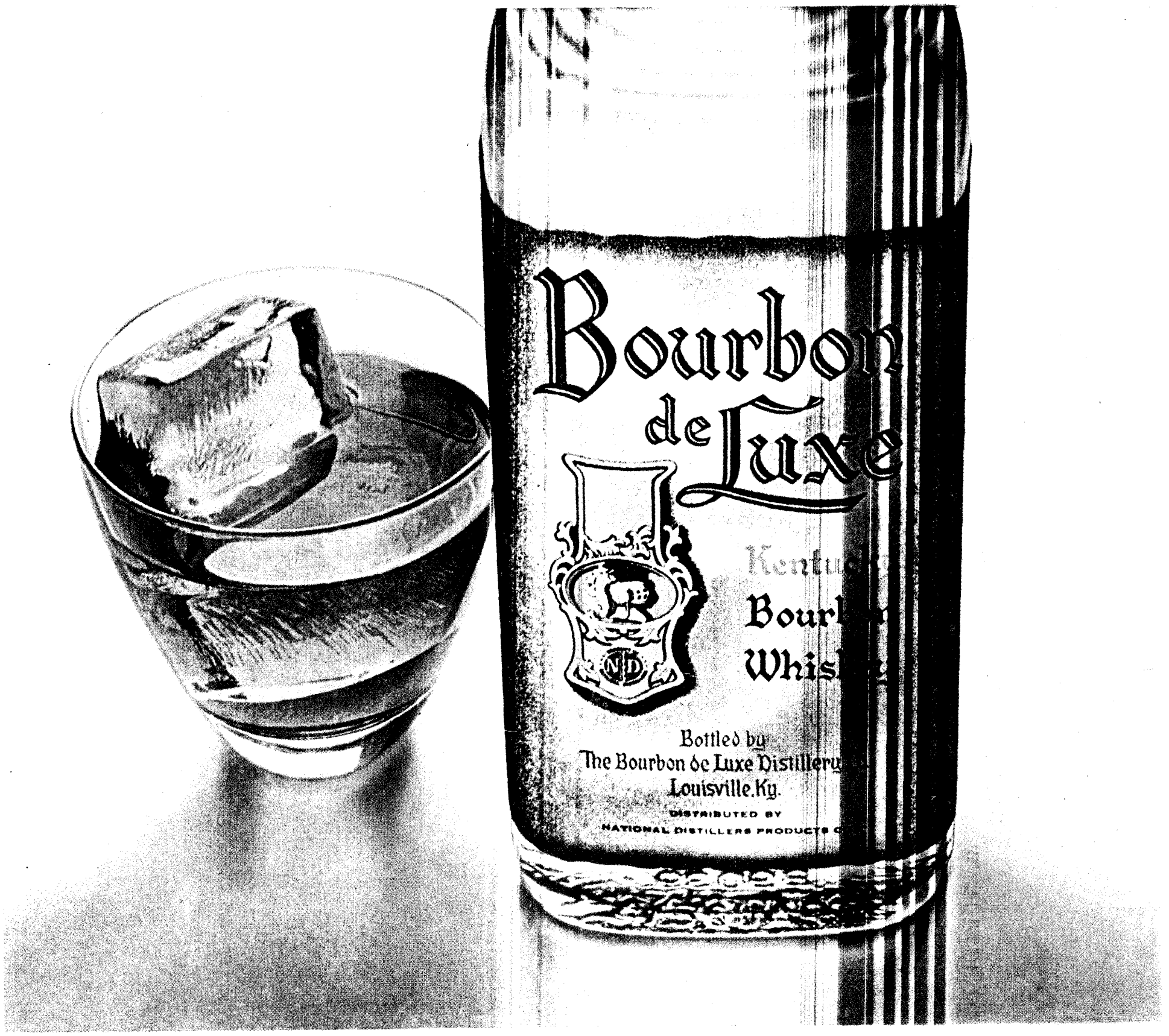


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RICHARD RODGERS

# Number one melody man

*Perfectionist at all rehearsals.*

*"I don't find it work to write music," says the genius of SOUND OF MUSIC and SOUTH PACIFIC, whose idle life has made him the most successful composer in history.*

A short while ago, on the eve of completing 45 incredibly productive years in the musical theater, Richard Rodgers divulged somewhat diffidently to an acquaintance that he still had only to walk into a Broadway theater to find himself miraculously uplifted. "If I'm unhappy," he said, "it takes my unhappiness away; if I'm happy, I get happier. Bare or with scenery, a theater always has a heightening effect on me. There's always the promise that, sooner or later, people are going to sit in those seats and have a reaction to what goes on in the pit and on stage." This month Rodgers's 39th musical comedy, *Do I Hear a Waltz?*, will open,

By Gilbert Millstein

*Photographs by Larry Fried*



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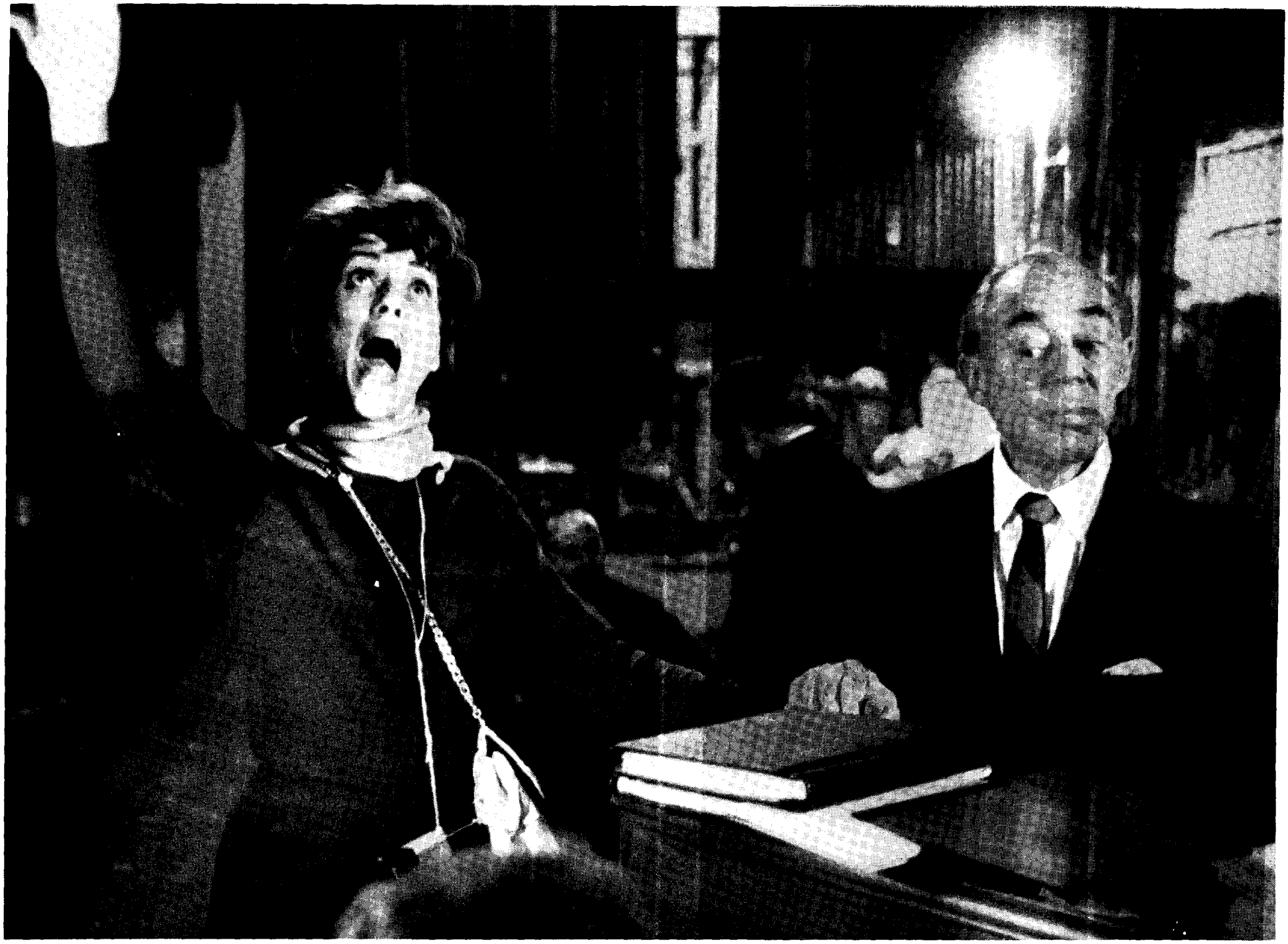

*Rodgers overlooks no detail of music, costume or choreography. He takes over at the piano while Elizabeth Allen goes through a new song.*



with lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, whose previous hits include *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*. "I have such a prayer for it," Rodgers said, as boyishly as if he were opening with *Poor Little Ritz Girl* in 1920. He will be 63 this year.

Not even the gravest illness has succeeded in keeping Rodgers away from a theater for any great length of time. In September, 1955, during the rehearsals of *Pipe Dream*, an adaptation of John Steinbeck's *Sweet Thursday*, he was operated on for a cancer of the jaw. He attended a rehearsal on the morning of the day he entered the hospital. Eight days after the operation he went for a ride in Central Park with his wife. The day after the ride Mrs. Rodgers took her husband to a movie. On the 10th day he showed up at a rehearsal of *Pipe Dream* again and stayed with the show until it opened, despite considerable discomfort. "He's unhappy when he's not working," Mrs. Rodgers has said with pleasurable resignation. "I am resentful of anything that keeps him from writing music. That is what he was put on this earth for."

"Maybe I paid for it all later," Rodgers said the other day. "I guess I'll never know. But I have an idea that if I'd done the usual bit of going to White Sulphur Springs and sitting on the porch after the operation, it might have been a lot worse. I would have concentrated on myself instead of on the show, which was healthy for me."

But as it turned out, he had only postponed matters. Early in 1956 he fell into a depression and began to withdraw. "I was obviously suffering from the shock of realizing I'd had cancer," he continued. "I knew it and my wife knew it, but she wouldn't mention it." Rodgers is a highly logical man and extremely respectful of rational behavior. "Things reached the point," he said, "where I knew I had to take steps, and the steps I took were simple. I called a couple of doctors, and we decided that I should go to a hospital for a while. Simple as that. I had a room with a nice armchair overlooking the East River. And this is interesting—up to that point I hadn't read more than maybe three books in three years, I'd been so busy. In the first two weeks I was in that place"—he stayed there for about three months—"I read ten books and everything else I could get my hands on. That's how thirsty I was and how much I needed rest."

Less than a year after his self-imposed retreat from the world, Rodgers returned to work. He turned out the television version of *Cinderella* in 1957. The musical comedies *Flower Drum Song* and *The Sound of Music*, both written with the late Oscar Hammerstein, were produced in 1958 and 1959. He wrote the score for a television series, *Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years*, in 1960.

Three years ago he wrote five additional songs, including words, for the motion-picture remake of *State Fair*, and the same year his newest musical comedy was running, *No Strings*, for which he did both score and lyrics. *No Strings* represented the first time Rodgers had ever tackled a musical comedy without a collaborator. He did it, he says, because he couldn't find another lyricist at the moment and because Hammerstein's death had left him "pretty thrown" and not too much inclined to look for another man. "I found out," Rodgers says, "that I simply couldn't face the adjustment to a new personality at the time." While the critics did not unanimously acclaim it, *No Strings* did win Rodgers his third Antoinette Perry award for the best musical score of the 1961–62 season.

The current show, *Do I Hear a Waltz?*, is based on a play of some seasons ago, *The Time of the Cuckoo* by Arthur Laurents, who had originally proposed the show to Rodgers and Hammerstein in 1958 and had it rejected. Hammerstein felt that not enough time had elapsed since the original 1952 production, and Rodgers was of the opinion that not a great deal of beautiful music could be made over the situation of a middle-aged American spinster hopelessly in love with a married antique dealer in Venice.

Early in 1963, however, Laurents once more approached Rodgers—after the composer's long, fruitless try at working with Alan Jay Lerner on a musical about extrasensory perception—and succeeded in convincing him. He pointed out to Rodgers that his original intention had been to make his heroine younger, more attractive and quite sophisticated, not a teacher but an advertising executive. Her fate was to be far from hopeless.

Sondheim was next approached to do the lyrics, but this time *he* was not sure there was a musical in the new-old version. Within a matter of weeks, though, his qualms had been stifled,



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and the three men set to work on what has since become *Do I Hear a Waltz?* Sergio Franchi is cast as the Venetian *inamorato* and Elizabeth Allen as the American girl. As always, Rodgers is remaining in close attendance on every detail of the show, sitting through endless rehearsals and auditions and overseeing every last detail of choreography, costume, scenic design and lighting.

He is a stocky, round-faced man of medium height, with iron-gray hair, knowledgeable brown eyes and a modest manner. It has been frequently said that he looks as little like a composer as custom-tailored suits and shirts will permit—more like the banker or board chairman of some highly remunerative financial enterprise, which he is. Rodgers, however, repudiates any inference that he may be a meticulous businessman. He insists that while he knows *why* to do something, he doesn't know *how*, leaving details of that kind to his staff.

Businesslike or not, the chances are that Rodgers is the wealthiest composer of all time, popular or otherwise. His earnings have been estimated to be as high as $100 million. He is able to compose anywhere at any hour, without a piano. The number of songs he has written is somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,500, and of these, several hundred have become what the trade calls "standards." Among them, as a lucrative sample, are *Manhattan*, *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'!* and *Some Enchanted Evening*. The likelihood is that somewhere in the United States, every minute of every day of the year, a Rodgers melody is being played. He is unfailingly gratified whenever he hears one, which is as often as he cares to turn on a radio or go anyplace where music is broadcast, not excluding taxicabs and racetracks. Once a friend lured him to the old Belmont track, having arranged in advance to have the band play nothing but Rodgers's scores. The composer, a man stunningly without avocations, was not bored for a minute.

Rodgers has made two principal contributions to musical comedy, which shares with jazz the distinction of being a uniquely American art form. The first is an unstemmed tide of melody. The mystery of its source is the mystery of genius itself. As Alan Jay Lerner said, "Dick's got that pipeline to heaven that goes through him. And when something doesn't come out, the whole works gets choked up and congested." (In truth, when Rodgers is not working he does tend to look harassed, and his staff has noticed that he is apt to be a lot less expansive than on days when he taps his briefcase upon entering the office and trumpets, "Well, I got my homework in here!")

The other great Rodgers contribution lies in the number of innovations he has fostered. In the past, carefree musicals had been put together à la Ziegfeld—with unrelated sketches, songs built around individual performers and with striking show girls. Or they had descended reasonably intact from the Victor Herbert variety of operetta. In 1926, 14 years before *Lady in the Dark* dipped into psychoanalysis, Rodgers's *Peggy Ann* was built around the Freudian interpretation of dreams. In 1936, with *On Your Toes*, he integrated ballet into the plot of a musical and included, for the first time, a long section for the orchestra alone. He was also responsible for the first musical-comedy adaptation of Shakespeare, with *The Boys From Syracuse*, in 1938.

With *Pal Joey*, in 1940, he demonstrated conclusively that it was possible to tell a marvelously amusing story about an unmitigated heel. *Oklahoma!*, in 1943, brought an integration of book and music never heard before on Broadway. What was more, one of the characters got killed. Two years later in *Carousel*, the theme of which was downright tragic, the *hero* was killed. Next, Rodgers eliminated the conventional overture for *The Sound of Music;* in 1961, he put his *No Strings* orchestra onstage, the members wandering in and out among the actors. He even had the chorus move scenery (Where professional stagehands were necessary, he put them in costume). Also, *No Strings* introduced a romance between a white man and a Negro girl.

Rodgers's original gifts have not been confined to musical comedy and television documentaries. He has composed 14 film scores and added to others. He created a ballet, *Ghost Town*, for the *Ballet Russe* in 1939—he doesn't think highly of it—and a nightclub revue in the early days with his first collaborator, Lorenz Hart.

Rodgers could pick out tunes with one finger on a piano before he was three. He was composing in his nonage and being produced in his teens, years before he took formal lessons on theory or on the piano. He has never written any of what he calls abstract music—music not intended for a definite lyric or idea. "The reason," he has said, "is psychological but not Freudian. My mother was a first-rate pianist and my father, who was a doctor, was crazy about music. They were both mad about the theater. And they used to go to the operettas, which were so much of musical theater in their day, and come home with the printed score. By the way, I'm one producer and composer who prints up a score that you can buy in the theater lobby, even though sheet music doesn't sell very well anymore. Anyway, the score used to go up on the piano, and for weeks my mother would play and she and my father would sing. I was so small that I had to be lifted up on the piano stool, and I would try to imitate my mother. Eventually, that was the way I picked up playing."

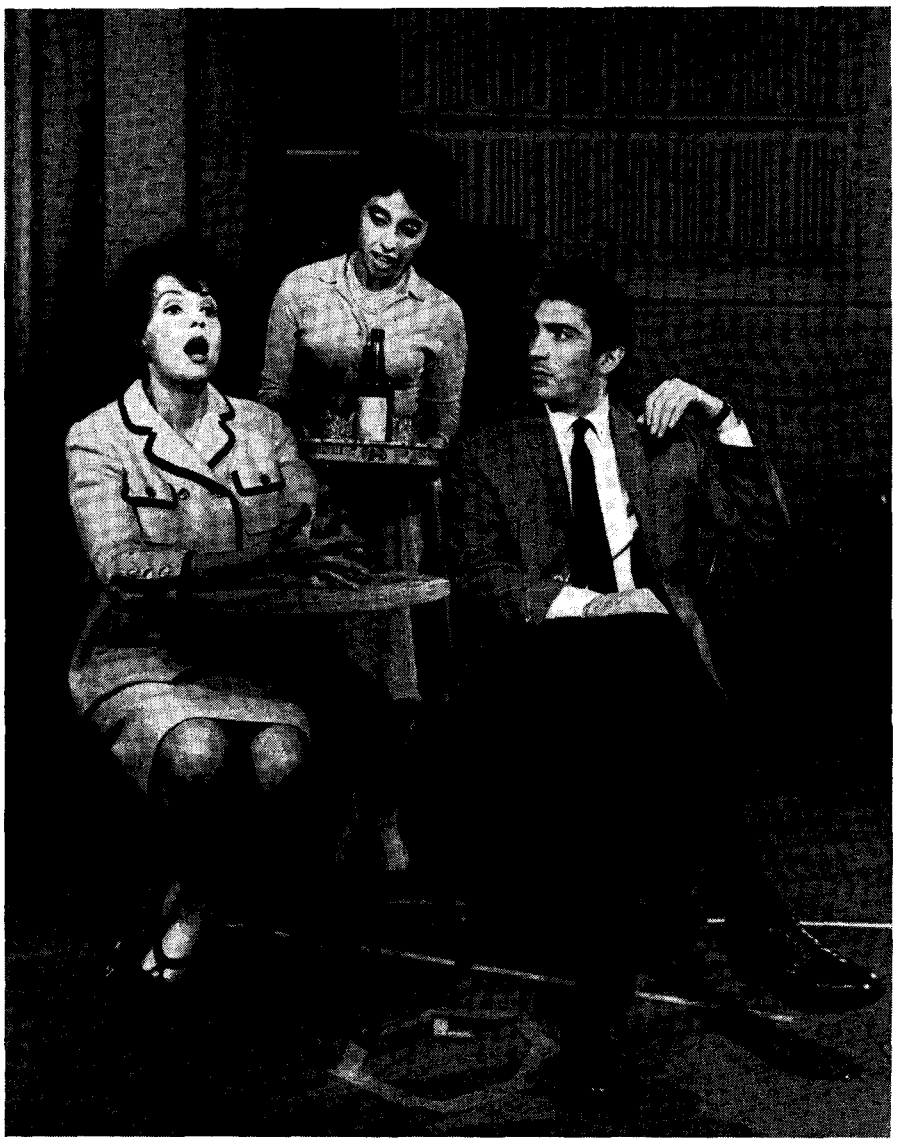
The fruits of this happy, non-Freudian infancy have not been invisible. Rodgers maintains a large office on one entire floor of a Madison Avenue building. The unbusinesslike room contains paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers and Pierre Soulages, and a grand piano on which Rodgers plays but rarely composes, since he prefers to write his music away from the office. He keeps a jar of hard candies on a coffee table, having fallen into the habit of eating them 18 years ago when he gave up smoking, and he regularly offers them to visitors. The room also contains a good deal of *Directoire* furniture, as well as a modern couch, but no desk. Rodgers sits instead at a round Biedermeier table (an original) in an Empire chair (a reproduction), and so do his visitors.

In a profession given to as much circumlocution as possible, Rodgers is quite direct. Russel Crouse, one of the authors of *The Sound of Music*, observes that "Dick isn't given to any of the cheap forms of anger, just the more vigorous ones." On the other hand, Rodgers is not lacking in wit, as when he once whispered discreetly to another man at an audition, "How long does that girl have to read before we know she has bad legs." Another time he interrupted an actor in mid-audition to announce that he was hiring him. "But you didn't let me finish, Mr. Rodgers," the actor protested. "Some people," Rodgers observed, "just won't take yes for an answer."

One would suppose that a man of Rodgers's stature would by now be relatively confident about his work, but he is probably more nervous about a new production today than he was four decades ago. Vincent J. Donehue, who directed *The Sound of Music*, recalls an afternoon when Rodgers was to play a new song at Oscar Hammerstein's house for Mary Martin, her husband, and Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. "An hour before the others got there," Donehue said, "Rodgers was getting fidgety. When they arrived, we started to go down to the second floor, where the piano was. Rodgers said, 'Well, by God, here we go, a fighter pilot taking off on a combat mission.'" Donehue reminded him he was among friends. "Nobody's your friend the first time you play a song," Rodgers rejoined. "The song," Donehue vividly remembers, "was *Do Re Mi*—certainly one of the most successful in the show."

A musical genius is no more immune to bleeding ego than other mortals, but although Rodgers bruises easy, as the saying goes, he heals quick. Stephen Sondheim brought him a lyric for the title song of their new show, *Do I Hear a Waltz?*, and Rodgers, in due course, produced a tune. Sondheim told him bluntly that he didn't like it. ("I think Dick is incapable of writing bad music, you understand," Sondheim comments. "With him, there are only degrees of competence from passable to wonderful to great.") Rodgers's reaction was one of undiluted incredulity.

"No one I ever worked with ever criticized a song I wrote," he informed Sondheim without heat. "He was right," Sondheim said. "No one *had*."



*Set in Venice,* DO I HEAR A WALTZ? *involves Sergio Franchi and Miss Allen in a love triangle.*



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*Lyricist Stephen Sondheim checks over rehearsal notes with Rodgers, ready for any last-minute change.*

MELODY MAN

"I like the music when I write it," Rodgers reflects, "but I've learned not to trust myself too much. I'm as conceited as anyone else, but I just know the pitfalls too well. And because I manage to be working at my age, after starting as a child, doesn't mean that the eight bars I do this afternoon are going to be as solid as the Old Testament. Take Arthur and Steve. Presumably, they're my first audience, and I *am* very anxious to find out whether they like it. I already know how *I* feel, but that isn't enough. Eventually, this piece of music is going to be heard by 1,650 people a night in a theater, and, hopefully, by millions more."

Just as he would like to dispel the idea that he is a lynx-eyed businessman, Rodgers must strive to disabuse people of the notion that he composes painlessly and in a hurry, although to the untutored he seems to. Stories of his speed at work are many, but two fairly recent ones are illustrative. When *No Strings* was trying out in Detroit, Rodgers decided he needed a duet for his stars, Diahann Carroll and Richard Kiley. He was having breakfast with his director, Joe Layton, and the two fixed on a Maine beach scene for the locale. They decided that Miss Carroll would sing about how much she liked Maine, while Kiley would counter with a chorus on New York. "Mainly, I do like Maine," Rodgers said suddenly. "Bomp bomp babomp bomp bomp," he jotted words and music on a paper napkin. "Maine is the main thing," he added. "Bomb ba ba bomp." He had the beginning and end outlined in four minutes, by Layton's estimate, or as long as it took a waitress to hustle two orders of waffles and bacon. The entire song was finished by the following morning.

Another time, when he was working with Alan Jay Lerner on a tentative production, Lerner telephoned him with a suggested song title, nothing more. After hanging up, Lerner got into a shower. A couple of minutes later the phone rang, and he emerged, dripping, to answer it. "The rest you know," he said. "It was Dick, of course, and he had a whole tune. It's a charming song. I hope he'll be able to use it in another show."

"I get no place trying to tell people that story isn't true," Rodgers says. "The song situation had probably been going around in my head for weeks. Sometimes it takes months. I don't believe that a writer does something wonderful spontaneously. I believe it's the result of years of living, of study, reading, his very personality and temperament. At one particular moment all these come together, and the artist 'expresses' himself." It is noteworthy that when he was working with Hart, Rodgers was in the habit of writing the songs first and then having Hart put lyrics to them. With Oscar Hammerstein, the process was reversed and so was it with Stephen Sondheim for *Do I Hear a Waltz?*

Beyond the fact that he voluntarily took himself out of Columbia University before finishing (he holds honorary doctorates in music, humane letters and law), Rodgers's early years were singularly lacking in upheaval. Unlike the stereotyped kid from the lower East Side, he came from a securely bourgeois background, knew at all times where his next meal was coming from, and was constantly encouraged by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Rodgers. An older brother was equally encouraged to follow in his father's footsteps and is now a consultant director in obstetrics and gynecology.

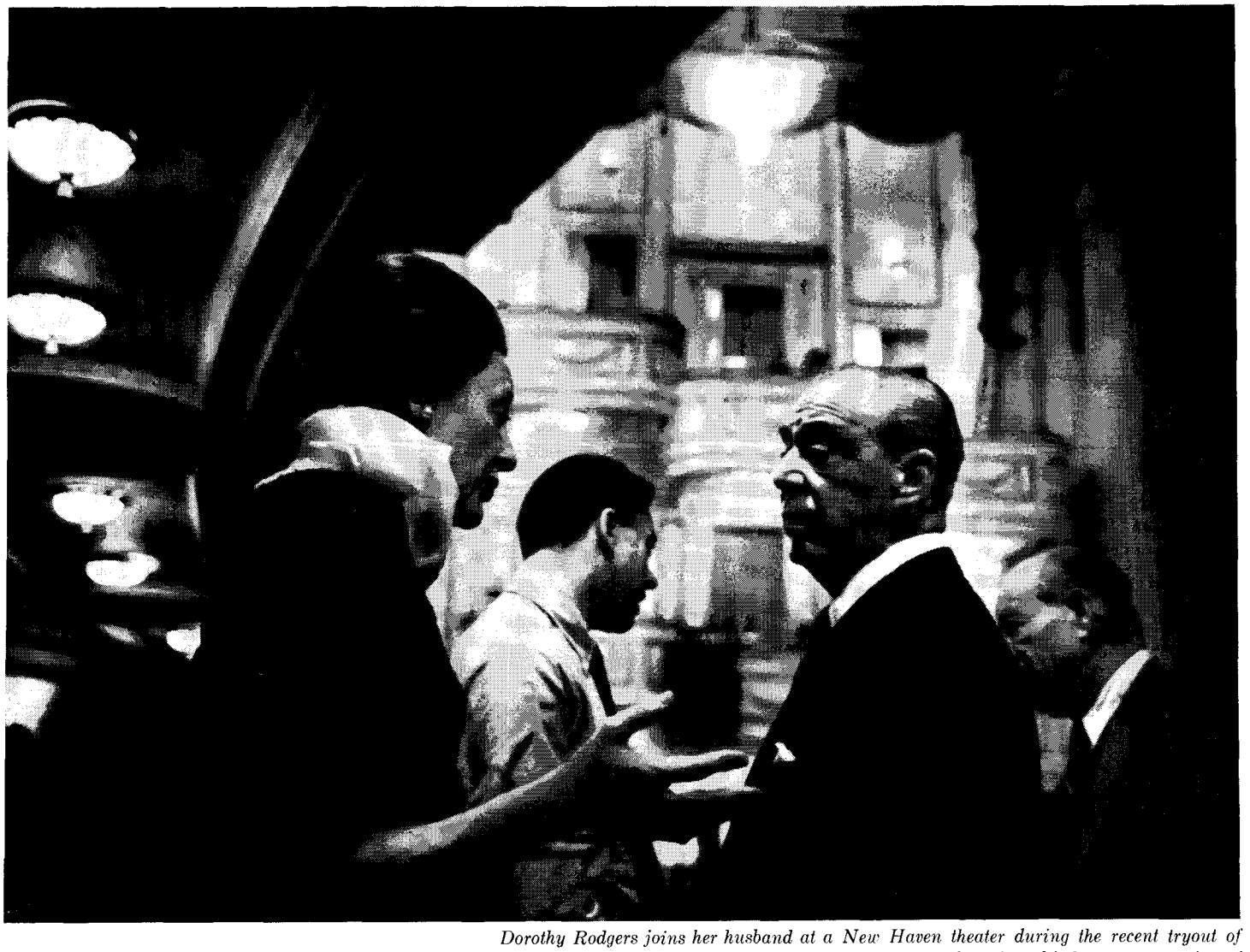
Rodgers was born in Manhattan. He has been married for 35 years to the former Dorothy Feiner, a daughter of friends of the family, and the couple have two children: Mary Rodgers Guettel, the composer of *Once Upon a Mattress* and several scores for television, and Linda Rodgers Melnick, a fine amateur pianist.

Mrs. Rodgers is a considerable personality in her own right, an expert collector of art, the inventor of the Jonny Mop for toilets and of a nonwoven, no-stretch material for permanent dress patterns. She is also a gourmet of some standing and the author of an eclectic best seller, *My Favorite Things*. As befits the wealthiest composer in the world and his wife, they live in a 14-room duplex apartment on Park Avenue amid a notable expanse of modern painting and sculpture, ranging from the canvases of Vlaminck, Matisse and Dubuffet to works by Giacometti and an assortment of anonymous Africans and pre-Columbians. They add to the collection from time to time by purchases both agree on, but it was started by Mrs. Rodgers almost at the outset of their marriage. She had once thought she might be a sculptor. "However," she says, "I knew enough to know I had no talent beyond a certain technical facility so I didn't waste my time at it. Dick didn't have much interest in visual things at first, or, for that matter, in food. He just wasn't aware. Now he cares as much as I do."

Rodgers went to Columbia for the express purpose of composing for the varsity shows, which he did in 1920 and 1921. Both of his principal collaborators, Hart and Hammerstein, were Columbia men, although Rodgers did the varsity shows with Hart. The Rodgers-Hart association continued uncertainly for a number of years with one professional and several amateur productions to its credit, until the two men in 1925 came up with their first big hit, *Garrick Gaieties*. Rodgers's collaboration with Hart lasted for 24 years. Hart was a deeply neurotic man, literally difficult to bring to book, but Rodgers stayed with him until 1943, when, shortly after a revival of their *Connecticut Yankee*, Hart, who had been in failing health, died. Rodgers had already—at Hart's urging—collaborated with Oscar Hammerstein on *Oklahoma!* Rodgers and Hart and Rodgers and Hammerstein also put in some time in Hollywood, but the experience left Rodgers unstimulated.

Besides the Park Avenue duplex, there is a country place at Southport, Conn., where the Rodgers go weekends and where the composer will so far unbend as to play croquet. But he has no other hobbies and no preoccupation other than the writing of music. "Each new project becomes a hobby of its own for me," he told a friend some weeks ago. "I heard a very interesting definition of work last night from a lawyer. Work, he said, is any activity you'd rather not do. I go to the theater and I rehearse words, music, book and so on with people who are—at least superficially—very agreeable and attractive. Then people tell me, 'You're working hard.'

"I have to laugh to myself. This isn't work at all. I don't find it work to write music, because I enjoy it. I'd find an evening of bridge hard work, because you have to think like hell and at the end you get nothing for it. There isn't anything I wanted to do that I haven't," he continued. "At the same time, there isn't anything I've ever done that I didn't want to do better. I would like, if I can, to broaden the possibilities of the musical theater. I think there's a better *Oklahoma!* someplace, a better *West Side Story*. And I'd like to be mixed up in it." □



*Dorothy Rodgers joins her husband at a New Haven theater during the recent tryout of* DO I HEAR A WALTZ? *She resents anything that keeps him from his happy occupation of writing music but has been responsible for his keen interest in modern and primitive art.*



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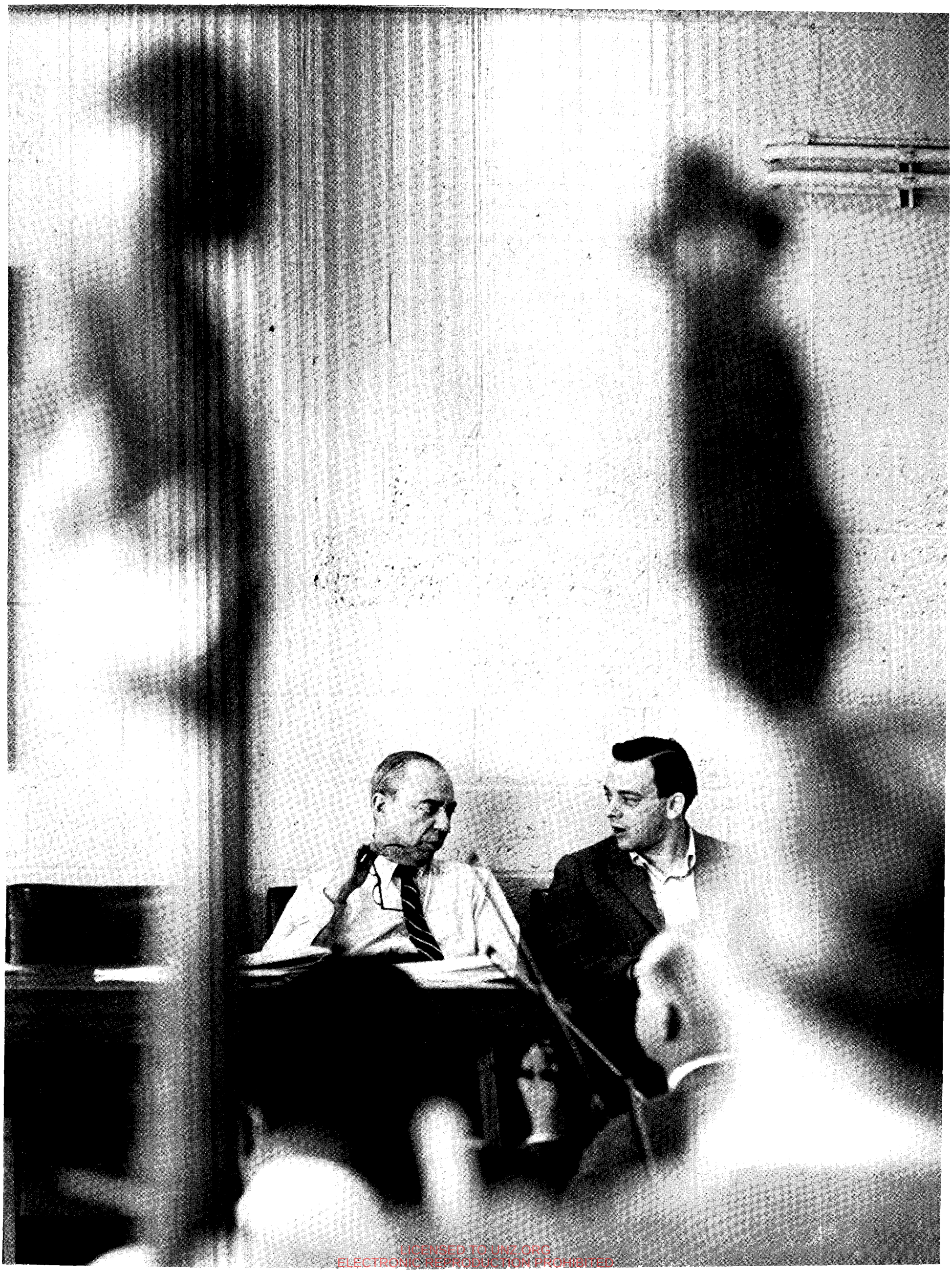

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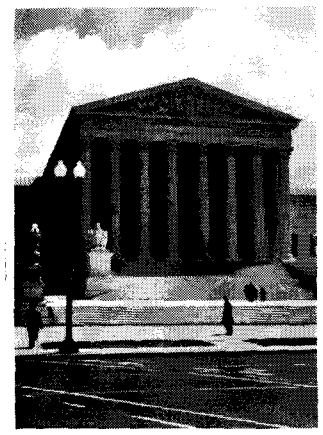
# Editorials



*The U. S. Supreme Court.*

## The policeman

One of the familiar absurdities of the Great Society is that it pays some of its lowest wages to the people of whom it demands the most. The elementary-school teacher, the parish minister, the combat infantryman, and, indeed, the poet—all of these are virtually eligible for the War on Poverty. And of all such victims, there is none of whom we ask more ill-paid acceptance of danger and hardship than the policeman. We ask not only that he work all hours, and under all conditions, not only that he protect us from every danger and avenge every transgression, but that he symbolize the integrity and security of society itself.

Every time there is a fall from grace, it is the more shocking because it is the law itself that has fallen. If a shoe salesman or a basketball player joins the John Birch Society, we pay no heed, but there are headlines when policemen in New York, Pennsylvania and California are found to belong to the right-wing group whose founder called democracy "a perennial fraud." When it is a policeman who accidentally shoots a bystander on a city street, we feel the more threatened because the wound was inflicted by a man we expected to protect us. And when the police announce that a confessed murderer is "the right guy," and then we learn almost a year later that the confession was false, we feel the truth has been violated by men sworn to determine and uphold that truth.

There has been some feeling of late that we ask too much of our police, more specifically that recent Supreme Court rulings have made it difficult if not impossible for the police to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. If a murder suspect cannot be interrogated without a defense lawyer at his side, if a gambler's telephone calls cannot be intercepted, if a narcotic-seller's headquarters cannot be raided as soon as it is discovered, is society truly benefited by such strict enforcement of civil rights? Lewis F. Powell Jr., president of the American Bar Association, warned last month that "the right of society in general, and of each individual in particular, to be protected from crime must never be subordinated to other rights." Citing sharp increases in crime during the past two years, Powell declared that "there are valid reasons for criminals to think that crime does pay, and that slow and fumbling justice can be evaded."

Yet there is no simple antithesis between the rights of society and the rights of the criminal. The paradox is that when the rights of the guilty criminal are violated, so are those of the law-abiding citizen whom the criminal threatens. The Fifth Amendment's ban on self-incrimination, for example, which every major gangster has used for his own benefit, is implicitly a ban on the tortures that once were used to make criminals confess their guilt. Many of those burned and broken in past centuries were doubtless guilty of grave crimes, and society was well rid of them, but it is their agony that today protects us from torments no human should inflict or endure.

The authorities once considered such practices fitting and proper, as means to solve past crimes and to deter future crimes. But today it is primarily the lazy or cruel policemen who want to "protect" society by indiscriminate violence. To the trained and dedicated policeman, the limitations of the law are not an insurmountable obstacle. Like the homicide detective in Roger Kahn's story on page 34, he relies on skill and shrewdness to achieve his goal. It is hard and harrowing work, and the affluent of the Great Society owe him a larger debt than they realize.

## The informer

There can be no difference of opinion on the gravity of the cheating scandal at the Air Force Academy. It is outrageous that exams were being bought and sold among scores of students—students who, incidentally, were being trained for the acutely sensitive task of operating the nuclear strike forces of the future. At the same time, we wonder if the Academy is right in maintaining an "honor" system that punishes any student who fails to inform on his fellow student. Few children are brought up to treat tattling as synonymous with honor; and the "stool pigeon," however necessary to the police, is held in contempt by society. Rarely, indeed, has the informer occupied a prestigious place in American life. We believe the Academy should re-evaluate its means of enforcing the honor system.



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